

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

May, 1932

"Canada's Greatest Magazine"

10c a Copy



"Out of the Woods" By John Middleton Ellis

The VOGUE of Old World TILES returns in these NEW and charming INLAIDS



*Pattern 7301 with Border 7551 is a particularly happy selection for this colourful sun porch.
Pattern 7631 is immediately above our crest.*

NO longer are old-World tile floors incompatible with modern ideas of home comfort. For the new Dominion Embossed and Straight-Line Inlaids have caught all their colour and charm . . . without their obvious drawbacks.

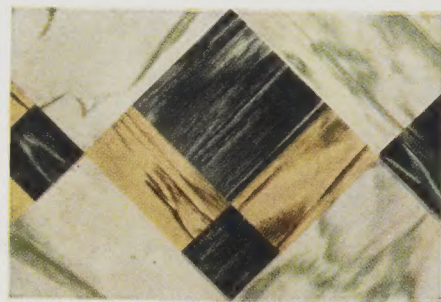
Broken Tile effects, mosaics, bold colourful flagstones are all available . . . for sun porch, living room, library, hall, dining room . . . deftly interpreted in warm, resilient, quiet, supremely comfortable linoleum.

These new, distinguished and moderately priced floors are permanent and

easy to clean . . . with the added loveliness of the famous soft-lustre Domolac Finish to give them the mellow charm of age.

Your floor covering dealer will gladly show you the many designs and help you plan new floors for your home.

DOMINION *Inlaid* LINOLEUM



*You would expect it
in the unmarried . . .*



... BUT EVEN MARRIED WOMEN DO NOT KNOW ...

CAN you blame a married woman if she grows a little resentful at the difficulty in getting the information which she wants . . . and really needs? With some women it is more than a difficulty. It seems to be an impossibility. No matter where they turn they are met with evasions or with statements that they cannot, they *will not* believe. They cannot believe all they hear because everyone says something different. They will not believe—because they cannot bear to believe—what some people say on the subject of feminine hygiene.

About caustics and poisons

It is unfortunate that a practice as important as feminine hygiene should be so misunderstood. It is not the fault of the doctor. He takes a very decided position from which he cannot be moved. He knows the necessity for surgical cleanliness and he is entirely in accord with the woman who will not be satisfied with any lower standard of hygiene.

However, your physician makes clear one fact. If you insist upon using caustic and poisonous antiseptics you are doing so against his

express advice and warning. Of course, there must be an antiseptic. And many women, even in this day and age, still believe that an antiseptic must be harsh and poisonous to be effective.

This is not true any longer, although it used to be true. For now you have Zonite, the modern antiseptic-germicide. *Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body.* Yet Zonite is not caustic. It is not poisonous. It is really gentle and soothing in its action. Zonite is strong—but it can never do any damage! This combination of strength and safety makes Zonite the ideal antiseptic for feminine hygiene!

You need have no embarrassment in asking for Zonite because it is used everywhere for cuts, wounds; in gargle and spray; and on any occasion when an effective antiseptic-germicide is wanted. It comes in bottles at 30¢, 60¢, and \$1.00.

Get complete information

Here is an invitation to women who have difficulty in finding out what they want to know! Mail the coupon at right. You will receive a copy of "Facts for Women," a new booklet



Trained nurses . . . they know how women fear the unknown... There is enlightenment in truth.

filled with the latest information. In fact this book is just off the presses.

"Facts for Women" is as honest a piece of writing as you have ever read, and so frank that it might have been considered daring a few years ago. Women are showing a remarkable interest in this book. They are talking about it. Send for your copy. Zonite Products Corporation, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.

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Ste. Therese, P. Q. W.M. 25

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

- ☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME
(Please print name)

ADDRESS

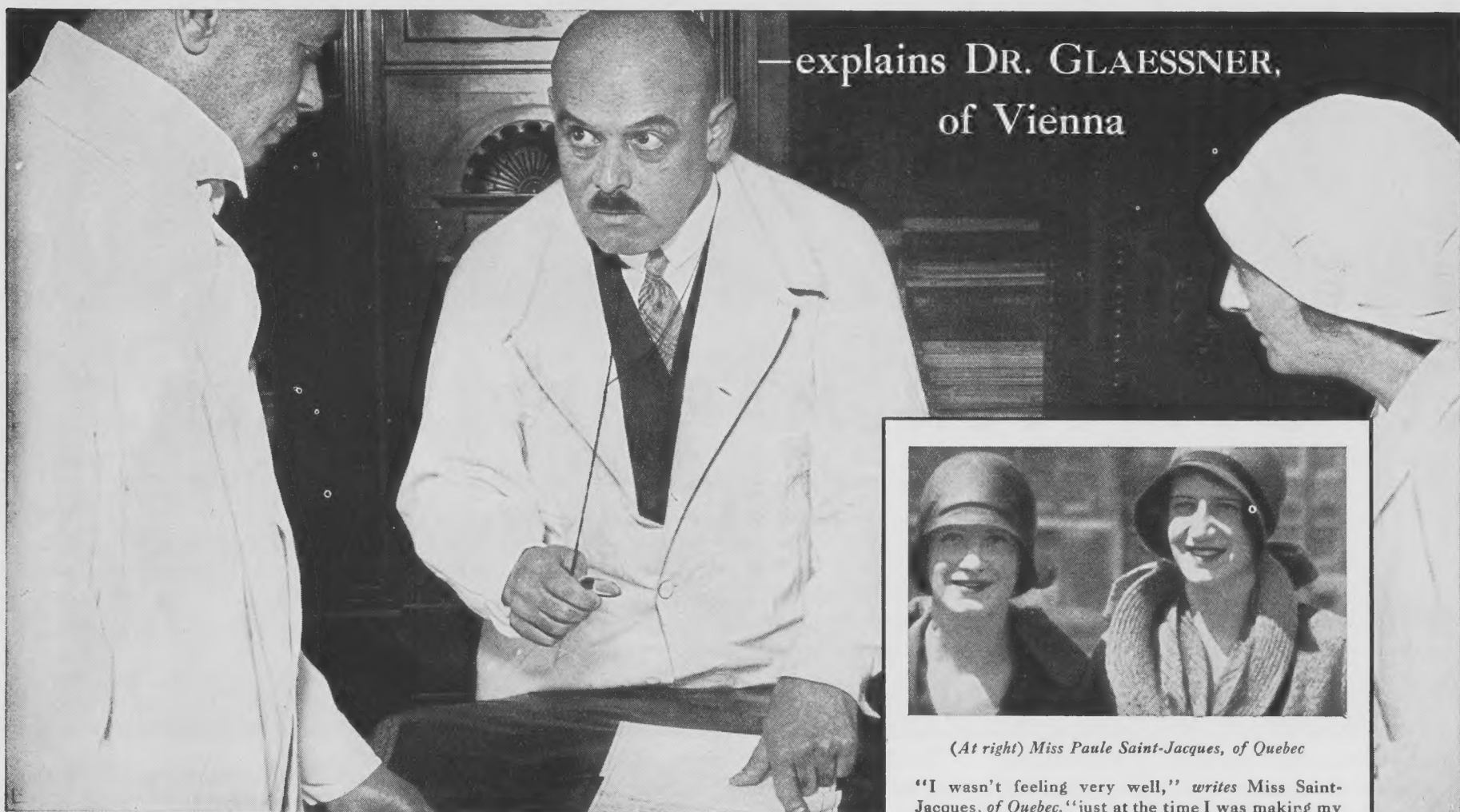
CITY PROVINCE

Troubled with frequent headaches, colds, etc.? Attack these troubles by correcting their principal cause!



"BAD BREATH HEADACHES SKIN TROUBLES

—these are all symptoms of *Intestinal Fatigue*"



—explains DR. GLAESSNER,
of Vienna



(At right) Miss Paule Saint-Jacques, of Quebec

"I wasn't feeling very well," writes Miss Saint-Jacques, of Quebec, "just at the time I was making my début . . . So many people were talking about yeast, I decided to try it myself. It wasn't long before my complexion looked ever so much better than it did. And I felt marvelous again."

IF you have frequent headaches, colds, coated tongue, bad breath—if you suffer from lack of energy or skin troubles—it is extremely likely that you are a victim of constipation . . . *sluggish intestines*."

These are the words of one of the most distinguished physicians in Europe today . . . Dr. Karl Glaessner, head of the clinic for internal diseases in the great Rainer Hospital, Vienna. *He adds:—*

"To overcome constipation, gently, harmlessly and permanently, Nature has given us . . . fresh yeast.

"Fresh yeast is a food, not a drug . . . It mixes with and softens the accumulated waste matter in the intestines and . . . restores normal action . . . The whole organism greatly benefits."

Here is the secret of fresh yeast: It actually "tones" and strengthens the muscles of your intestines. Thus internal secretions revive . . . evacuations become normal again. And as a result the poisons that were sapping your health are regularly, naturally cleared away.

Energy picks up. Mealtime has a "kick" once more. The principal cause of those terrible headaches, colds, bad breath, etc., no longer exists.

So, if you've never done so, try Fleischmann's



Important

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh and effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend! You can get it at grocers, restaurants, drug stores, and soda fountains. (Every cake is rich in health-giving vitamins—B, G and D.)

Yeast by all means! Just eat 3 cakes a day, regularly—plain, or in water (a third of a glass)—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime.

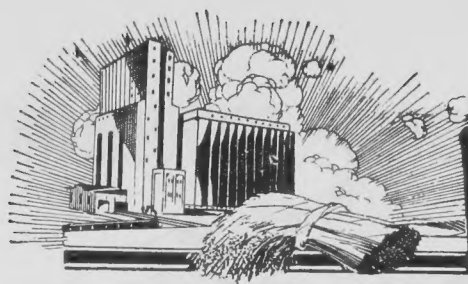
And write for free booklet. Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

What Actual Case Records Show!

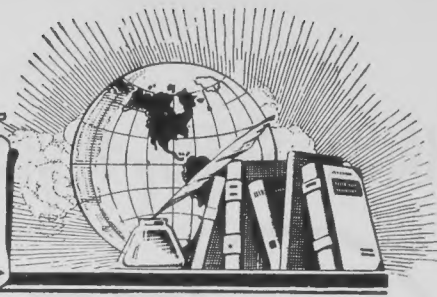
Case histories of eminent physicians show benefits of fresh yeast in hundreds of actual cases. Dr. Glaessner cites this extremely typical case:—

"A man of forty-three . . . complained of chronic constipation, together with headaches, bad breath, loss of appetite and inability to work. After eating fresh yeast, the headaches . . . disappeared, his appetite increased . . . and the constipation, which had been chronic, was completely overcome."

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EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXIII

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 5

The New Tyranny

SINCE the earliest days society has been menaced and oppressed by tyrants. In the home of the savage physical might triumphed; in the tribe the successful warrior or hunter made all contribute to his wealth and comfort; later the priest dominated by creating fears and fostering superstition; now the bankers and others who control capital call the tune while the multitudes dance, and there is apparently no relief. At least not yet—although there is another day coming.

The Modern Method

IT IS often said that all the banks do is to lend the people's money on good security. Any one can test this by finding out how much money is on deposit all the time carrying no rate at all, and how much is yielding three per cent. Then he may follow by inquiring how much is lent out on call loans and how much at six, seven, eight and ten per cent and over, on temporary loans and overdrafts. Or he may go a step farther and examine the securities that are specially favored and the securities that are refused. Finally, he may note the attitude of some chartered banks to publicly-controlled institutions such as the Province of Manitoba Savings' Office.

Surely the people who place their money in banks do not receive much consideration. It might be no harm to inquire into the profits of the shareholders and the head officials. If in the olden days the name of banker suggested a heroic figure, today some of those in power in Canada could not serve as a fitting pattern.

A Startling Contrast

IT IS interesting to compare the attitude and action of the moneyed interests with the behavior of some other classes. Just now even in Canada there are some school teachers working for thirty-five dollars a month, or for fifteen dollars a month and board, and some for part of the year for nothing at all, but they will not desert their posts. In Chicago, conditions are exceptional, but they indicate what people with public spirit will suffer. The American exchange says:—

"In nearly a twelvemonth, these faithful wardens of tomorrow's citizens have received only ten weeks' pay for their services; none the less, they have been daily at their posts, bravely carrying on.

"A recent study of the situation, undertaken by the Chicago Principals' Club, shows these teachers in debt on loans \$7,000,000, with \$6,600,000 more outstanding on other bills. In addition, some 3,175 teachers, about half the number questioned in the study, have 20,000 dependents.

"Some days ago, New York teachers made a splendid overture to aid their Chicago colleagues. They have proposed the establishment of a loan fund from which to meet the needs of those feeling the greatest pinch."

The contrast here shown is startling, and leads the writer of the article to ask the question: "Can any city great or small permit that those who serve the best should fare the worst?"

Nor is it to be forgotten that outside the class of wage-earners there are millions in America who have no incomes at all, and who under present conditions do not see any way of bettering their condition.

All of which raises the question: "Should people reverence those who control money or should they look upon them as the last and most unscrupulous of world-tyrants? It all depends upon their behavior in the present emergency. Needless to say, the future of banking and money-lending depends upon present action. Yet those who have absolute power are usually unable to picture the disaster that awaits them.

It is Spring!

IT IS such a marvellously fine day—the first real day of spring. All night long the geese were flying overhead on their return journey to the lands they love, and all around this morning

can be heard the tuneful bird-cries that we have been waiting to enjoy again. Even the children have a new note in their voices and somehow the milkman seems to say, "Real fresh milk today from the country—where the grass is green."

It was on such a day that little Pippa went out from the busy factory town with its whirling wheels and its long prison-like rooms—went out for a single holiday, to enjoy all that the good Lord had provided for her. Her song, in the early morning, cheered the people of Asola, and if we but listen in Canada it will cheer our hearts today:—

*"The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world."*

This is a philosophy for days of depression. God still lives. His world was never more beautiful. It is ours to enjoy. Let us forget the whirling wheels and remember that the world is all right, if we only get out into the sunlight. There is provision for all. What more does anyone need?

Making People Happy

"THERE is not one gift I covet more than the skill to reset creaking souls. One little drop of oil will silence the squeaking hinge and a bit of tact and kindness will make smooth the friction of heated hearts." These are beautiful words from the pen of Dr. Frank Crane.

There are some in every community who might be termed joy-producers. They have a way of smoothing out difficulties, of bringing comfort to those in distress, of reducing discord to divine harmony. There is no greater ministry than this.

She who would make people happy need have little capital beyond a kind heart, a winsome manner, a peace-loving disposition. She will hear secrets and bury them in her heart, will sweeten bitterness, uproot grudges, silence envy, cause springs to flow in the desert soil.

*A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the West!
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.
A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.*

—STOPFORD BROOKE.

Taxes

IT WOULD be difficult to find a more unpopular word, and never was it more unpopular in Canada than today. What do the late increases mean? They mean that as a people we have been living away beyond our means, mortgaging the future, and that now we must turn to personal accounts to continue to live, to say nothing of making provision for past over-expenditure. It is needless to wrangle over responsibility for over-expenditure in the past. In private and public life we were all guilty. We have not been kind to posterity.

What have we to do in a case of this kind in private life? The wife, instead of buying a new dress for her daughter, carefully refashions an old one. She pays out seven dollars instead of thirty-seven dollars. Goods are brought home in paper bags rather than costly packages—the saving being from twenty to fifty per cent. The street-car takes the place of the motor-car. The same retrenchment must take place in public life, and, until it is made, personal sacrifice or drawing upon reserve must be endured.

There seems to be no doubt but that if public expenditure were reduced, and other things remained equal, personal taxation could be reduced. But other things have not remained equal. Customs and excise have fallen away hopelessly. Then the people are

not as able to pay as they were a year ago and yet they must present their "tale of bricks." Even without straw to aid them. It is bad enough to pay when one has money, but it is worse when one has little, and still worse when two people are grabbing for the last cent in possession.

Of course, there is no help for it unless some way is found of increasing national income without the imposition of further taxes. There are complaints that the recent taxes are unjustly apportioned. The political papers must settle that. It is safe enough ground for us to take to say that when Canadian produce once again gets an opportunity in the world-markets all will be well. That is fundamental, whether they like it in East or West.

A Costly Practice

IN AN address, shortly before his death, Sir George Foster said:

"If the \$200,000,000 spent at the government liquor stores during the past year had gone into the pockets of those engaged in legitimate trade the impulse to business throughout Canada would have been incalculable.

"What shall we say about the large amount passed over the counters last year as a result of that singular partnership between the brewers and distillers on the one hand and provincial governments on the other?

"If it be claimed that the Government derives a revenue from the sale of liquor, I ask who pays that revenue? Not the brewer. Not distillers. The victim pays.

"And who tries to ease the suffering that follows wherever the traffic flourishes? Not the brewer. Not the distiller. The other party, the provincial government, is the active party who buys the products, who puts up the shops and delivers the goods in a seemingly respectable guise.

"Every provincial government makes a profit from the partnership, and discloses it in its annual budget statement. Ontario takes in \$53,000,000 over the counters of the liquor store and makes a profit of \$7,000,000.

"But the Ontario Government does not compensate wives and families whose breadwinners have become victims of the traffic; nor does it make any compensation to society for the loss of manhood and womanhood that results. I think that the whole matter might well be the subject of investigation and remedial legislation."

These are hard words, and coming from anyone else would be resented, but Sir George has all his life been an advocate of temperance. He is no extremist, but he recognizes the moral and economic significance of the trade in liquor. Let no one blame the Provincial Governments for the state of affairs. They have but expressed in legislation the will of the people.

A Significant Change

ONE of the significant changes in life in Great Britain is the presence in high schools and universities of so many children of the poorer classes. Of 1,263 who entered Oxford in 1928-29, less than half came from the expensive public schools. Indeed, 45 per cent of the students in residence today receive some form of financial assistance to enable them to continue their studies. The same story is true of Cambridge. The universities are not only educating rich and poor, but educating both in the same centres. Thus, there are being laid the foundations of new friendship and understanding. Another change in the spirit of education in the Motherland is the organization of courses of instruction that will meet the needs of ordinary people. In some ways those responsible for conducting university life in England are more willing to change their customs than the presidents of Canadian universities.

CHANGE SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES FOR BETTER ENGINE PERFORMANCE

CHAMPION

NATIONAL CHANGE WEEK - May 9 to 16

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				



The Champion Spark Plug Tester, shown above, enables you to see why and when you need new spark plugs.



①

Note scientifically proportioned nose

②

Note scientifically proportioned neck

CANADIAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS PENDING

This year, Champion National Change Week is more important than ever before, because it brings the first real opportunity to motor car owners everywhere to change to the sensational new Champion Spark Plugs.

In any case and with any spark plugs, the 10,000 mile change is vital to maintain engine performance and economy.

But here are Champion Spark Plugs so new in principle and design that they give extra power, smoothness, economy, and speed hitherto unrealized—this regardless of the make, age or

condition of present spark plugs.

Hundreds of thousands of motorists will change to these newest and finest of all Champions because they have learned the wisdom of changing spark plugs every 10,000 miles; and because this year they place higher value on engine performance than ever before.

There is no other spark plug like the new Champion. There are no results like the results it gives. Your engine richly deserves a complete set of new Champions now. Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario.

A C A N A D I A N - M A D E P R O D U C T

OUT of the WOODS

By JOHN MIDDLETON ELLIS

Illustrations by A. C. Valentine

TO CLEM BOWDITCH it was particularly auspicious that, as he turned his flivver off the broad state road into the logging trail, the first fluttering snowflakes of the season began to fall from the gray, hovering November sky. The snow was already late for that Adirondack country; the sooner it snowed the sooner could he get a full force of neighboring farmers to work at the first contract of Leith and Bowditch, Mill Work and Wood Turnings.

What did it matter now that the light little car bounded like a rubber ball from frozen hummock to hub-deep rut as he pushed on into the deepening shadow of giant beech and birch and hemlock, rising stark and black from brown carpets of fallen leaves? His great wrists could have held the car where he willed, for no man in the township was stronger or quicker than Clem. But now his mind was busy reducing to board-feet the six-hundred acre woodlot of Pop Leith, too busy reducing those board-feet to still smaller units that would multiply by four the product of that six hundred acres, to bother about ruts and hummocks, or the sharp swish of spiny hemlock boughs cutting back from his windshield to strike him in the face.

At the end of his four-mile drive, the trail wound down into as sequestered a valley as could be found in those hills. No one not a denizen of the neighborhood, no one of the thousands of motorists who bowled along the state road below, could have guessed that a quiet little clearing lay hidden back here among the trees.

Yet the secret would not be kept much longer. In another month these hills would resound to the whine of sawmill and steam power, to the cries of teamsters hauling out on bobsleds the product of the firm. In time, Clem could foresee that whole avenue of forest laid down by ringing axes, so that the clearing of the little valley would extend right down to the state road.

As he coasted around the last curve by a huge basswood tree, he came into full sight of the clearing where a Leith of two generations gone had made his home. His rough house and barn still stood there. The house would serve now as a cookhouse for the hands. The barn had already been adapted, the preceding winter, to shelter the sawmill.

Now Clem saw smoke flattening out in the heavy air, both above the sawmill and above the kitchen of the house. That meant that Pop Leith had fired up the old boiler which Clem had wheedled into serving them the past winter, to see if its flues would still hold steam; and that Nancy Leith had

come up from their home in the village to prepare the commissary for the coming demands upon it.

Nancy! What might not that linking of names in the firm portend? A chuckle of delight escaped him, relaxing for an instant his stern thoughtful lips, making his keen gray eyes alight. It was the first time in twenty-four years that he had been away from her for three days on end. Maybe she'd treat him a little less like a kid brother now, since he had in his pocket ample proof of his ability as a business-man!

The hope made him step on the gas even though he was not yet at the bottom of the grade, made him rattle across the log bridge like a five-ton truck, and draw up in front of the boiler pit with a flourish that sucked a cloud of dead leaves in his wake.

Pop Leith emerged from the front end of the boiler pit, and came toward Clem. Pop was a stoop-shouldered, slight-figured little man, with a silvery moustache against the unwrinkled pink of plump cheeks, and china-blue eyes that watered in the cold wind. His black sateen cap with the broken visor, and his blue denim overalls were sooty from cleaning flues. He carried a long-spouted

oil can, spout carelessly downward, so that it dribbled oil as he approached.

Clem unfolded his big frame, and stretched himself gratefully. His eyes focussed upon the wastage of oil, until Pop brought the spout hastily to an upright position. Clem swung his arms to loosen his muscles.

"Sorry, Clem," said Pop, "we didn't expect to see you till late tonight."

"I stepped on 'er, Pop . . . left Albany one o'clock to the minute."

"I'll say you stepped on 'er, boy," Pop Leith returned with unstinted admiration. Almost affectionately he glanced at the mud-spattered flivver that had brought Clem's hundred and seventy pounds from Albany in four hours. "Beats all what you can make gas and hay-wire do for you, Clem."

"It's more than shaking up that I got out of gas and hay-wire this time, Pop."

Clem looked past Pop toward the house. He hoped Nancy would come out.

"You mean you landed 'em, Clem?" Pop asked, and his voice had become thin and shaky, as if he had been suddenly frightened.

"Six thousand dollars' worth!"

Pop's pinkness grew a shade paler.

"The boiler'll never stand up to it," Pop predicted.

Clem's eyes held Pop's sharply for an instant. "She'll hold fire and water, won't she?" he asked.

"Ye-uh, but—"

"Then wait till I get after her," Clem dismissed the subject. "She may grunt about it, but she'll run this outfit if I have to give her a hand myself through the big knots . . . Nancy up here with you?" Clem's impatience demanded at last. "I stopped at the house on my way through the village, but she wasn't there."

"Tinkerin' in the kitchen," Pop told him. "Want I should call her?"

But there was no need. The kitchen door was jerked open, and Nancy appeared, her short black hair ruffled, her smooth cheeks as red as the alternate squares on her gingham smock.

"Clem Bowditch, is that really you?" she cried; and ran toward him through the bleak brown army of frost-bitten mullein stalks that had overgrown the yard.

Clem knew he was grinning foolishly as he waited for her. He couldn't understand himself. He was all atremble inside, different from ever before. It wasn't so much because he hadn't seen her in three days, as it was because he knew that he had changed in those three days. How was she going to act toward him? A man could never



But the count was interrupted by a girl's cry, and Nancy Leith ran into the midst of the circle. She took in the situation in one horrified glance.

tell just how to take Nancy, with her sweet changeable ways. Of course, a man couldn't blame a girl like Nancy for wanting better things than old Pop Leith had been able to get for her. No reason why she shouldn't have the best of everything in the world. And how she did want just that! A man couldn't blame her, either, for not wanting to tie herself up to a farmhand, who had never owned a cent that he hadn't earned with hoe or axe But Clem wasn't a farmhand any longer. Maybe she'd feel—and act—different to the junior partner of Leith and Bowditch.

She looked prettier than he had ever seen her, flushed with her work in the kitchen, her blue eyes dancing. She looked, moreover, as if the sight of him was new, surprising, and very agreeable.

"I'm crazy to hear about everything, Clem," she cried.

Clem couldn't help a self-satisfied grin.

"I put it across," he said.

"Tell me all about it this instant."

It was a great moment for Clem. You could excuse him for making the most of it. He raised his arm to point at neatly cubed gray-brown piles of lumber, stretching from the edge of the mountain of sawdust by the mill, back to the edge of the clearing.

"See that, Nancy Twenty-thousand scaled feet of birch and maple, rough sawed, run of the mill, but seasoned dry as a bone from all the sun and rain and wind last summer. Might get sixty dollars a thousand as it stands now But I put in a battery of lathes, use slabs and sawdust for fuel, get a bunch of men up here from the village, wages cheap in the winter when they can't do anything else, and turn that stuff into sixty-thousand special rounds for chairs, at eighty dollars a thousand Difference between twelve hundred dollars and forty-eight hundred."

Nancy was staring at him with wide eyes and parted lips.

"Clem, honest? You've done that?" she gasped.

"Contract all signed, and here it is, all pinned in with a safety pin." Clem opened his coat, to show the safety pin gouging through his inside pocket.

"If you want to see it—"

"If only it was all done, Nancy!" Pop sighed. "What about the lathes, Clem? And the men's wages and all?"

"I picked up twenty second-hand lathes in Albany at seventy-five apiece Mortgage your woodlot to the bank for fifteen hundred. We pay it up out of this contract. Have it all cleared before January's out, and the lathes to work with next season. Give notes to the bank for the men's wages, if they won't wait, and meet notes as we get paid for the shipments. Twelve hundred dollars for wages. Clear profit of twenty-four hundred dollars over what you would have got for your stuff, sold run of the mill; and we've got the lathes paid for, to turn what we saw this winter and season through the summer, into specials next year. No lathes to pay for next winter, so that money'll be velvet above the men's wages, though we might put in a new boiler or even a gas engine. Then we can keep right on till we've cleared every acre between here and the State road."

"Why, we'll all be rich," Nancy cried.

"Unless the boiler blows up or something happens," Pop sighed again. "And a lot can happen. Clem, it's an awful narrow margin."

"Sure, it's a narrow margin," Clem admitted. "But you haven't got much to lose, and you stand to win a lot Want to change your mind about it?" he added dubiously.

"No," cried Nancy.

"No," said Pop slowly, glancing at his daughter. "It's only when you're away, Clem, that I begin to be afraid of it."

"Clem's back now," Nancy said, "and you needn't be afraid of it any more."

And those words of hers seemed to Clem to answer the question he had been asking himself ever since he had left Albany. He stood somewhere with her, at last!

THOSE occasional snowflakes which all afternoon had been fluttering singly and aimlessly as if undecided whether to return to the leaden sky, or to signal winter's beginning by drifting down to the frozen earth, were suddenly reinforced by myriads of their kind, to turn afternoon to evening an hour before its appointed time.

Clem, watching them in fascination as they were trapped in Nancy's black hair, suddenly caught her by the arm.

"You nut," he told her, "standing out here in the snow without a coat on."

Though I like mighty well to look at you, in that red and white what d'you call it," he added, as he piloted her back toward the house, away from Pop's immediate hearing.

She laughed.

"Nonsense, silly Oh, Clem, I'm so proud of you."

He pressed her arm a little. "Honestly?" He wanted to hear it again.

"I think you're splendid," she cried happily.

"Nancy, all the way from Albany, I've been wondering—if this new business would make you any different toward me."

She looked at him quickly. "Clem, I've never treated you badly, have I?"

He hesitated. "No But somehow — you always keep me guessing And I wanted to know."

"Oh," she said soberly. "Clem, I do know that sometimes I've

been touchy to you But that's only because up here everything's always the same And I want to see different things Seems as if I couldn't stand it to live the rest of my life as mother did, and all the

women I know here Clem, do you think it's awful of me to want something more?" Again he pressed her arm. "Good Lord, no," he cried. "Nancy, you know how I feel about you Don't you figure you could love me—sometime?"

"Yes Sometimes I do I just wish I could all the time, Clem. I ought to," she said wistfully.

"Maybe now you will," he hoped.

He helped her up the shaky kitchen steps, registering a mental note to strengthen them lest she fall and hurt herself.

He was amazed at the changes she had wrought in the kitchen, even though it was nearly dark inside from the grayness of the snow-fraught air. It seemed actually bright, what with the glow of the woodfire through the open stove grate, and the fresh curtains she had hung at the window. She had polished the old stove until it shone, and had hung upon rows of hooks the battery of cooking utensils she had brought up from the village.

"I've got to get this old stove fixed up for you, Nancy," Clem said. "It's going to be quite a job, cooking dinners for twenty hungry men. But I figure we ought to give 'em a hot dinner in the middle of the day Maybe we can get a woman to help you out."

"I don't need anybody to help me Not if it costs money to hire her. What do you think I am? A weak sister that won't hurt her hands, when you'll need all the money you can get to pay your men?"

"Nobody'd ever think that of you," Clem said. "As I remember, the old oven needed some cracks cemented, and the pipe—why, the pipe's all fixed Who did that for you? Pop?" Clem asked a bit incredulously; for he knew that Pop was no good at such things, and had no patience to do them properly.

"Con Kelly fixed it for me," Nancy told him.

Clem turned.

"Con Kelly? Who's he?"

Her eyes wavered a little beneath his steady gaze. "He's just a man dad hired."

"Where from?"

"He comes from New York. Just—walking through. Hitchhiking toward Canada, he said. We picked him up on our way up here yesterday. He said he needed a job—"

"Tramp, eh?" Clem deduced.

Clem was a little taken aback at the heat with which Nancy defended the stranger.

"Everybody has bad luck. That's his trouble now. But he's no tramp. He's as interesting as he can be!"

Clem studied her. Rarely had he seen her evince so much enthusiasm about any man. A half vague fear came into his mind. "Young or old?" he asked.

She did something to the drafts, that were working perfectly as they were.

"About your age, Clem. You'll like him."

"Maybe!" Clem whistled to recapture his earlier good spirits as he examined the stovepipe that the man Con Kelly had replaced. A good, workmanlike job, he had to admit. The crack in the oven had been filled with graphite, and well smoothed down. Well, sometimes tramps were good in their way! And the firm would need an extra man when they got going.

"If he's as good on one end of a crosscut saw as he is at fixing stoves," Clem had to admit, "Pop did right to take him on."

"Pop said he's good."

At that moment, just as Clem straightened up, the kitchen door opened and a stranger stood there—a young man with snapping black eyes set deep in a pale but strong and heavily molded face. He wasn't as tall as Clem, but he had broader shoulders and a huge chest which, with his shortish legs, reminded Clem more of a gorilla than a man. Yet, he wasn't at all repulsive looking. There was something really pleasant about his smile, even though his teeth were brown-stained and strong enough to serve a horse. And a slight sideways twist to his mouth and nose, and a strangely swollen ear, made him somehow attractive rather than the contrary.

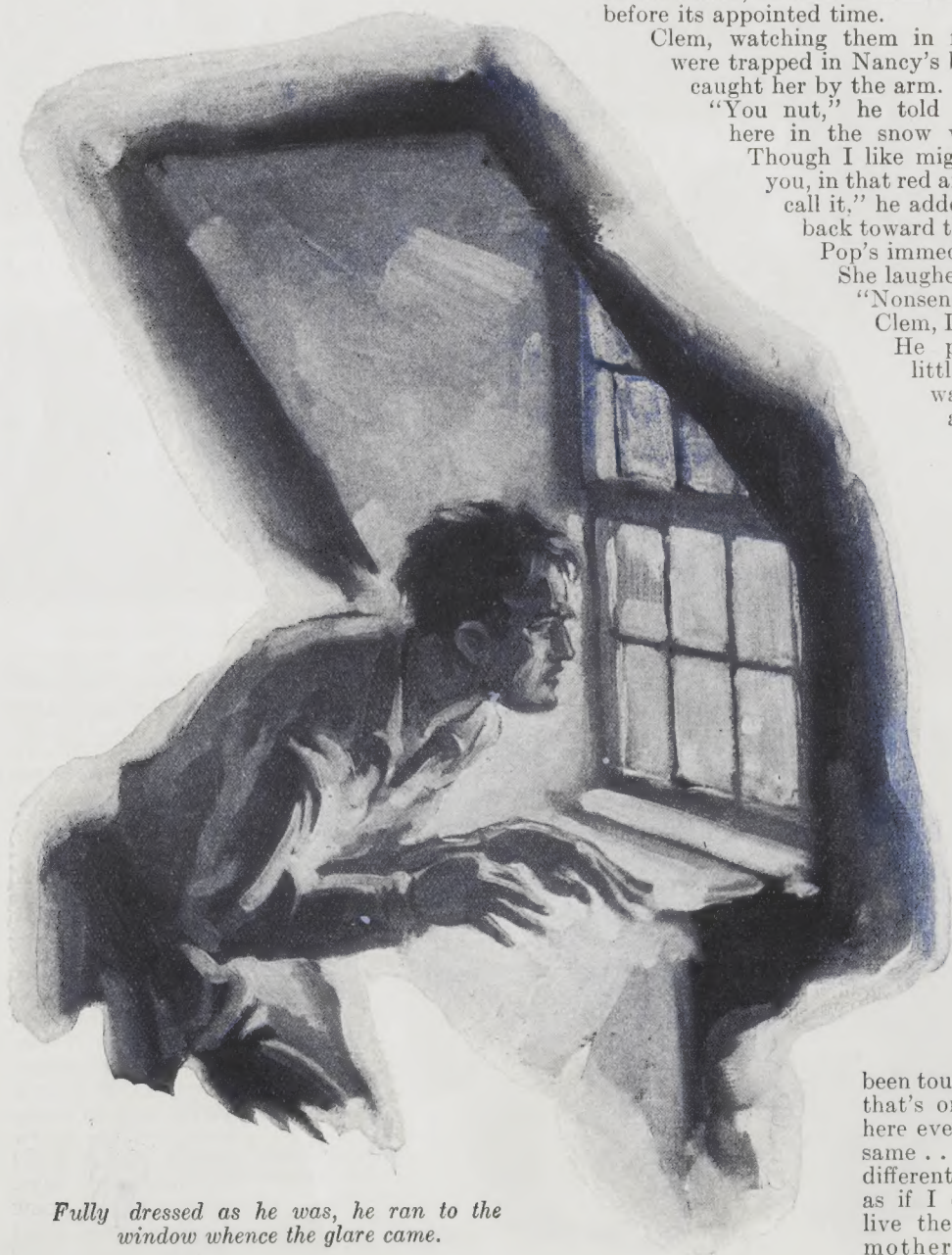
"Hello, girlie," cried the stranger heartily. "Boy friend's back, I see."

Fresh guy, Clem couldn't help thinking, to talk that way to Nancy when he hadn't known her twenty-four hours yet.

"Hello, Con," Nancy said heartily. "Yes, he's back. Mr. Kelly, meet Mr. Bowditch."

Con Kelly stepped forward briskly, a huge hand extended.

"Pleased to meet ya, buddy," he said. "I was just tellin' Nancy that I'd lay ten to one some wren would cop you off down there in Albany, so you never would get back here But she wasn't takin' any. She knows her stuff too well!" he concluded, with a broad grin at Nancy.



Fully dressed as he was, he ran to the window whence the glare came.



"You're Con Kelly's pug, eh?"
the deep voice said.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Kelly," said Clem, a little dazed by the rush of words.

"Isn't it fun to hear him talk?" Nancy asked gaily.

"How long you going to be hereabouts, Mr. Kelly?" Clem asked.

"Get off that 'mister' stuff, buddy," Con replied. "I'm plain 'Con'."

"All right, Con . . . How long?"

"Maybe all winter. The old man said he'd keep me if I could last. I'm all washed up and need the jack. Besides, I like it around here," Con added with a meaningful glance at Nancy.

Clem laughed goodnaturedly, but without enthusiasm. "You've got most of your nerve back already, the way I figure things," he said amiably. "Anyhow, we're glad to have you with us."

Pop Leith entered then, to declare that they ought to be starting for home. He had stabled his team in the sawmill for the night, and had planned they should all ride down to the village in Clem's flivver. Clem put out the fire in the stove, and inspected the pile of charred wood which Pop had drawn out of the boiler, to see that no live sparks survived the water Pop had drenched it with.

Through the rapidly falling twilight Clem drove down to the village in silence, with Pop equally silent on the seat beside him. In the back seat Con talked continually, and Nancy laughed. Con Kelly certainly was a fast worker!

As they drew up in front of the Leith's house in the village, Nancy asked Clem to stay to supper. He accepted. Con wasn't to have all the innings undisturbed.

But he soon learned that Con had won for himself very much the inside track. He had talked Pop into giving him a room in the ell of the house, and was taking all his meals there.

Try as he might, Clem couldn't get a word in edgewise with Nancy. After supper, Pop wanted to talk business. While the two drew up plans for the installation of the machinery, Con Kelly was out in the kitchen, helping Nancy dry the dishes. It wasn't an easy matter for Clem to keep his mind on mortgages and power lathes, with Nancy's laughter bubbling forever from the kitchen, in response, no doubt, to some unheard sally by Con Kelly. It was not a pleasant evening for Clem.

BUT the next days were too busy to permit him to linger upon the intimacy between Nancy and Con. To finance the new operations, Pop and Clem mortgaged themselves to the local bank to their last drop of blood. This done, Clem and Pop went up to the mill every day, with Con along as handy man, to equip the plant. They double-boarded part of the old sawmill, with tarred paper in between layers, to keep the biting winds of the Adirondack winter away from the men standing at their lathes.

On these days, Clem was always too intent upon his work to talk much. Pop, never so concentrated on the job as was Clem and always more loquacious, tried to draw Con out about New York. But Con wasn't answering any questions.

"I'm off that dump for life," Con said succinctly, almost venomously.

Pop didn't pursue the subject. Clem, listening silently, couldn't help think it queer that a man who liked to throw the bull as Con did, should be unwilling to open up about New York. But that was his business. This man's job didn't include talking if he didn't want to talk.

But what did exasperate Clem about Con was the fact that he had a way of wandering off out of earshot when he was wanted. Con was most interested in the lay of the land here. You might have thought he was a spy, and this was an enemy fortress from the interest he took. You could almost see him drawing maps of the place; and he was forever asking about the roads that forked below.

"Geez, what a place this would be to stage a main," he said one afternoon, as he strolled casually in from one of his wanderings. "Tucked away back here in the hills where nobody would guess. Too good a place to waste on a racket like yours."

"What's a 'main'?" Pop asked.

"Cock fight," Clem explained.

"And that's a racket that is a racket,"

Con went on. "I know a place out in Westchester County where a guy draws down three grand a week . . . Sheriff know about this place?" he asked seriously.

"And have us pinched as owners of the property?" Clem retorted. "Not while my eyes are open."

Con looked at him with innocent eyes. "Gee, buddy, don't bite me like that. I wasn't doin' nuthin', honest."

Clem couldn't help laughing at his own discomfiture. Queer how Con Kelly aroused his suspicions. He wondered how much of it was due to Con's line with Nancy, and decided he'd better hang on to himself a little more severely, or Con would make a jealous fool of him.

But on the next afternoon his patience with Con's lack of discipline was tried to the utmost.

Nancy came up with them that morning, to cook them hot baked beans for dinner. It was the day of Clem's most difficult job—to hang the bearings for the main shaft through from the engine, to run the lathes. It was a task that might have daunted anyone but a skilled mechanic. Con wasn't of much use at such a job; hence they set him to splitting slabs for the kitchen range, within easy earshot, so that he might come quickly, if needed.

With chalk line and plumb and spirit level, Clem laid out the shaft line. Then Clem, on

a ladder, held the bearing arms to the beams above, while Pop, straddling the beams, screwed the nuts to the big bolts. All went well till Pop's clumsiness dropped one of the nuts to the floor. It looked like a deadlock. Pop couldn't descend to get it while Clem was on the ladder; and Clem couldn't descend without letting loose the bracket, one side of which was already bolted to the beam. They shouted for Con to come and lift the nut up to them. No answer. No answer to a dozen shouts! No sound of axe at the woodpile!

"Reckon he's gone back to New York," Clem said drily. You'll have to reach down and steady the bracket, Pop, while I get the nut."

Pop got down on his knees and caught the bracket with his fingertips, while Clem relinquished it gingerly. But when Clem was half way down the ladder, Pop lost his balance and let go the bracket. Its weight swung it down. There was a sharp crack from the anchored end, as the frosted cast iron broke off at the bolt hole, and the whole bracket fell ruined to the floor.

Clem gave it one look, and turned to the door. No sign of Con at the woodpile. Clem went unerringly to the kitchen. Twenty feet away, he heard Con's tenor singing "*I Can't Give You Anything But Love*." Clem took the porch steps at a bound, and thrust open the door. Nancy stood by the kitchen table, laughing at Con as she stirred beans in the bean jar. Con had struck an attitude with his back to the kitchen stove, and was singing with exaggerated sentimentality.

"You get on the job, or you're fired," Clem told him.

Con stopped his singing. "Pipe that, girlie?" he said to Nancy. "He won't give me a minute alone with you."

"Con just brought me an armful of wood, Clem—" Nancy began.

"Yes, with the woodbox full," Clem broke in. "And that armful of wood costs us twenty dollars."

"Oh Clem, how?" Nancy asked penitently.

Clem explained briefly.

"Con," she said, "you shouldn't have."

Con took the censure in good part, without any show of embarrassment. "I'd lay ten to one, girlie, that it's just an excuse to horn in on you and me," he said.

[Continued on page 22]



A slim and exquisitely graceful girl, who might have been sixteen or twenty-six, as you estimated from her figure or her eyes.



"Because she's lying there, half conscious, without the will to live, and there's just those two words out of her, over and over again, and she doesn't know she's saying them."

THE LIPSTICK SORT

By

FLORENCE S. HOWARD-BURLEIGH

Illustrations by B. V. Matteson

WHEN young Danny Coulson settled in as junior partner to old Doctor Freeman, who was beginning to feel the strain of sixty-three years, his first thought was to park his car—the battered, serviceable little flivver which was his joy as well as his helpmate.

There wasn't room for it in the garage attached to the house. The old doctor's big Pierce Arrow and the little car, which he kept for emergencies, took up all the room there was. He'd made that clear in the preliminary discussions.

"But I think there's a pretty good garage round the corner . . . the Court," he said. "They've done several jobs for me pretty well."

So to the Court Garage went young Dr. Coulson, and, in the Court Garage, neatly but efficiently clad in a miraculously clean blue shirt, with a collar that didn't quite match and a pair of slightly oily overalls, Danny Coulson ran into a friend of his youth.

"Micky! By all that's marvellous! What the—" said Danny, being clear of surgery restrictions.

"Same to you," said Mr. Michael Dwyer, regarding with distant pleasure this new edition of a lad with whom he had pinched apples, chased rabbits and evaded legitimate instruction. "Come into the office."

"Gosh!" remarked Danny, after half an hour or so. "I'm sort of glad the old man hasn't got room for my boat. I think I'll need a bit of light relief at times."

"Yep. He's a ponderous old bozo, but not bad. Pays his bills," said Micky.

"You always had a material flair, Micky. This job . . . any good?"

"All right. It's growing. Runs about six hundred at present. I've learned to take a tip gracefully."

Knowing his man, Danny sensed trouble in the background somewhere, but asked no questions. It was some months before he learned that the Dwyer fortunes had gone under to the gold-digger who had caught Tom Dwyer, Micky's brother, and bled him white, leaving him when she'd done her best, to ship off to Paris where she had a millionaire waiting for her—as that sort mostly has. Tom shot himself, and left his younger brother to keep his mother on what he could make on tinkering cars, and that art of "accepting a tip gracefully."

It gave Danny a queer pain to think of what the process must have meant to a stubborn, pugnacious, independent specimen like Micky—so class-conscious that he had forgotten what class was.

Behold Dr. Coulson, then, some seven or eight months later, at the end of a long round and with some hopes of a fairly quiet end to the evening, thankfully turning his car round to the garage, in a not unpleasant expectation of finding Micky.

Descending, he addressed a pair of blue-overalled legs which protruded from underneath the running board of a Hispano.

"Come out from under that monstrosity, and look after my car," said Danny. Micky put half a face out from under the running-board.

"Sorry — can't oblige you for a few minutes. Step into the office. The bottle's in the usual place. So are the cigarettes."

Danny took the hint; helped himself to a cigarette but ignored the whisky which he knew was likely to be behind the pile of catalogues in the corner.

Then he heard a voice—a voice which called his attention.

It was a feminine voice, pleasantly pitched, and with a crisp, haughty intonation.

Danny, being human, cast a glance round the corner of the office door.

The owner of the voice was talking to Micky, who had come out from under the Hispano to listen to her.

"I want to see the manager," said the lady, with the air of one who is in the habit of getting what she wants.

"I am the manager," said Micky, in a tone no less crisp, and distinctly no less haughty than her own.

"Oh, really?" Her tone conveyed to Danny's listening ear that she did not expect to find the manager in overalls. He grinned as he heard Micky's retort.

"In this garage, madam, even the manager works occasionally," he said with that crisp, double-edged voice which could be cold as a chisel or melting soft as a summer day.

The girl laughed suddenly, rather unwillingly it seemed. "I see. Well, perhaps you'll do a bit of work on my car? She's missing badly."

She had turned slightly, and for the first time, Danny saw her face; a little pointed oval of a thing, like a cameo on the dark and ugly background of the garage walls. Made up, of course, as they all are nowadays to a travesty of normal human coloring, but so attractive that even Dr. Coulson's overworked young heart missed a beat.

Micky, however, seemed unaffected. He glanced at the girl with a cold blue eye, lifted an oily hand with a wrench in it, signalling to someone out of sight.

"Joe! Come and look at this lady's car . . . Where is it?" he asked the girl who was staring at him with an eye as cold as his own.

"Outside!" she answered tersely, and it seemed that she was seeking reasonable cause on which to express herself offended. Clearly, she was not in the habit of being treated with cavalier curtness by any man living, and Danny could sympathize most heartily with the men. He supposed that it was constant contact with monkey wrenches and such-like unresponsive objects that made Micky so unsusceptible. Or perhaps he was merely clever enough to know that the sex likes to be bullied—in the right way.

Anyway, the lady apparently failed to find a cause for complaint, and she went off to the end of the garage with the mechanic in attendance. Micky, wiping his hands on an oily rag, joined Danny in the office.

"Some people have all the luck," said Danny, lighting another cigarette. "Customer of yours?"

"No. Just casual," said Micky dropping on to an upturned packing case and lighting up. "How's business?"

"Oh, fair to middling!" Danny seemed uninterested. "Who is she?"

"She?" Micky stared. "Oh, that twobit-colored chunk of lipstick and powder, with the Isotta-Franchini that she can't drive. Goodness knows. Never seen her before and don't want to again. I dislike the type."

From the venom in his voice, Danny realized that the girl had somehow mysteriously reminded Micky of Mrs. Tom Dwyer, and that it was safer not to pursue the subject.

But it occurred to him then, and again on the way back to the house which he shared with his senior partner, that Mrs. Tom Dwyer must have been darned attractive if she'd had eyes like this girl and that hint of a submerged dimple at the corner of her mouth. He felt almost inclined to think that, whatever Tom had paid for his experience, it had been worth it. But he knew Micky's mania of resentment on the subject. It wouldn't do to let his thoughts show. And, anyway, the girl was not likely to appear on the landscape for either of them again.

Which is where he was wrong. She came back the next day, skidding slightly as she braked the Isotta too suddenly outside the garage, and called to Micky, who was just inside.

"I was wondering whether you had room for this car as a regular thing?" she demanded in that high.

light voice, which seemed to assume that the entire earth was at its owner's service. "I've just taken a flat in Kew Gardens and this garage is handier than the one where I've been keeping her."

"Certainly. Of course, we shall be very pleased," said Micky. "Do you want to put her in now?"

"No, thank you. I just thought I'd come and make sure. I shall be putting her in some time tonight."

Micky glanced over the car as she got into gear, with an eye which was not flattering.

"By the way, do you generally drive with the hand brake on?" he asked, and she flushed furiously as she slammed the lever down. Then she stared at him with an inimical eye, which had too much mascara shadowing immediately surrounding it.

"Do you generally suffer from ingrowing politeness?" she demanded, and shot off down the street with a rattle like distant musketry fire—a sound which caused Mr. Michael Dwyer's car-sensitive ear to feel as though it had been violently assaulted.

NATURALLY, Danny soon became aware of the lady's change of garage. He was too frankly attracted not to have a sort of sixth sense when she was anywhere in the neighborhood, and it became, after a week or two, somewhat obvious to Micky that the fellow brigand of his youth had, so to speak, met his match. He took occasion to improve the shining hour.

"For the love of Heaven," he said, with a touch more of hardness than usual, in his agitation, "don't go getting your wings scorched with that! Why, man what is it but a collection out of a drug store, with a vocabulary out of a tabloid daily? And the competition! Man, you've missed them so far, but I tell you, that girl—he was growing truly excited—"that girl has half the damned brainless cocktail-addled young boneheads in New York at the tail of her car—or in it, when she feels like it.

"You should see her when she comes in at night, after one of her wild parties, with a wisp of a dress that you'd think she'd be ashamed to wear as a chemise, held up by two shoulder straps as thick as a cobweb or a damn silly trailing thing that you'd think was a nightgown; and always her face that daubed with—with stuff that you'd wonder she could see through it."

Danny laughed a trifle ruefully.

"I'll say, you have got it badly," he commented. "But you needn't worry. I know my income wouldn't fill the bill. But I'm free to confess that I wish it did."

Micky stared.

"You like her? That—that lipstick sort?" he demanded. "I thought you had more sense."

It was, perhaps, a little surprising that Miss Sandra Merridew, one of the most thoroughly spoiled of the younger and

brighter set, should elect to keep her car in a garage where the manager was almost openly rude to her whenever she went in. But no doubt that was the novelty that attracted her. She confessed to one of her bosom friends that she was beginning to develop a crush on him, and Brenda Holt stared in a sort of affected dismay.

"Oh, my dear, but you can't!" she screamed. "No one has a garage complex now. It's been out for at least three months. It simply has to be your hairdresser, since Millie Featherstone picked up that Greek boy at Cleon's."

"Sorry, I'm going to be old fashioned and stick to my garage manager. I hate hairdressers. They always smell girly," said Miss Merridew.

So she remained a customer of the Court garage and, from the shelter of the office, Danny Coulson worshipped in silence.

Micky preserved a grim silence, but he did not worship. Joe, the head mechanic, shared his manager's feelings and was not silent. And it was clear that Mr. Dwyer extracted a vicarious satisfaction from the comments which he pretended not to hear.

She was the world's worst customer. She never knew when she was likely to want her car but, if she said she was going to take it out at six o'clock, it was a sure thing that she would want it at either four o'clock or forget about it till something after eleven, when she would blow in wearing a chiffon frock trailing on the wet pavement and curse because it took ten minutes to get out the twelve cars which had been packed in front of hers.

She took the garage entrance at about thirty, till she hit old Major Elleston's Minerva in the back and lost the garage one of its best-paying customers.

Micky interviewed Miss Merridew about that.

"I think," he said stiffly, "that in future, Miss Merridew, you'd better let one of the men take your car in." And then, almost as if he didn't know he was saying it: "Until you can learn to drive."

Miss Merridew gasped, opened her mouth to speak, and then changed her mind. Micky thought she was going to change her garage, but she didn't. She came back the next day with Bertie Fellows, one of the best of her bunch, and hung about asking for oil and petrol and air and water. She also insisted on Joe going over one of her wheels for a non-existing puncture, just when they had three cars to get out in a hurry for customers who really mattered.

And as Micky, with a cold eye on the proceedings, passed and repassed the little group round the Isotta Franchini, she smiled at him, bewitchingly, unmistakably but, apparently, without effect.

Bertie Fellows wondered, while he was giving her a luncheon at Pierre's that broke him for a week, why she was so ratty, and having privately made up his mind that she was too expensive for the fun one got out of her, decided to give up the luxury of her society.

SO THAT was that. She missed Bertie vaguely, but there were so many others and she was curiously interested in her garage manager, so that no one else seemed to have any flesh or blood. And her garage manager was [Continued on page 45]



"In this garage, madam, even the manager works occasionally," he said with that crisp, double-edged voice which could be cold as a chisel or melting soft as a summer day.

Shooting at the Moon

By LADY
HAY DRUMMOND-HAY

A FLASH of flame, a rush of sound, a shriek of speed, and the Thing leaped into the air, gleaming like a comet. It reared upwards, darted horizontally, swerved with the sickening indecision of a capricious god about to annihilate some unsuspecting human, and, still a-fire, dived like Jove's thunderbolt into the ground.

That was the end of the first rocket I have ever seen in action.

I must say that I was frankly relieved when this experimental forerunner of the future rocket to the moon ceased cavorting about on some 1,360 horse power in the low air—to burrow itself an untimely grave in the hillock that had been a war-time munitions dump.

"Thrilled?—tremendously!" I heartily assured my host, Professor Rudolph Nebel, to whom I owed the very great privilege of having been allowed to visit the only rocket aerodrome in the world. And further—of witnessing the release of the amazing projectile. I am sure that I was more genuinely thrilled at the sight of the rocket's antics than ever were the crowds who watched and too often scoffed at the early experiments of the Wright Brothers and Count Zeppelin. They had so little realization of what they were watching, what it meant, how it would develop, of what world-shaking innovations these harassed pioneers were destined to be the fathers. I, born with the age of flying-machines, schooled in the breathless progress of aviation from the days of Bleriot's early flights, through the years of the war in the air, of the Zeppelins, of aircraft improvement almost month by month—*my* imagination needs no stimulation. We are all Jules Vernes these days.

That is what I felt, standing between Professor Nebel and Engineer Reidel, who had just concluded some explanation with "Of course people laugh at us. They laughed at Count Zeppelin, at the Wright Brothers, but we are blazing a new successful trail, just as they did in the past."

Remembering how those same people who used to laugh, or doubtingly wag their heads at the early 'planes and experimental airships, now gaze unmoved and unmarvelling at a Schneider Trophy craft, or the "Graf Zeppelin," the Professor's visions, fantastic as they may appear to us today, upon reflection must seem just as possible of realization in some not-too-distant future, as the far-fetched romances of Jules Verne, which have since been surpassed and magnified. So when Professor Nebel assured me that he would construct a rocket, and fly inside of it himself from Berlin to Australia in half an hour, the idea sounded alright to me.

"It is all very well, experimenting with these small rockets," he said, caressing an aluminum container not much bigger than a pear, the contents of which develop 1,360 horse power. "But what I want to construct next, is the rocket which will shoot mail from Berlin to New York in twenty-five minutes. It is only a matter of finance," he concluded airily, "the rocket itself is easy to make." Two thousand pounds would cover the cost.

"Of course, what I am really looking forward to, is my first rocket trip to Australia," he broke out later. "Before we begin planning trips to the moon or Mars, I think it best to demonstrate something practical here on earth. Now this rocket to Australia will be the first really important step in the progress of rocket transport. The fact that I will fly inside of it, arrive to schedule, unharmed, will convince the world that it is practical."

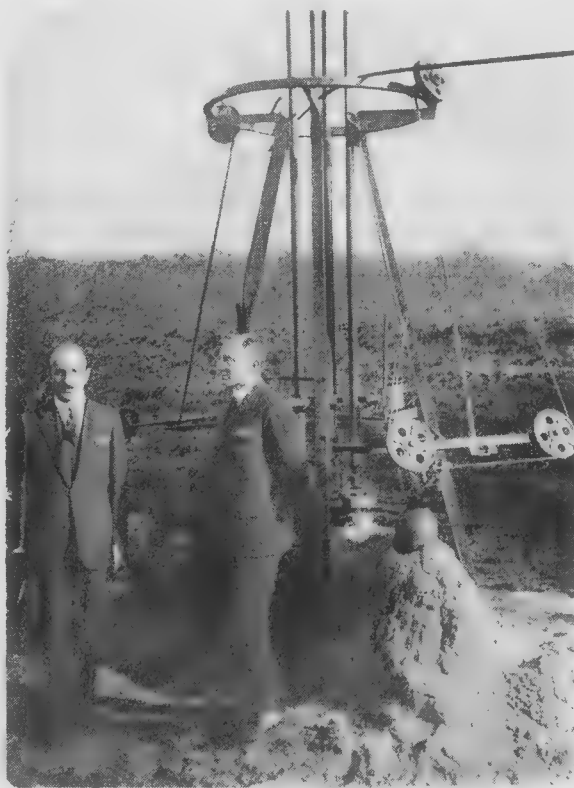
This pioneer passenger rocket is to be about seventy-five feet long, traditional rocket-shape, with comfortable interior accommodation for human freight. Of the thirty tons it is expected



Professor Rudolph Nebel

to weigh, one ton only is calculated for the structure, the remaining twenty-nine for fuel and explosives. Developing half a million horse power, the rocket will fly seven miles a second in curved flight, describing an arc, and reaching a maximum altitude of 153 miles. "From such a little thing," the Professor absently-minded tapped the 1360 horse-power aluminum pear, making me feel most uncomfortable, "will grow the big rocket to Australia, and the rocket to the moon."

The Professor, who by the way is a war-ace and still-active aviator, gave me the impression that he



Catapult for hurling test rockets into space.



Forerunners in miniature of Professor Nebel's projected passenger rocket to Australia.

now considers the technicalities of the construction of big rockets among the least of his pre-occupations.

In the rocket museum at Reinickendorf, he showed me an exquisite model of a "moon-rocket" which had been constructed for, and used in the making of a film. But inter-planetary communication and transport is not going to be as simple as all that. You do not merely shoot rockets from the earth in the direction of the moon or Mars, according to Rudolph Nebel, any more than you could release a 50,000-ton steamer on to the high seas, without preparation and provision for reception in ports, fuel, cargo exchange and passenger accommodation. If man wants to open up the stratosphere for his traffic, he must arrange ports of call between the earth and celestial destinations.

The atmosphere surrounding the earth is divided into two regions, the troposphere, or storm area, extending upwards to between 50,000 and 60,000 feet, and the stratosphere, or calm regions, extending as far as we know, indefinitely beyond that altitude.

From 15,000 feet upwards, flyers have discovered, man needs oxygen apparatus to counteract the rarefied air. Professors Piccard and Kipfer, who entered the stratosphere in their giant balloon this summer, did so in a hermetically-sealed compartment, in which the air was scientifically regulated to maintain it as normal for human beings. The slightest flaw in the arrangements would have meant instantaneous death for the two explorers. The same problem has occupied months and months of research and experiment on the part of the inventors of the two stratosphere aeroplanes now being constructed, one in Germany and one in France. Dr. Asmus Hansen, constructor of the German stratosphere 'plane, told me that he felt he had overcome one of the major difficulties of the experiment when he finally perfected a transparent glass, necessary to afford visibility for the pilot to navigate the craft, which is capable of resisting the strain of an anticipated temperature of 100° Fahrenheit below zero outside, and the normal 60° inside the cabin, as well as the tremendous difference of pressure between the cabin atmosphere, and that of the stratosphere more than ten miles above the earth.

THE rocket, as conceived by Professor Rudolph Nebel and his contemporary rocket-advocates, will need no outlook for visibility, but must be absolutely airtight. Ten miles into the stratosphere means nothing in the flight of a rocket destined for some planet. Inventors in four countries, Germany, America, France, and Russia, are seriously engaged in trying to develop rocket transport. So far, however, the only rocket aerodrome in the world is at Reinickendorf,



"The rocket's off! Wonder where she'll land?"
Professor Nebel and Engineer Dr. Riedel watching test rocket in the air.

just outside Berlin. In Berlin, too, has been established an international bureau of the society for inter-planetary communication and transport, no doubt anticipating tourist traffic to the moon or Mars. Professor Oberth, another rocket pioneer, says we will only have to wait fifteen years, before man will be able to rocket himself through space to a pre-arranged destination. But before then, Professor Nebel is quite sure that he will have popularized rocket-transport on this earth, for mail between Continents, and established a practical basis for passenger transport.

"It is only a question of time and money, before rockets will be used all over the world for shooting express mail," he assured me. "That will be the first step, and really presents no special difficulties even today. Inter-planetary communication is another matter. We must have intermediate landing-places and refuelling stations for the machines en route. Fantastic and visionary as it may sound now—though I don't see why anything should be 'visionary' in this scientific age"—he apostrophized, "we are planning to establish 'meteor islands' in the stratosphere, equipped with electric power, radio broadcasters, and huge tanks containing fuel and provisions. When the first rocket leaves the earth, it can without difficulty find the 'meteor island' whose movement about the earth will be absolutely constant, therefore can be calculated. Also the radio signals will guide us."

Professor Nebel explained how he intended to defeat the emptiness of space with these human refuges in the stratosphere.

"An object hurled into the stratosphere at a speed of five miles an hour, will, after reaching an altitude of sixty miles or more, stay there, and never come back. Its speed remains constant, and as far as gravity is concerned, the law of Kepler has already established that, owing to the curved surface of the earth, and its rotation, such an object cannot come down. Scientists call them 'meteor islands'."

On these "meteor islands" which Professor Nebel plans to establish in plenty, rocket passengers will "change cars." The earth rocket will refuel on its return journey, and the planetary rocket will continue to other worlds. Airproof suits equipped with oxygen for rocket travellers have already been designed. The fuel which drives the planetary rocket upwards will be used as a brake to check the speed of the earth rocket as soon as it gets within the radius of gravity.

LOOKING still farther ahead, the Professor revealed his dream of providing the earth with eternal light. Huge mirrors of natrium placed on the "islands" at certain angles, would divert the light of the sun, so that the world could bask in a twenty-four hours day. Astronomical stations could also be constructed on the "islands."

Tentative experiments with small rockets today, such as the one I saw on Reinickendorf field, are gradually perforating the veil dividing the earth from the mystery of space. Little by little, we are getting a glimpse into a future of fantasy.

Let us suppose that a Meteor Island has been built—of metal presumably—large enough to hold

on its surface a rocket aerodrome, refuelling station, restaurant and restrooms for passengers, broadcasting offices and bureaux for staff. It could not be less than several miles in area. Let us suppose again, that such a colossus had been catapulted off the earth by some force or other (and why not by the energy of the mighty split atom?) into the stratosphere and induced to remain there, the occupied area would have to be insulated from stratosphere atmosphere, somehow or other kept at normal earth temperature and pressure. Transient rocket passengers might wear airproof



Engineer Dr. Riedel demonstrating small test rocket.

suits for the short time they landed, but the employees of the rocket companies, the ground-crews, engineers, and officials would have to be resident for useful periods, unless they commuted regularly between their meteor island business place, and the earth. That would be a very costly process. So at least part of the meteor island would have to be enclosed, and kept eternally airtight. Since anything and everything seems possible these days no doubt the solution will be simple by the time the first "meteor island" has been placed, and the first batch of inter-planetary passengers checked into their airtight suits and rocket seats.

It is certain that Jules Verne's wildest visions will fade before achievement, when this most ambitious dream of man is finally realized. Just as, indeed, Verne's romantic "Round the World in Eighty Days" was recently decimated by Post and Gatty, who girdled the globe in eight days. The rocket to the moon itself will become a matter-of-fact proceeding after the first few trips. Professor Nebel's idea, which he claims to be based upon scientific possibility, already releases the brakes of all imagination, so that it should require less effort to accept the rather far-fetched fantasy of a certain Mr. R. H. Tate, who would build us all castles in the air.

SINCE gravity is the force that keeps man earth-bound, "control gravity, insulate it," says Mr. Tate, who claimed to demonstrate the possibility, by keeping a sheet of metal suspended in mid-air, with no visible support to hold it there. It was, however, placed directly over a second metal sheet on the ground, which he alleged possessed the property of insulating gravity. The

suspended metal, free from the attraction of earth-gravity, stayed at whatever height Mr. Tate chose to put it.

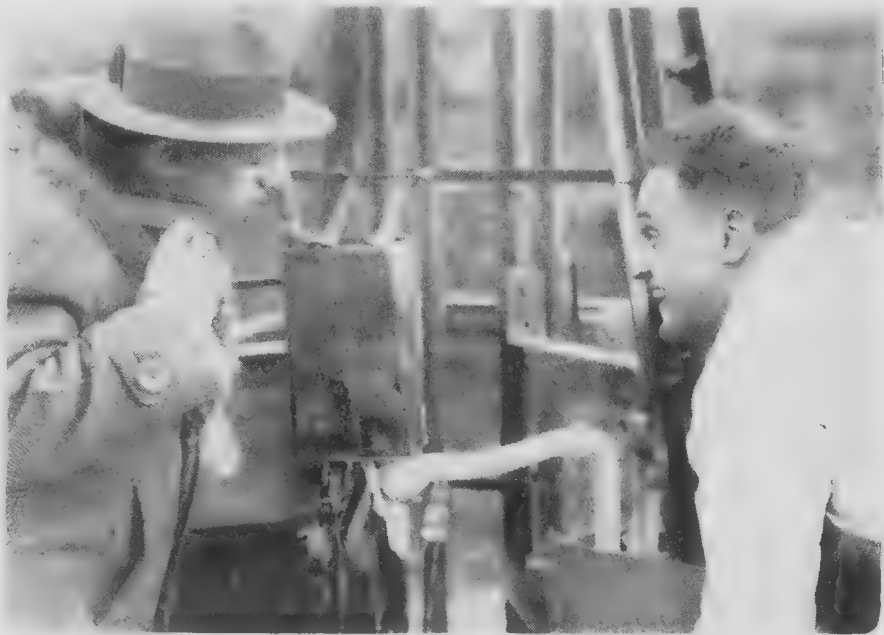
Theoretically, that should prove the feasibility of castles in the air, quite safe unsupported, so long as they hovered over an insulating metal area on the earth. Working together, Mr. Tate and Professor Nebel could popularize the upper air.

The earth might remain humanity's factory, workshop, business-house, but it can safely be anticipated that all those able to afford a villa above the fog and rain-clouds would do so. They would not have to go so high up either—a few thousand feet nearer the sun, into clean, clear atmosphere, easily accessible by aeroplane or autogyro. Those whose exclusiveness or ambition urged them higher, would be obliged to provide against lack of oxygen. Airproof suits, and oxygen masks being out of the question for constant wear, sky-dwellers above a certain altitude would have to live in airproof glass houses, ventilating their domiciles with a carefully regulated mixture of oxygen and thin air. It would be cold at those heights too. Transport would be relatively more costly, since communication with the earth could only be by the rocket or stratosphere aeroplane, necessitating large landing fields. The autogyro would sit down on a roof.

BUT more practical, visionary as it must appear today, is the possibility of successful rocket development colonizing some of the nearer planets with earth-dwellers, or introducing such colonies amongst the planet populations who may already be in possession. The earth rocket with a celestial destination must have a reception depot, refuelling station, passenger accommodation, for arriving rockets. Even if the Meteor Islands staffs could commute every day, the planet personnel could not.

How would they live? Fascinating thought! Would they be obliged to live in airproof shelters, donning airproof suits and masks every time they went out of doors. The moon colony would have a hard time of it, judging from what little we already know of the conditions there. The planets might be better. Astronomers claim a canal system for at least one of them. Water must mean atmosphere, vegetation, perhaps life. It is rank presumption on the part of man to think for an instant that the universe was created to keep him amused and guessing. Or that the earth we know is the only inhabited world. Just because we have not progressed sufficiently scientifically to penetrate, mechanically to reach, or spiritually to communicate with other worlds, it does not mean they do not exist. And if they exist, that they do not know much more about us than we know of them.

"Looking backwards, we can see that man's progress is ever upwards. It is an almost undisputed fact that life came originally from the sea, and that the more intelligent, if weaker, of living creatures gradually found their way on to dry land," wrote Gerald H. Daly a propos of Tate's castles in the air. "Thus through the ages, the life that was going to take the highest form emerged on to dry land, to sunshine and [Continued on page 55]"



Liquid oxygen for rocket motive power. Note the thick covering of frost on the pipe near Engineer Dr. Riedel (Right).



Mertha dropped the guns; she then came back in response to that primitive fascination which has ever prevented a female of any species from running away from a battle royal which she has, directly or not, inspired.

IT WAS on the big brown horse he called Arapahoe that Gene Maynard rode into Mertha Joslyn's life.

And it was spring.

Water sang it in the deep coulees. Prairie chicken boomed it as they strutted upon the knolls. And the firm throb of her horse's hoofs on solid sod again pulsed it in Mertha's blood joyously, while the haunting sky-music of northbound wavies stirred a responsive chord of restlessness within her—down deep. Alive—it was so good to be all alive again after the numbing grip of winter! And free She fell to studying the twisty silver ribbon that was the North Saskatchewan 'way down there between its misty green fringes of leaving poplar trees. How free? Shadows, like the fleeting ones the puffs of white cloud cast, lurked in her brown eyes and not because the sweep of valley yielded no sign of that missing band of J-Bar mares. No, it was the answer she had promised to give tomorrow to Hugh Durness.

Where was the question about it anyway, she asked herself crossly. Hugh was energetic, shrewd, handsome; known a long way and respected wherever he was known. He had been her friend and her father's friend for years. Almost since ever she began to be a woman she had expected some day to marry him. But now when the thrifty young owner of the Walking K urged that the time had come why did the call of the geese and the cries of the winging kill-deer and the vivid tang of the wind-washed prairie hurt? She wasn't saying

Arapahoe

By J. PAUL LOOMIS

Illustrations by Ralph C. Smith

goodbye to these things she loved just because Hugh didn't notice them. No one did—but her. What then were they telling her?

Down the trail among the bluffs of poplars someone was whistling: "Git Along Little Dogies," vagrant cowboy song. And the muffled drumming of a fan-tailed partridge calling his mate transposed into cantering hoofbeats—startlingly in tempo with the beating of her heart. A strange absorption gripped her. On the neck of her wall-eyed grey colt, Flint, her reins hung slack. She'd break the spell—in a moment The fan-tail, hurtling out of the bluff, broke it for her. Flint jumped sideways fifteen feet. Mertha struck the ground—hard. Even as she fell there flashed to her mind that she had neglected to cut away the sheepskin stirrup-binding for moccasined winter riding. Her boot clung in the choked stirrup. The horse snorted

and circled, kicked wickedly but above the prostrate form that followed him, and flattened out like a jack-rabbit across the prairie.

Dragged! Terror of the thing all riders dread most choked her. She was numbed by the agony of a thousand blows. And yet—what was that following her? Purr of hoofs? Yes! But what could catch Flint? Then through the blur of fast-departing consciousness Mertha heard a grunting thump Presently she found that her face was cold and wet and that she was looking up into a pair of intently anxious steel-grey eyes.

Locks of the man's black hair hung across his white forehead. Her still misty attention held for a moment on the little hard dent in each of his leather-brown cheeks. His cordy throat was bare for he was wiping her face with the scarf he had taken from it. She turned her head and saw beside her his sodden Stetson, while at a little distance limped her grey horse. Then Mertha remembered most of what had happened and divined the rest. All but the parting of the man's firm lips and the quiver she felt in the sinewy arm beneath her shoulders.

"Hello," the man said, and his singularly vibrant voice was filled with relief. "I was scared he'd kicked you. You were so white an'—an' too darn beautiful to be alive!"

The color came back to Mertha's cheeks quickly. "I'm alright," she declared and sat up to prove it.

"All my fault," the stranger accused himself. "We must o' scared your horse, 'Rapahoe an' me, comin' sudden 'round that bluff."

"He—shied at a partridge," Mertha replied. "You're not to blame. I should have been riding him, not just sitting there letting my feet hang down. You roped him?"

A nod. "Front feet, to throw him hard so's he wouldn't trample you. And I guess I sprained his shoulder. I'm powerful sorry. That coulee just ahead made me kindo reckless."

"It's alright," she urged. "And I can't begin to thank you." She was trying to stand, not without wincing and clinching her teeth on her lip. The stranger rose and helped her. How tall he was! A lean, round-hipped rider with miles—and more miles—creased into everything about him from his blackened chaps to the crow-tracks at the corners of his level eyes. He led her toward a big, sinewy horse. All brown: no star, blaze, white foot or other distinguishing mark. But what a horse! Mertha forgot her hurts in her admiration.

She began with sensitive muzzle and wide nostrils and finished with hard black hoofs, and in between took stock of crested neck, great heart-girth, powerful haunch and legs flat-boned and squarely set.

"Do you think you can ride?" she heard the man saying.

"Him? I could get up and ride *that* horse if my neck were broken."

He stripped his heavy, bulge-fork saddle from the brown's back and hung it by a stirrup in a poplar away from mice. Atop his Navajo saddle-blanket he placed Mertha's saddle, turning her hobbling horse free.

"'Rapahoe, you scalawag," he said, "here's your greatest honor. Bow to the lady."

The brown horse bowed gravely as though he were every day meeting ladies. Then he put forward his ears and thrust out his muzzle in a way more his own of acknowledging the introduction. Mertha gave the lean, straight nose an understanding pat and, with the man's assistance, swung a trifle dizzily to the saddle.

"You ride too," she said, "if he'll carry double."

"He will," the man replied. "It mightn't be a bad idea. You don't look any too steady." He swung up quickly behind the saddle and touched the horse to an ambling trot. Mertha felt the virile force of his nearness, steadying—and disconcerting too. She tried to think about the horse. Not a hard thing to do, only he and the man seemed one.

"What did you call him?" she asked after a quarter of an hour's silence.

"Arapahoe. I bought him off an Indian 'way down in the Arapahoe country three years ago. But he's not mustang, you see that. The Government has been putting thoroughbred sires on some of the reservations for years."

Silence for another mile. "I've fifteen head of my own. Broom-tails mostly, but there are some good mares. I'll trade you even." She made the offer in a casual tone, as one of the West would, but something tightened sharply in her chest. He didn't reply immediately.

"Swap my fam'ly? He's it! . . . Though it's a handsome bid." There was a pause. "But what I will do; I'll give Arapahoe to you." She heard his breath at the end of the sentence.

Mertha would have known little of horses and men not to have realized that when a cowboy would give a woman such a horse his heart went with it. But more than that, she wouldn't have been so intensely a woman and not known the same thing by instinct, by her own disquieting response to his wordless, primal call; distinct almost as that far-carrying vibration from the cock partridge's wings. But her reply was firm, and quite fitting; she thought it sounded:

"You know I cannot take such a gift from you. Why, I haven't known you an hour!" She did not turn her head nor know that the man, with a reverent wonder in his eyes, was reading the throb of her pulse in the side of her smooth brown throat. Less reprovingly she went on: "But I do thank you for the offer and I'd like nothing better than to own a horse like Arapahoe—if there is another."

It didn't seem to strike him as a rebuff. "Hear that, Scalawag?" he addressed the horse. "But don't you get cocky now." He leaned forward and ran his fingers down the smooth-laid brown shoulder. The lean head shot 'round like a flash, ears back, teeth bared. Mertha choked a scream, for the man did not whip away his hand. But there was no sickening crunch of bone. Arapahoe seized and held his master's hand between his velvety lips only, while it was surely humor that played in his bluish-brown, wide-set eyes. The man laughed.

"Just his little jokin' way of shakin' hands."

Then while he was pulling loose his fingers and Mertha was acutely conscious of his shoulder against her own, there reined up in the trail ahead of them, Hugh Durness! Mertha felt her cheeks grow warm and also felt, as much as saw, the sudden intensifying of the icy quality in Hugh's blue eyes. Felt the steely natures of the two men meet like crossed swords.

"Hugh, this is—this is—"

"Maynard's the name. A ramblin' bronc-twister who blundered along in time to scare this lady's horse clean out from under her." The careless tone was calculated to ease the tension, but the squarely-chiseled features of Durness remained stern.

"Hugh," Mertha persisted, "Mr. Maynard saved my life! My foot caught in the stirrup. He—"

"About yanked a front leg out of her horse," finished Maynard, bound to divert any praise.

Hugh's sternness merged into concern for Mertha. "Mighty lucky," he stated when assured she was not seriously hurt. He turned toward the stranger with a reserved acceptance. "Where you headed for, Maynard?"

"For a job breakin' broncs anywhere I can locate it."

"You're hired," Durness said laconically, "at the Walking K—my layout—ten miles down the Saskatchewan. This trail," he jerked his thumb over his shoulder, "will take you there. And Mertha, I'll help you home."

Mertha's answer was a lift of chin and a sharp pressure of her spurs to the flanks of the brown horse.

"I'm getting on very well, thank you."

So much for premature assumption of authority. Hugh didn't make that mistake again.

"ARE you still riding for the Walking K?" It was at the dance in the Hat Creek school-house two weeks later, and Mertha evidenced surprise at Gene's assenting nod.

"Did you think Hugh's broncs would be too much for me?"

"N-o. But I didn't think you and he would get along so very well."

"Couldn't hitch better. I can break and train his colts an' that's what he pays me for. He's man enough so that whether he likes me or not doesn't figger in the deal. We don't go canterin' around the place arm in arm, if that's what you mean."

Hugh, when she questioned him, manifested a similar attitude.

"Maynard earns his money. He's got a way of his own with horses, but it works." And then his jaw clicked savagely as Gene that moment touched him upon the shoulder and whirled smoothly away with Mertha in the tag waltz. "A way with women too," he continued dourly.

Gradually Mertha came to understand the plane of fair play on which these two carried on their rivalry. Whatever status they maintained on the Walking K, before her they met not as ranch-owner and rider but as virile man to man. Only in the iron-bitted reserve between them was there evidence of the supreme determination of each to win the same girl.

On but one occasion was this reserve broken, and that not in her presence. Hugh offered three hundred dollars for Arapahoe.

"Not for sale." Gene did not turn from tightening his saddle cincha.

"I'll make it five," persisted the rancher.

"Make it what you like," replied the other testily. "'Rapahoe's not for sale, I said, and particularly not to you—at any price."

"I'm not wanting him," blurted Hugh with rising heat, "for myself."

Gene swung on his employer with eyes narrowed in scorn.

"So? You'd buy part of *me* to help you along with *her*? I thought we were playin' this game square."

"We are." Hugh's look was dark, and he strode abruptly away.

Some proof of this followed. Hugh voluntarily gave Gene a clear track with Mertha on Sundays, the one day in the week the broncho-buster could call his own. As a judge in the Moccasin Hill Stampede he might have swung the award of first honors to Windy Skelton, a local favorite who sat his horses like bronze men do in statues. Hugh maintained this to be no comparison to the easy, open way Gene rode, his spurs scratching the twisting, "sun-fishing" demi-demons he drew to ride from neck to flank. So Gene was the richer by three months pay and not a little glory—uncertain stuff—which sometimes weighs out well however in a woman's eyes.

But Gene, in his turn, dismissed lightly Mertha's congratulations. And never to her did he play up the glamour of his years of wandering from the Peace River to the Rio Grande—years during which Hugh had been prosaically building up a valuable ranch on the North Saskatchewan. He admitted unrepentantly that all the moss these rolling-stone years had netted him was the patent to an undeveloped homestead far up in the Sikanni Mountains. [Continued on page 69]



His spurs scratched the twisting, "sun-fishing" demi-demons he drew to ride from neck to flank.

Further Trouble

By

EUGENE P. LYLE, JR.

AUTHOR OF
"THE LONE STAR," "CASTAWAY'S
ISLAND," "THE TRANSFORMATION
OF KRAG," ETC.

Illustrations by John Clymer

If so, then she may have taken the number of his car, and so could have him traced, hounded, hunted down, if he did not return her property, like a cringing sneak caught with the goods.

Kit Plummer was not a cringing sneak. He was an earnest young citizen twenty-five years old, making his own way, or eagerly trying to, buying peanuts for J. B. Cottrell & Bro. But nevertheless he stirred uncomfortably over the advertisement in the "Tribune." He had a horror of contention, hard words, strife, bad blood. And, as things fell out, there was needed only this pestiferous business of the mesh bag to start Kit to brooding.

For all that he gave the impression of a slow, plodding sort, there were more taut wires in his closely knit frame and more coiled springs lying around concealed in his somewhat stocky body than you might ever suspect, unless, perchance, you had watched him in action out at the community tennis courts.

Finding a mesh bag was not the only thing that had happened to Kit Plummer the day before.

All week until that Saturday morning—and a week of bright October sunshine it was—he had been scouring the countryside, buying peanuts for J. B. Cottrell & Bro. His week had been an active and pleasant one. By contrast, then, all the more disturbing was the jolt to his philosophy that awaited his light-hearted return to the office Saturday afternoon with a sheaf of contracts.

Bart Fuller had come back from Blandtown, through! For three years there had been a procession, single file, of Cottrell buyers coming back from Blandtown, through. But Bart Fuller had stayed the longest. Bart had been Jake Cottrell's latest and best bet for the Blandtown situation, and, furthermore, just about his last bet—his very last, so far as red-faced, apoplectic Jake was able to see at the moment of Kit's stepping into the office and plumb into the centre of the convulsion.

"You can't expect no man," Bart Fuller was declaiming out of a chest heaving with grievance, "and I tell you again, J.B., you can't expect no



"Thanks awf'ly," she said with keenly tempered irony; "but I'm making reckless driving my business, too—from now."

THE hasty young man himself was reading this advertisement, or admonition, in his Sunday morning's "Tribune." He was not a hasty young man, and when he had slowly read the ad a second time with slowly heightening color, he looked hurt—very hurt.

Will the hasty young man who picked up gold mesh bag at filling station Sixth and Jefferson Saturday afternoon return same to M. B., Tribune office, and save further trouble?

"That's no way!" he said to himself.

The covert threat with its innuendo nettled him. That word "hasty" had a sting all its own, as though he were quick to get his fingers on what did not belong to him. Why was he scanning the "Lost and Found" column if he meant to keep the giddy

trinket? He didn't want the thing. In his present state of mind he would right cordially have left his mother's front porch, walked round to the back yard, and dropped it into the ash barrel. He did not, however, because he moved to extremes, if at all, slowly. He had gradually acquired a dread of jarring, jangling, of any knocking in the machinery of human intercourse. But seemingly he could not even find some careless woman's mesh bag without a promise of consequences.

Something else about the advertisement puzzled him. If the threat were not pure bluff, a queenly gesture in the air to frighten an unknown and unidentified finder of the bag, then how was the fine lady who owned the bag to pursue him with her undoubted displeasure in case he did not obey her orders? Had she seen him pick up the bag?

man to stand for that low-lived, bar-room bully nephew of yours. He—"

"Ye-ah, I know," old Jake groaned; "but, Bart, it takes a mean man to handle things up there at Blandtown, and you sure got to admit that Ed is mean."

"I'm admitting that, all right," Bart Fuller said grimly, touching a lump over one eye with reverent fingers.

"But look what he's up against," argued old Jake. "That's Combine territory around Blandtown, and we're rank new invaders. Fellows in that Combine wouldn't stop at any kind of disrespect. Just the same, though, they ain't run my nephew, Ed Cottrell, out o' there yet. He's shown himself about three minutes harder boiled than the meanest egg they've got, which is saying something, you got to admit."

"Oh, I admit—" began Bart Fuller; but the boss hurried on:

"So it seems to me, Bart, that you should ought to be willing to make allowances for Ed-die's being a wee mite cross once in a while."

"Cross?" Caressing the lump over his eye, Bart Fuller glared at his beloved employer.

Old Jake groaned again. He could imagine everything without being told.

"Next time you see Nephew Ed," said Bart, grinning feebly, "just count his front teeth, that's all I say."

"I did think you'd stick," and old Jake reproachfully stressed the "you."

It was then that Kit Plummer, who had been standing around unnoticed, spoke up impulsively.

"I'd like a chance at that job, Mr. Cottrell."

"You?" roared old Jake, whirling round on him in his swivel chair. "Good Lord A'mighty, Kit, this ain't no proper time to try to make me laugh!"

And that was quite all of that. Kit perceived that he had been impulsive. He knew as well as his employer that he was temperamentally unfitted for such a job. But he had advanced with the firm as far as he could on mere technical knowledge. If he were to advance farther it must be because of something added—something that pertained to character.

"Soft soap won't sometimes always do," old Jake had said to Kit once. "You got to mix in a little lye and sand if you want to clean up a dirty mess."

And now there was this dirty little mess over a lady's mesh bag. Should he meekly leave the bag at the "Tribune" office, and so be rid of it? To his surprise, an inhibition came seeping into his system against his doing that very thing, even while he flinched before visions of Miss or Mrs. M. B.—snippy flapper or haughty dowager, descending upon him. What manner of female grenadier would she be? He began piecing together the entire episode at the filling station to recall, if he could, some woman there who might have lost the bag.

THERE was only one attendant at the slack hour when Kit Plummer turned in on his way home after old Jake Cottrell's request not to try to make him laugh. Kit remembered that when he drove under the shed there was no other car there; but a minute or so later, after he had paid for his usual ten gallons of gasoline and while the attendant was unscrewing his radiator cap to pour in a little water, a huge burnt-lemon roadster swept up from behind and stopped on the other side of the twin pumps. But no woman rode the roadster. A big ornate man of about thirty sat alone at the wheel.

"Service, George!" bellowed the newcomer, employing the generic name for a Pullman porter.

"Right away," said the attendant cheerfully; "soon's I finish with this gentleman."



Why was he scanning the "Lost and Found" column if he meant to keep the giddy trinket? He didn't want the thing.

"Here," said Kit, supposing the man was in a hurry for some good reason; "I don't mind watering her myself." And with that he sprang out and relieved the attendant of the radiator cap, which he set down between the two pumps.

It was then, as he stooped over, that Kit saw the mesh bag. It lay against the brass base of one of the pumps. Kit's first thought was to leave his find with the attendant; but the latter was dexterously twirling the radiator cap off the saffron roadster, and Kit absent-mindedly pocketed the mesh bag as being simpler than interrupting a busy man. At once he forgot about it entirely, for he found himself being addressed in the deep overbearing chest notes of the man in the roadster.

"Say, been noticing your car," said the man. As to that, he was still noticing it, with a cold, fat, professional sneer on his thick lips. "My name's Jaunders, eh? You know—Jaunders, who buys cars to wreck. Be driving your'n down to my place pretty soon, won't you?"

"No," said Kit good naturedly, while he watered his engine. "You see, we let them fall apart first."

Mr. Jaunders sniffed, and insultingly read aloud the lettering on the door of Kit's car.

"J. B. Cottrell & Bro.—Peanuts." Oh, well, I ain't surprised none."

Kit's cheeks reddened dully, not at the gibe but at the tone. He wanted to retort—no, more astonishingly he wanted to sail into this coarse pretender to class, who was a glorified junk man.

"Action there!" boomed Mr. Jaunders to the attendant, who had evidently mislaid the roadster's radiator cap and had only just found it.

Kit threw in the clutch; but he had hardly passed from under the shed when with a roar the yellow car leaped alongside, crowding the flivver

to edge of the broad driveway. But almost at once, with the swiftness of reflex action that so often substitutes for common sense and snatches fool mortal lives from death, both men threw their wheels over hard, one to the right, the other to the left, and jammed down the brakes. At the same time, into the V formed by the abrupt diverging of the two cars, entered a dark mass, the nose of a third car, screeching to a stop between them.

This third car had swerved roundly off the street upon the driveway head on toward them. Frantically they had split apart to let the third car through. But the gap would not be wide enough, and their reflexes had done the next best thing, slamming down brakes to lessen the shock of collision. The wail of grinding steel was not a duet merely. The driver of the third car had made it a trio, using all the emergency stuff there was. Locked in a dead halt and picketed in the partially open V, the third car stood with one fender bent against the roadster's rear tire. On the other side a greyhound might possibly have passed between the other fender and the flivver's rear wheel.

Perceiving that they still lived, the participants resumed the first function of life, breathing. Next would be the finding

Kit had two fists of his own to counter with, and he had used them, one to the chin that snapped Mr. Jaunders' head back between his shoulders, the other to the floating ribs.

of tongues—speech, opinions expressed. There was. They were.

It began in the burnt-lemon roadster, a sullen muttering gaining in volume, which became articulate as Mr. Jaunders flung open the door and exuded forth in large, imposing, beefy insolence. His heavy figure was sports clad in a loose snuff-colored knickerbocker suit with flat, overlapping cap to match. A clipped moustache covered a peevish full lip, and the protuberant cheekbones of his wide, distorted face were an angry red. Spraddle-legged, he towered over the hood of the third car, and shook a vast mottled fist with a big diamond like a wart at a boyish head under an old Boy Scout hat behind the windshield.

"Whadda you know?" he snarled thickly, brandishing the fist. "Whadda you know?" It seemed to be all that he could say; but his manner was ample, and caused Kit Plummer to feel alarm for the threatened occupants of the offending car.

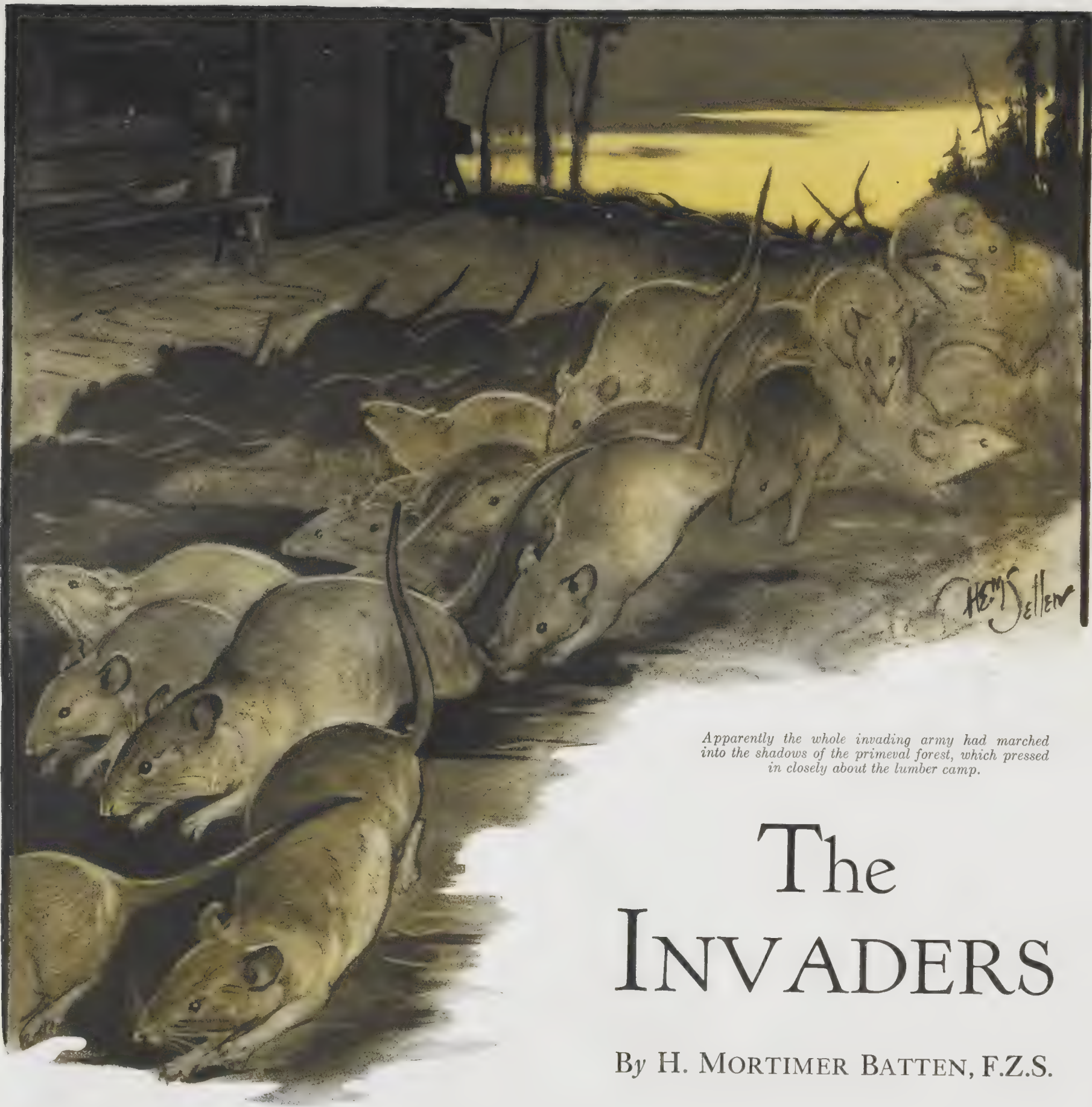
This was a large open car, and once a fine car, but much rough cross-country travel had obviously been its portion. And cross-country travelers were as obviously its three occupants—the boyish driver in khaki shirt and bandanna neckerchief, and on the back seat a shaken little old lady who clung to an old gentleman beside her. With the worn, dust-filmed car they looked like tourists passing through—inoffensive folks and now in trouble. Kit's glance returned to the glowering colossus.

"Whadda you know?" came the reiterated bellow.

But now a clear young voice freighted with fine scorn made reply. "I don't know," spoke the young voice; "but I'd like mighty well to learn." Thereupon the owner of the voice, who was the driver of the offending car, stepped out and confronted Mr. Jaunders, and it—she—was a girl.

Kit Plummer frowned. He didn't like 'em in hiking clothes—in pants at all. It spoiled even the pretty ones for him. They [Continued on page 24]





Apparently the whole invading army had marched into the shadows of the primeval forest, which pressed in closely about the lumber camp.

The INVADERS

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S.

Illustrated by H. E. M. Sellen

"SKIT, you varmint!" exclaimed Alec Morton, the foreman of the lumber camp, as a huge rat jumped out of his jacket on his reaching it down from a nail in the sawshed. "The whole place is wick wi' them!" he added.

"Wick!" repeated the boilerman. "That's no the word. Mon, when I come round to see to my fire last thing at night, the sawbench is creepin'. Ye couldna put yer hat down without coverin' one o' the varmints, and ye can see their eyes shinin' half across the clearin'. Look at that!" he added, indicating a nosebag which one of the teamsters had left hanging on the board wall. A large hole was eaten through one of the corners of the stiff material of which it was made. "They did that durin' the dinner hour, while the horse was eatin' out o' the bag wi' its head down. I reckon it's time we tried to get shut o' some o' them brutes, or this camp won't be fit for man or horse."

"Shut o' them!" echoed Morton. "How can we get shut o' them? Mon, there are thousands! When rats get themselves established as they've done in this camp, there's only one thing will shift 'em, an'

that's poison. Since it's against the rules to use poison, we canna' do anything."

"We might as well try," grumbled the boilerman. "They've gnawed holes through the cupboards every which way of a Sunday, an' they're gettin' at the grub. The whole camp stinks o' rats. What about a couple o' good terriers and a ferret or twa?"

But Morton said "Phew!" He had got it into his head that things had reached such a pass that nothing but poison would do, and so he stubbornly refused to attempt any alternative measures. That was characteristic of Morton.

"It licks me where they've all come from," said he, changing the subject. "Here are we, five miles frae the nearest village, and close upon fifty miles frae anything resemblin' a town, yet before the camp's been goin' six months we're over-run by rats. They must have come from somewhere, I reckon, Jim."

To this Jim solemnly agreed, and both of them shook their heads wisely over the conclusion. But ere they parted at the foreman's cabin door, Jim ventured another word of advice. "Send for some terriers and ferrets, Alec," he urged almost pleadingly. "The boss will let us have them if you explain. My missus will go clean off her rocker if we don't do somethin'—can't sleep at nights and all that."

But the foreman released his arm. "No good," said he. "Nothin' is any good 'cept poisons, and we can't use them."

But the foreman took no count of Wild Nature herself, who, with the best methods available, systematically sets her face against anything resembling a plague. Had Jim and the foreman known it, Dame Nature had already taken stock of the situation. She had said to herself—"These rats have reached the high water mark, and poison or no poison, it is time I stepped in."

That night the men heard an undue scuffling of rats under the plank floors of the cabins, but when eventually the boilerman [Continued on page 61]

Is the Present Social Order Doomed?

By
RALPH CONNOR

Part III

A Co-operative Socialized Industry

THREE words govern the thinking and the activity of mankind—*Work, Money, Life*. Let me say again in a slightly different way some things I have said about these three things, *work, money, life*.

Work is the primary and fundamental thing. It is humanity energizing upon the world of things, the subduing of the universe to man's desires. This is the very heart and meaning of all we call industry in the modern world. Its two basic essentials are: first that its method be co-operation and second that its motives shall be service to mankind. Without the first, industry will collapse as at present; without the second, industry will be degraded into tyranny on the one hand and slavery on the other.

Money is the marker of value of things produced by industry. It is the medium of exchange between the makers and the users of things. It establishes a common denominator by which exchange is facilitated upon a basis of equity which secures mutual advantage. Money thus represents primarily the *work value* of the things produced by human toil and secondarily the *advantage value* to the purchaser of these things. This double estimate of value it is important to keep in mind.

As production and exchange expand, money extends its function immensely and becomes the medium by which production energy is organized, protected, expanded, co-ordinated and by which exchange is organized, quickened, extended and made finally effective in bringing the things produced to the hands of those who are to use them and to live by them.

Life. This is the most elusive word in the language. It may mean the hidden principle of existence by which an organism establishes contact with its environment. This is the scientific meaning of life. The essence of being.

It may mean the continued process of existence during which an organism is kept in contact with its environment. The life of a Douglas fir may extend through a thousand years.

It may mean an experience resulting from the energizing of the powers belonging to an organism in the fullest and finest manner possible. It is in this last sense that I use the word life.

Life in this sense is the ultimate objective of every living thing, of every living member of the human family. The means by which this objective is to be obtained are variously conceived according to the nature and history of the individual, but the objective is the same *fuller and finer life*. The Master of Life put as His objective this "that they might have Life, more abundant Life." This it is that comprises the fundamental and essential rights of every civilized being. Life, free life, developed life.

Civilization suggests government. Let me also here recapitulate that the function of government is to see that every member of the state is secured in his essential rights.

It is not the proper and primary function of government to produce things for the people or to bring things produced to the people. These are the functions of those engaged in industry and exchange. It is however the function of government to stand by and see that every citizen gets fair play. To see that the strong do not take advantage of the weak, nor the cunning outwit the simple. The full power of government is pledged equally to every individual citizen. In the consideration of government there is no great and small. Before government all men are equal. And though under our present social order it is not the proper function of government to itself enter the field of industry and exchange, yet there are places where government may assume, to the advantage of the whole body of the people, the functions of industry and exchange. For instance in all public utilities, postal service, transportation service by land, sea or air, radio service and the like. Furthermore government, to the advantage of the whole people, might take on and has taken on such

service as the exploration of markets, scientific research, protection against fraud in the manufacture of foods, drugs, and indeed of all things utilized by the people.

Indeed it is significant of the trend of things in our present social order that government is continually extending the area of its functioning into what was supposed to be the exclusive area of industry and exchange. Its supervision of manufacturing is becoming more general and more intensive. Government assumes to determine the conditions under which industry is carried on, hours, wages, health, safety and the like. It dictates to financial institutions in such matters as rate of dividends, stock issues, security margins, etc.

This means that already what is known as the socializing of industry and exchange has, unobserved, extended enormously. In other words, stark individualism has been challenged, checked and rejected as being subversive of the general good. In no area of individualism can the individualist any longer with haughty mien say to the government "Keep out." Government is constantly claiming and enforcing its right to step into factory and office, into laboratory and to a less degree even into the sacred precincts of the board room of bank, trust company and insurance association and ask: "What are you doing here? And why?"

The present grave breakdown of industry and collapse of finance throughout the whole world surely demands that some authoritative and responsible body should intervene.

HERE are some of the more conspicuous examples of collapse of the present order.

1. *The ever recurrent failure to provide continuous employment for able and willing workers.*

There will be under any system temporary and desultory unemployment, due to change in market, to mechanization of industry, to uncontrollable and accidental circumstances. But it is not beyond the wit of modern intelligence nor beyond the power of modern co-operative action to prevent the periodic recurrence of nation wide, much more, of world wide unemployment, so devastating to national and individual enterprises, so demoralizing to human character, so destructive of human happiness.

2. *The failure of industry to co-ordinate capacity of production and capacity of consumption.*

The present method of trial and error is wasteful, is productive of most ruthless exhibitions of cut-throat competition, is destructive of industry itself as a means of service to the community.

There is always a place for the spur of wholesome competition in industry as in every department of human effort, but when competition in order to stave off disaster inevitably tends to become ruthlessly destructive of profitable industry and subversive of the true co-operative spirit by which alone is the highest success in industry possible, competition becomes a menace.

The remarkable judgment of Judge Brandeis of the Supreme Court of the United States a few days ago, in which his eminent colleague Judge Stone concurred, made a profound impression upon the whole industrial and financial public of America. It was to the effect that the extreme gravity of the present industrial and financial crisis seemed to indicate that the time had come when some form of authoritative guidance and control by government should be exercised over industry for the better correlation of the functions of production and consumption.

An example of the mad folly of unguided and uncontrolled individualism in production is found in the automobile industry in the United States, in which, upon the authority of President Erskine of the Studebaker Corporation, the production capacity is 9,000,000 cars annually while the consumption is only 2,000,000 in spite of the most intensive, the

most artistic and the most costly advertising in the world.

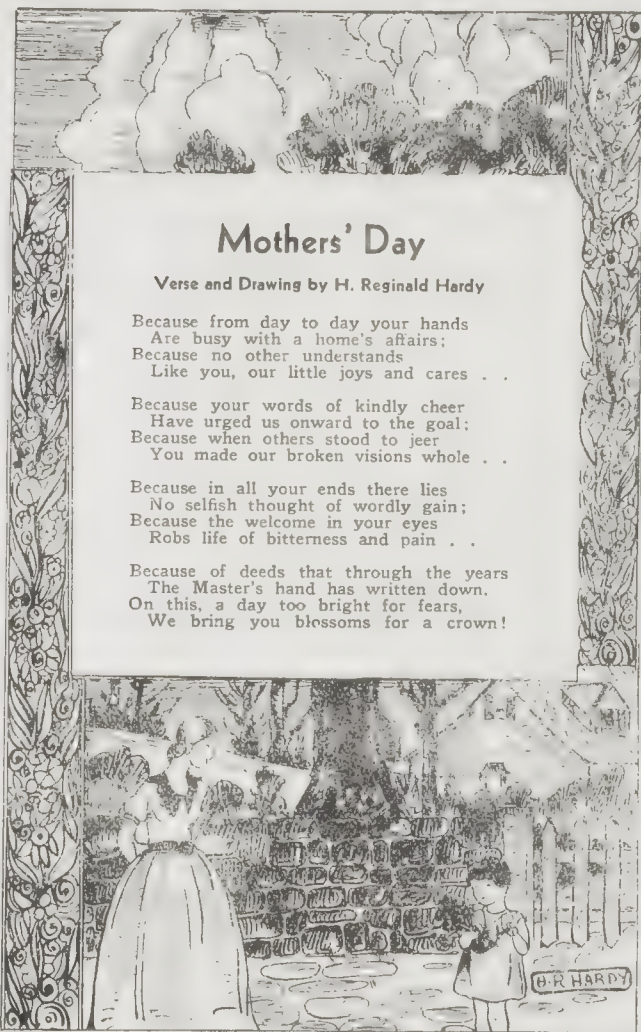
Another and nearer-home example is furnished by the wheat industry in our own Canadian West. Canada is the largest producer of wheat for export in the world and at the same time the smallest relative consumer in the world.

The present unhappy situation in Western Canada today is an illustration of the disastrous failure to correlate production and consumption in this most basic and most important of all Canadian industries. And this failure is not to be laid to the charge of those responsible for the marketing of our wheat crop. This failure can be paralleled in almost every industry on this continent.

3. *The almost universal failure to make some provision for wages for workless men as is made for interest and dividends for workless capital.*

I have already called attention to the startling fact that during the year 1929-30 after the

debacle of industry while labour lost in wages over \$9,000,000,000, the payment of interest and dividends rose from \$7,500,000,000 to \$8,000,000,000. This protection of capital is sound economics, but what of the economics that allows the purchasing power of the people to be reduced by \$9,000,000,000 at one fell swoop? The [Continued on page 46]



Mothers' Day

Verse and Drawing by H. Reginald Hardy

Because from day to day your hands
Are busy with a home's affairs;
Because no other understands
Like you, our little joys and cares . . .

Because your words of kindly cheer
Have urged us onward to the goal;
Because when others stood to jeer
You made our broken visions whole . . .

Because in all your ends there lies
No selfish thought of worldly gain;
Because the welcome in your eyes
Robs life of bitterness and pain . . .

Because of deeds that through the years
The Master's hand has written down.
On this, a day too bright for fears,
We bring you blossoms for a crown!

National Embroidery

"At length did cross an Albatross
Through the fog it came,
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name."

Birds and Symbolism

By MARGARET S. McDONALD

Illustrations by Annora Brown, A.O.C.A.

WE OF a new country are taking on definite aspirations and characteristics in our literature, our music, our poetry, our customs, our forms, our art, and our outlook. Labor-saving devices have given us much more leisure, and leisure has always been productive of more beauty. There are more hobbies today than there ever have been before, and in most cases the hobbies are conducive to more artistic surroundings, and more beautiful landscapes.

Embroidery thread and tapestry yarn have enlarged into such a marvellous range of shades, and subtle blendings, that the needleworker who is an artist is no longer content to remain with the odd spray on pillow-case or towel. But like the ancient ancestress, she longs to create some work of art that will speak of her day, her surroundings, her admirations.

Coupled with the many shades of thread and yarn, there is the dye pot, and its endless possibilities. In other times, the whole background of a tapestry had to be wearily needled in. But today, a few bottles of dye, and a little careful blending will make of a piece of silk, linen, or firm sateen a glorious background for the threads and yarns which so successfully blend themselves in our designs.

Our flowers, our grasses, our trees, our fauna, and our birds are all a precious part of our daily lives. They all speak a language which stirs our memory and our soul. When they are reproduced in our art they then give a message which is peculiarly ours—from Canada.

Symbolism—that rare mental virtue which sees an inanimate object which speaks to the intellect, and in some mystic way interprets the soul, is more or less part of every people. It always has been; and it is only in so far as it is developed that true art and depth of character are revealed in any people.

Some of the world's most beautiful legends, and much of that precious thing—symbolism—could not have survived if it had not been for the patient threads of the loving needle women of bygone days, who perpetuated these things in household furnishings and in personal garments. It is really the needleworker who holds the key to national symbolism. Pictures and craft do their noble parts, but somehow the threads, so painstakingly wrought, are more precious, and more capable of telling in their eloquent, dumb way, what the tongue is too shy to say.

EVERY country has its bird which is a sort of emblem. We in Canada have ours too, but the obvious and familiar things are often the most difficult to see, and because we are so accustomed to our feathered companions. It is hard for us to realize how much they mean to us, or how dependent we are upon them for assurance and comfort.

A birdless world! What lonely tragedy!

It could never be—the bird has always been our close companion. He is the faithful follower of man whenever new spaces are opened up. Indeed human companionship is as precious to him, as his is to us. As far as memory takes us, the bird has had a place in our lives.

It was the dove which went forth from the Ark in the world's disaster and brought back a leaf in her beak. Behold her, so beautifully wrought in Hungarian embroidery and lace.



Spring—Robin and Poplar Catkins

It was the seabird which so faithfully followed the ships, which gave adventurers courage to sail the unknown seas to find the unknown lands. Danish linens, silver and porcelains have immortalized her. It was the thunderbird on Indian totems which crossed the Pacific in some mysterious way, from ivories and rugs of the far East, to link a raw new world with oldest culture. It is the canary bravely singing in his cage hundreds of feet below the earth's surface, which gives men courage to venture down the mine shafts. It was the birds which sang above the battle strife in France, which kept the soldiers' souls from despair. And their little forms appear in all large memorials. The most beautiful and comforting of all myths—the Phoenix—takes the form of a bird.

No eye has ever seen the legendary bird of Arabia. But his message is triumphantly eternal, and today, in our world-shaken world,

his message is a clarion of cheer to our bewildered brains. His exotic plumage is of five colors—blue, red, green, black and white. They signify five eternal virtues: honesty, faithfulness, kindness, justice, and uprightness. His life is in cycles of two and a half centuries, and all during that time, he hovers unseen above his country, anxiously watching prosperity and advancement accelerating to too dizzy heights—so they topple and fall. Then he builds himself a nest of spices and aromatic woods, and when it is complete he begins to sing a song which blends quickly into a dirge. With wailing notes and flapping wings he hovers over the



Summer—Meadow Lark

new-made nest till it catches fire, and then he settles himself in the midst of his funeral pyre. With ever-increasing melancholy his song keeps on, till he is finally consumed by the flames. But out of the ashes he rises again triumphant. More brilliant, more inspiring, more lofty in his flight, more alluring as the cycles pass, and forever heralding the constant resurrection of the five virtues which in the end eternally triumph.

A lovely story—woven, embroidered, wrought, and cut into eastern art. A comfort to the whole world in our intricate time.

THE oldest embroidery art is the Chinese. It has stood the stress of milleniums, and it is to the Chinese needlewomen that we owe so much for the preservation of that precious attribute called symbolism.

The white heron appears ubiquitously upon porcelain, silk, linen, stone and wood. We are familiar with it. But do we know that the heron is in a sense a prayer? That it stands for that cardinal Chinese virtue—filial piety? So that when it appears it has something the same significance as our crucifix.

The bat too has a meaning for the Chinese mothers when they embroider it into little garments. For the bat can see in the dark, and perhaps if it is placed on children's things, it will be eyes and protection for them in the dark. (We have guardian angels.) When the bat is embroidered with flowers, it has another, and equally beautiful meaning for those who

can interpret the message.

These legends are very beautiful. But it is doubtful if any of them would have survived if it had not been for the diligent threads of artist needleworkers who applied them to household furnishings and garments. They do not seem strange to us, nor unfamiliar, and the reason for that is because we ourselves have an unspoken thought about the birds which are so familiar to us. Our own birds—though some of them are held in common with other countries—mean very much to us, and are as definitely part of our lives as the heron and the bat are of the Chinese.

We have our seasons—four of them. How do we think of them? In terms of some beautiful, long-robed creature bearing flowers, fruit, or berries? We may not realize it—but our seasons are pictured to us in the forms of our birds. And beside ushering in our quarters, the birds are symbolic to us.

SPRING—THE ROBIN

IT IS an annual game to see the first robin. He is a first pager with the newspapers. He is common to many countries, but he is peculiarly fitting to the prairie landscape. Though he may trill in every country after rain, and build his careless home with democratic abandon in the eaves of many lands, here, on the prairie, he comes into his artistic own. For here he sits on the leafless branch of a poplar which drips its red flowers all around him, till one blinks in the effort to discern which is flower and which is robin's breast. And in the effort one suddenly realizes that the prairie Spring is red!

Other climes may claim their wistful mauves and pinks, and whites; but out on the prairie the catkins fall red amongst the trees. The leaf sheaths turn almost vermillion. A thousand slender wooded stems which abound on the river banks gleam red as the sap begins to flow again. The shaggy heads of the little "sleepy heads"—that earliest member of the rose family to bloom, bob redly [Continued on page 62]



Autumn—Waxwing



Winter—Chickadee

Your Skin needs only 4 things to be lovely



CLEANSING • LUBRICATING • STIMULATING • PROTECTING

You can make your skin more lovely by the same simple, inexpensive care famous society women use . . .

"WHAT NEEDLESS EXTRAVAGANCE to clutter one's dressing table with complicated beauty preparations! Pond's simple, wholesome Method will keep one's skin fresh and clear in much less time, at much less cost."

So Mrs. Morgan Belmont says and many other women of wealth and leisure know that the skin needs just four things to make and keep it lovely: Cleansing, Lubricating, Stimulating, Protecting.

THE VERY TEXTURE of Pond's Cold Cream tells you why it is the favorite cleansing cream—it is so rich in smooth cleansing oils that penetrate to the depths of the tiny pores and float



Mrs. Morgan Belmont

out dust and grime . . . To remove the cream and all the dirt, Pond's have made their *softer*, more absorbent Cleansing Tissues . . . Together, Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Cleansing Tissues give your skin the first necessity for loveliness—utter cleanliness.

FOR LUBRICATING, again Pond's Cold Cream! Its rich oils keep your skin supple and elastic . . . Stimulating is the job of Pond's Skin Freshener. It tightens pores and tones the skin by quickening circulation . . . Protecting is the business of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt says it is "essential."

Follow the four steps of the Pond's Method to keep your complexion always radiantly fresh and clear:

1. Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes and wait to let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the clogged dirt to the surface. Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues,



Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

softer, more absorbent . . . half again as many Tissues in the big new 25¢ box.

2. Pat briskly with the stimulating Skin Freshener to tone and firm, close and refine the pores and keep contours fresh and young.

3. Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to protect your skin and make the powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises little blemishes and gives a lovely velvety finish. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck . . . and to keep your hands soft and white.

4. At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime. Then, when the skin is immaculate, smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate the skin and leave it on overnight.

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A HOME SONG

By V. W. HORWOOD

Registered Architect

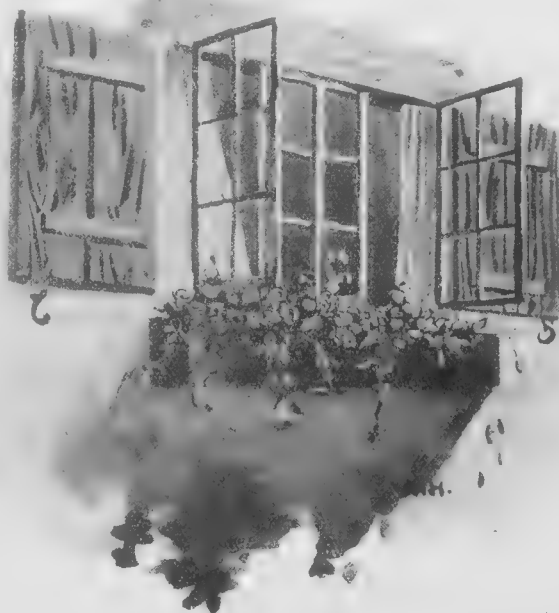
CAN we, when looking at our home,
sing with Yeats:
*"God binds us to Himself and to the
hearth,
And shuts us from the waste beyond His
peace—"*?

We are today striving in our home building to express the spirit and accomplishment of these times without sacrificing too much of our past; for part and parcel of our very life is the sentiment of the old for their youth—irrational it may seem to youth but the past cannot be stifled. Physical science strengthens rather than weakens it. Social science hates the thought of it but cannot alter or touch it.

In this design the sentiment came from a desire to create a hearth to which our hearts would cling; where we might sit and watch the smoke curling away from the fire, watching in the enraptured quiet of content with candles of happiness on the mantel shelf. Simplicity is the controlling factor; there are no brackets nor dentils, nor superfluous mouldings, but just a broad mass, relying on its proportions for the exterior. In the planning, simple home life was striven for. The living-room comfortable, the library quiet, the kitchen isolated, with its adjunct the dining-room in its proper place. A private entry from the side gives access to the basement, billiard or recreation room. There is a certain co-ordination in its rooms—a planning which might direct many in the achievement of a home. So often we know that a home is built imitative of a certain house admired—and too often we see an unfortunate family squeezed between its uncongenial walls.

Architecture is frequently defined as the science of building, and considered as such the layman finds little consolation in approaching such a technical subject. He visualizes at once the necessity of comprehending the whole art of building and allows his builder or architect to dictate on matters

which concern him only. Returning to our definition, architecture does not mean mere building any more than painting means the manufacture of pigments. Ruskin, whose name I suppose must be placed in the tradition of the elders, did not agree that four unadorned walls with their requisite openings and a



protecting cover on top, was architecture. We must admit that our home architecture means more than that. It means something out of the ground of Canada; something in league with its forests, with its quarries, and keeping the perfumes of its fields. We Canadians are fortunate for we can climb the hills for our stones, roam the forests for our timber until the home becomes woven into the very fabric of our being. Many of us talk glibly of oak, forgetting the legends about it. Every footstep beating on it should bring back its associations with the mysteries of the Druids, of Britain's "Hearts of Oak." Designing a home with these memories to help you is a joyous thing beyond anything that merely says, "Oak is oak" or "Birch is birch" and will make the best floor or the best finish. When planning the living-room in fir, think of the tabernacles of mighty fir forests of British Columbia—or the maple and birch trees of Quebec and Ontario. Your chimneys are built maybe of stone taken from the quarries of Tyndall, in Manitoba. Every portion of your home should have its associations, and then the good fairies of these provinces will contentedly cuddle down and pipe faint music on your hearth for ever more. This design may prove a nucleus around which you may weave your home planning. It is not an attempt to dictate a planning as is so often done, that "this is a convenient plan, etc." I don't know whether it is a convenient plan for you. I hardly think so. I would feel sorry for any one who can take a plan holus bolus and be satisfied. It may be added that it requires an humble spirit to build a home. Listen to the great Solomon in his dedication of the Temple and follow his supplication,

"... Thine eyes may be open upon this house..."
And with this thought in the heart begin the planning—building yourself into its walls.

[Continued on page 52]

ROCKNE SIX

SPONSORED AND
BUILT IN CANADA
BY STUDEBAKER



Thousands
are saying,

*"This
is the car!"*

UNTIL the Rockne Six captivated Canada with its charm, its modish style, and its wind-splitting swiftness, there had never been a car of low price that truly combined style with sturdiness.

The sensational new Rockne Six, built in Canada by Canadian workmen, bears the sponsorship of Studebaker. Beneath its beauty is a mechanism of tremendous power, of champion stamina, of swift, safe and supple performance.

Finer Free Wheeling, and Synchronized Shifting, Silent Second Speed, Automatic Switch-Key Starting, 4-Point Full Rubber-Cushioned Power—these head an array of advancements which place the Rockne far above all other low-priced cars.

The Rockne Six is a large car. Its stout frame and electro-fused steel body make it unusually solid and quiet. Its lowness, its latest shock absorbers, and perfect balance make it remarkably road-worthy.

Drive this newest and most sensational of Canada's motor cars before you select any car at any price.

Vital Specifications	Model "65"	Model "75"
Extra Long Wheelbases	110"	114"
Large Motors—cubic displacement	190"	205"
Very Powerful Motors—brake h. p.	66	72
Extra Large Brakes—braking surface	143 sq. in.	155 sq. in.
Models and Bodies	Prices f.o.b. factory	Prices f.o.b. factory
Coupe, 2 passenger	\$795	\$975
Coach, 5 passenger	810	
Coupe, with rumble seat, 4 passenger	845	1025
Sedan, four door, 5 passenger	865	1045
Convertible Roadster, 4 passenger	920	1105
Convertible Sedan, 5 passenger	950	1130
Prices at the factory, Walkerville, Ont. Bumpers, spare tires and government taxes extra.		

FREE WHEELING WITH FULL
SYNCHRONIZED SHIFT SILENT SECOND
SPEED....SWITCH-KEY STARTING....
4-POINT CUSHIONED POWER

\$795

And up, f.o.b. factory
Walkerville, Ont.

"CLEAN those lips — or we DON'T GO!"



JUST think—Jack breaking out like that with the door open and the Briggs waiting right there in the car! I nearly died of shame . . . but when I looked in the glass—my lips *did* look painted."

That painted look is one thing men simply *cannot* stand! You don't notice it—but others do. Colors you have grown used to look cheap and tawdry to your friends.

End *painted lips*! Forget your present lipstick. When you make up, **TANGEE** your lips.

Tangee can't make you look painted. It isn't paint. It's a new discovery that changes on your lips to the color that looks best on you! Tangee brings new charm and loveliness to your make-up.

Tangee is permanent—waterproof. Its special cold cream base sinks into the pores. It won't cake or chap. Get Tangee at your druggist or cosmetic counter. It costs no more than ordinary lipstick.

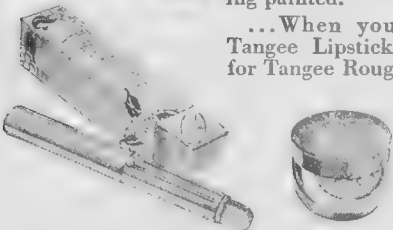
CHEEKS MUSTN'T LOOK PAINTED EITHER



Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee changes on your lips. It gives the color most becoming to you.

Tangee Rouge keeps your cheeks from looking painted.

...When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge.



TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

Send 10c for Miracle Make-up Set

PALMERS LIMITED, DEPT. WH5-
750 Vitre Street, West, Montreal, Canada

Gentlemen: I enclose 10¢. Please
send your miracle make-up set to:

TANGEE
Name _____
Address _____

Clem bit his teeth upon his just and flaming wrath, and left the kitchen. He went back to Pop, who was ruefully examining the broken bracket.

"How'd you come to take him on, Pop?" he asked.

"Mostly because he's broke, and I feel sorry for anyone who's broke this time of year . . . Give him a week, Clem, and he'll make good. This'll be a lesson to him."

Clem swallowed hard. After all, if the man was broke, he needed a stake. Con might settle down and be a good hand. He couldn't kick a man out in the dead of winter like this just for one mistake.

THAT night, while Clem was in the postoffice waiting for the last mail to be sorted, Con came in. There was an even dozen of men seated around the big drum stove, and the place was so thick with tobacco smoke that Con didn't see Clem. He stepped up to the grocery counter, and asked for a package of cigarettes. To pay for them he pulled out a roll of bills that he could hardly get his great hands around.

That resentment of the situation which Clem had choked down by main force, surged high at the incredible sight. So this was the man who had pled for a job because he was broke! And having got the job, loafed on it!

Clem studied the situation until Con had got his cigarettes and turned toward the door. Then he walked over to face Con.

"Thought you said you wanted a job because you were broke," he said. "You've got a roll of bills in your pocket right now that would choke a steer."

For just an instant, Con showed his strong yellow teeth in a snarl. "You meanin' to tell me that the roll of frogskins I'm packin' don't belong to me?" he asked.

"I never thought of that. What I want to know is why you want a job here."

By this time, half the crowd were drawn together in a circle about Con and Clem. Con's face became bland again. He looked from one to the other of the men, and grinned.

"Looks like he was tryin' to run me out of town, uh?" he said. "Probably because I'm beatin' him to that little wren of his."

"You keep her out of this," Clem warned him, his voice trembling with rage.

"Now I know it," Con defied him. "You take that back." Clem closed in until his jaw was within six inches of Con.

Con's black eyes flashed fire. "Don't start anything with me, buddy," he warned. "Know who I am?"

"No, and I don't care," Clem retorted. "You take back what—"

"I never yet took back anything," Con said out of the corner of his mouth. I'm Kayo Kelly, contender for the light-heavies before I was framed . . . Now go back and sit down by the stove." Con turned his back on Clem.

But Clem caught him by the arm and spun him around.

"You come outside," he commanded. "There's a full moon to see by, and there's not room enough in here to do what I'm going to do with you!"

"You fool woodchopper!" Con said softly, "don't you know I can murder you?"

"Not till you've done it," said Clem.

"All right," Con said. "You asked for it. Come on out."

And Con led the procession to the moonlit street.

OUT OF THE WOODS

Continued from page 7

OUTSIDE the grocery postoffice, the moon shone as with the light of day. The state road had been swept clear of snow. The footing was firm.

Con turned to look over the silent dozen of men who congregated on the sidewalk.

"All I ask of you birds," he said, "is an even break, one man against another."

Clem knew Con was afraid of being mobbed.

"That goes for me," Clem said. "And no hitting below the belt."

But in spite of that glib statement of one small section of the rules of pugilistic encounter, Clem knew no more about it as an art, than to keep from being hit, and to hit as hard and often as he could.

He squared off to Con, who teetered around him in dizzy circles. Con's right came up like a flash of lightning. Clem countered lunging the weight of his body behind a wallop that never landed. Instantly, before he could recover, his head was rocked by a rain of blows as from a steam hammer. Clem backed away, and ducked his head to the shelter of his shoulders. This would never do; he'd have to go more carefully. He realized now that Con's footwork was saving him, and adopted similar tactics for himself.

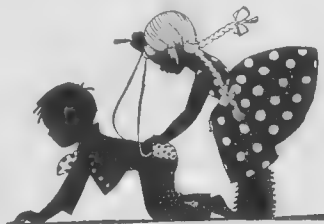
And then Clem felt himself lifted up and hurled backward by a blow that any referee would have ruled out. Sick and faint he stumbled into a clinch for protection, and gasped for his breath while Con pummeled his kidneys with short-arm jabs. To escape them, Clem threw Con away from him by main force, half across the street.

"Square deal, oh, you big bum?" Clem gasped, and in the next instant was upon Con like a whirlwind. Without thought now of self-protection, with a quick succession of terrific shots that beat through Con's guard, he had Con dodging back and forth in circles, his feints unnoticed, his counters of no avail against Clem's footwork. If that savage attack had been staged beneath the arc lights of Madison Square Garden, the fans would have howled in Roman glee. But on this still moonlit night, the shivering handful of spectators were as silent, as awe-stricken as if they were actually witnessing a murder which they were helpless to stop.

Con stumbled, went half down. Clem held his blow, and backed up to allow Con to regain his feet. Con rushed, ducking low. Clem half turned his body to let the low one graze past, caught Con full on the nose with his left, and brought his right up to travel six inches to Con's chin. The two blows, coming almost together, lifted Con's hundred and seventy pounds clean off the street and hurled him against the dozen men standing there. They backed up, and Con slumped to the ground gradually to spread-eagle there on the snow.

Clem stood where he was, watching alertly. One of the onlookers began to count: "One—two—three—"

But the count was interrupted by a girl's cry, and Nancy Leith ran into the midst of the circle. She took in the situation in one horrified glance.



"Clem, did he hurt you?" she cried. And Clem, the blood pounding in his ears, grinned happily in spite of his bruised lips. So she cared, did she?

"No!" he said.

"But—but you've killed him." She ran to Con, and leaned over him.

Clem started slowly toward the prone man.

"I reckon not—unless maybe I broke his neck . . . He asked for it, Nancy."

"Pick him up and bring him into the postoffice, some of you men," she commanded.

Even as Nancy leaned over to feel his heart, Con stirred, rolled over, tried to spring to his feet, and ended by landing on all fours, where he trembled groggily. Nancy picked up a snowball, and began to rub his face.

"I'm O.K.," Con stuttered. "The count—?"

Clem came up to him and helped him to his feet. "The count's over . . . Want to go on?"

Con clung to him.

"Not me . . . First haymaker I ever had . . . Enough."

"Clem Bowditch," Nancy said, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Con was rapidly coming to. "No, lady," he said. "A guy who can box-fight like that has got nothin' to be ashamed of . . . He can tell the world to go some place."

"I'm going to take you home this minute, Con, and get you fixed up," Nancy went on.

"O.K. with me . . . I'm through for the evenin'."

Con, still walking groggily, started back up the village street with Nancy. The crowd began to straggle back into the warmth of the postoffice. Clem stood watching Con and Nancy. Con was getting away with it, after all.

But no! Not altogether. After a few steps, Nancy turned her head, the faintest of smiles on her pretty mouth.

"Clem," she said, "soon as the mail is sorted bring it up to me will you?"

TWENTY minutes later, he knocked at Nancy's door with a couple of letters and a magazine. Con and Pop and Nancy were all there, gathered around the stove in the sitting-room. Clem had never seen it look so cozy, in the warm yellow light of the reading lamp. Nancy was flushed, and her blue eyes were never brighter than now as she caught Clem's hand. But for all that, Clem was ill at ease, Con, beaten, had done the handsome thing and done it well.

"I'm sorry if I was mean to you Clem," Nancy said. "I was terribly upset—Con says it was all his fault. I'm awfully sorry."

"That's all right!" Clem returned awkwardly. "I guess we both got too hot up—"

"Con thinks you're wonderful," Nancy went on. I want you two to make friends right away."

Con gave Clem his hand. "I sure dragged you into it, buddy, but you got my goat there."

Clem was willing enough to make friends. It suited him better if Con wanted to keep Nancy's name out of it. "It looked pretty queer, your having that roll," he returned good-naturedly.

"Sure it did. Well, I'm going to tell you. That money's mine. But when that's gone, I want more comin' to me. A roll wears itself down pretty fast. And if I lied about bein' washed up, it was only because I wanted a job bad to have some reason for hangin'."

[Continued on page 31]



*You'll like
Nugget too!*

NUGGET
SHOE POLISH



No wonder washday tires you out when you wash with

LAZY SUDS

Here's a new soap discovery with an amazing sudsing power that does away with rubbing

● There are just two ways to get clothes clean—either you must *rub* them clean, and wear yourself out in the process—or you must use a soap that does the hard work **FOR** you. Old-type lazy suds fizzle away in the washtub—leaving all the hard exhausting work to you.

Here is a new soap discovery—Oxydol—that lightens and speeds up in a wonderful way every washing task, because of its gift of richer extra suds.

Oxydol makes hard water soft

Oxydol is supercharged (with pure rich soap) for 50% more suds, truly amazing suds that **SOAK** clothes clean in any water—hard or soft. Everything comes out whiter, sweeter-smelling—because extra suds really get things *cleaner*.

Here's another thing to remember—old-type lazy suds make gray streaky washings. As the suds wear away to watery thinness, they fall back and the dirt falls with them—back into your clothes again. If you've ever washed with lazy suds you have seen this happen. Oxydol's richer extra suds remove every last particle of dirt, leave clothes snow-white always.

Extra suds work magic in the dishpan
There's simply nothing as wonderful

for dishes as Oxydol. Its extra suds scoot away grease instantly, almost like magic. China and glassware come out gleaming bright and with no trace of clinging film.

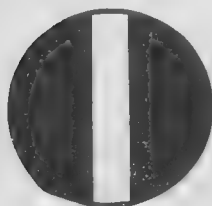
Oxydol is kind to hands and delicate fabrics too—and more economical, for it gives you more suds for your money. And, don't forget, when you buy soap it's **SUDS**, not soap, you really pay for.

Ask your grocer for Oxydol today—in the orange and blue suds-bargain package. You'll thank the day you learned its name.

GUARANTEE

If you do not find that Oxydol makes more and richer suds—that it soaks clothes gleaming white—that it makes hard water soft and works better in any water—just turn the package back to the store where you bought it and your money will be returned.

PROCTER &
GAMBLE
Toronto, Ont.



OXYDOL
Reg. Trade Mark
MADE IN CANADA

THE COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD SOAP

FURTHER TROUBLE

Continued from page 15

simply couldn't get by. They looked self-conscious and smart, and often dowdy and unkempt. So he instantly disapproved of the slim-legged girl who stood, hands in front pockets, disdainfully regarding Mr. Jaunders from head to toe. Kit Plummer resented it because, looking none of the things that had established his prejudice, she looked so bonny. He could not imagine her more so in skirts.

Small difference, after the first slight shock, did it make to Mr. Jaunders that he had to do with a young woman instead of a boy. He began at once to instruct her in the rules of the road. What she meant—Didn't she have brains enough to know—. The girl tilted her chin, looked him in the eye, and terminated the harangue.

"Thanks awf'ly," she said with keenly tempered irony; "but I'm making reckless driving my business, too—from now. You neglected to mention, did you not, sir, that this is no speed-way for two cars to race neck and neck? I think I shall take your number."

"My number—mine? Haw, haw!" jeered Mr. Jaunders. "The girl sleuth!" Nevertheless, he sought a diversion. Perhaps, too, in his teeming insolence he had hope of doing a stroke of business. "See here, now, I been noticing your car," he said. "I'm Jaunders, you know, the auto wrecker. I buy cars to wreck—"

"But you don't always bother to buy them first, do you?" inquired the girl. "The name may be correct—undoubtedly is; but I'll take the number too."

"Oh, no, you don't!" Jaunders' voice had changed. It was a cooing, flowing thick like molasses, and when she would have passed him to see his license plate he put a large affectionate hand on her shoulder, holding her back, and laughed.

"Hey, that's no way!" Kit Plummer shouted involuntarily, leaping out of his car.

"Thanks awf'ly," said the girl to Kit as he reached her. "But it's no use, really, for I shall have to have your number, too."

Kit's cheeks tingled. Did the cool little iceberg think he was trying to curry favor? He didn't seem able to find anything to say; but he whipped out an old envelope and a pencil and scribbled the number of his car on the envelope. As an afterthought, he went to the rear of the yellow roadster and put down its number, too. The girl gaped at him as he handed her the envelope without a word and jumped into his car. He drove off even as Mr. Jaunders did the same.

A block away Kit looked back. The roadster was turning down another street. At the filling station, the girl was driving her car under the shed. There was no other car there. And, come to think of it, as Kit Plummer was now doing on his mother's front porch, there had been no other car there except the roadster, and there had been no one present at all who might have lost a silly gold mesh bag. Not that girl, nor the plain old lady with her. And certainly not Jaunders, the junk man. Then how account for the advertisement?

Kit may not have been a nimble thinker, but he thought solidly, on a firm foundation, as he went along. And when he got to it, he saw the whole thing—as plain as a battleship

on a hill or the mystery of a mystery story in the last chapter.

"Of course!" he exclaimed, rather ashamed of the slow mental processes which had not flashed it on him sooner. "Of course—Jaunders!"

Jaunders had seen Kit pick up the bag, and then Jaunders had advertised for the bag. In the advertisement Jaunders had concealed his sex and identity under the initials "M. B." He would frighten Kit into leaving the bag at the "Tribune" office for M. B.

"And having seen me," Kit reflected with a sharp twinge of humiliation, "he's betting I'll come to heel. I took his number. He's got—he thinks—he's got mine."

He was dealing with a crook, a big noisy bully turned crook. Well, then, what? Wait—nothing to do but wait! He waited. Next morning, down at the trashy, dusty, ratty old office of the peanut factory in the wholesale district he was still waiting. Our days are few and full of trouble, but waiting for it was the worst. Kit Plummer found himself hating that junk man, Jaunders, with a dull unreasoning intensity that baited him like the toothache or a sore toe. But he hated Jaunders because Jaunders was making him hate himself. Was he some pampered neurasthenic, or what? Wasn't he still a red-blooded American? Or was he?

AT HIS desk by a window on the first floor, he should have been working over his last week's contracts; but if an automobile horn honked above the rumble of drays on the cobbled street, up went his head. He had to make sure no yellow car was in sight.

But dread in anticipation has its own queer compensations. It dwarfs realization. The strain slacks, and there's the blessedness of relief. If Kit Plummer but knew, he was getting beautifully primed for trouble. And then trouble came.

Almost eagerly, though with a stricture in his throat, Kit pushed back his chair, toppling it over, and made for the door. He had caught sight of the yellow car. It was rolling slowly along, and from under the rakish top Mr. Jaunders peered out, his big, wide, sullen face upturned, spotting firm names on dingy signs. But he had stopped and dismounted before Kit gained the sidewalk. He had recognized Kit's car at the curb, and he was putting out his big, diamond-studded hand toward the car when Kit reached him.

"Huh, been looking for you," Mr. Jaunders spoke first. "Want my prop'ty back. Huh, tryin' to pull a raw steal like that!" and he started to paw Kit's flivver. The big, mottled, impious hand with its insolent diamond reached over the hood. This from a junk man. But every car owner will understand.

"Take 'em off!" said Kit abruptly.

Mr. Jaunders stared at Kit. Then he straightened and concentrated all his attention on him.

"All right then, hand it over," he said in his husky bellow.

"You can't prove—" Kit began.

"Don't have to," Jaunders boomed. "I take what's mine, but first—but first—" His voice thickened and a mean look grew in his eyes. "Give that Jane my license number, would you? For that—"

[Continued on page 26]

JASPER PARK *Lodge*

and the Mighty Rocky Mountains
offer you new thrills—with 1932 economy



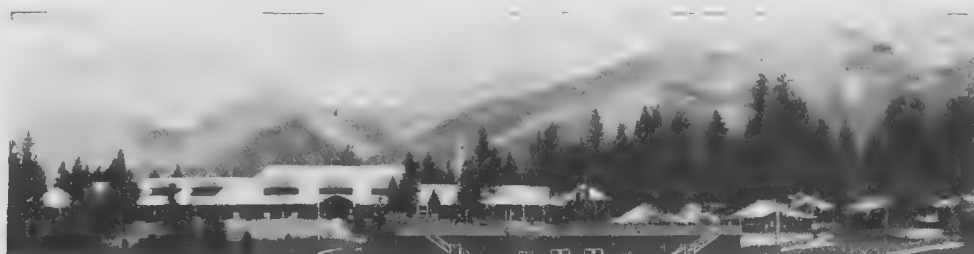
This year Jasper offers you greater vacation thrills than ever before — and at low rates to fit 1932 economy.

Lovely Maligne Lake, one of the finest trout breeding waters on the continent, is open for fishing this season for the first time.

Jasper also offers the exhilaration of snow-capped Rockies; the adventure of trails to ride; of peaks to climb; the challenge of a championship golf course; a

warmed outdoor swimming pool; and happy evenings in the Lodge itself with its luxuries and companionships and, now, the added attraction of the best trout fishing on the continent at Maligne Lake.

All these thrills and amenities you may enjoy for \$8.00 a day, room and meals—with a 10 per cent discount if you stay two weeks or longer. Any Canadian National Agent will give you illustrated booklets and full information.



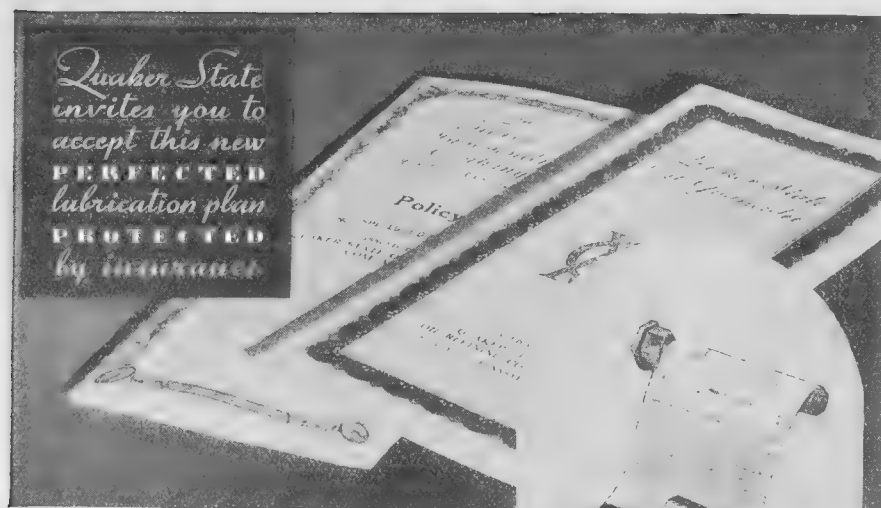
CANADIAN NATIONAL
The Largest Railway System in America

Rail Fares are Lower, Too

To JASPER
and RETURN

From—

Halifax	\$115.70
Quebec	98.45
Montreal	92.20
Ottawa	88.90
Toronto	79.55
Winnipeg	54.50
Saskatoon	31.35
Edmonton	11.75
Vancouver	35.85



Insured LUBRICATION

STARVED lubrication steals from you the built-in mileage and power you pay for. Undernourish your car's vital parts, skimp on oil and grease and soon the soft purr changes to annoying rattles; smooth, surging power fades to half-hearted transportation.

You cannot test lubrication by sight, touch or taste. The experiment is made in your car and you pay for your own mistakes.

Are you confused by a multitude of claims? Then here is an end to doubts. Surely oils and greases good enough to insure are best for your car.

For many years millions of motorists have insisted on Quaker State, with its "extra quart of lubrication in every gallon." Now a new, sensible reason is winning more millions to this super-refined Motor Oil, for Quaker State offers to users its Insured Lubrication Guarantee, backed up by insurance in The Travelers Indemnity Company of Hartford, Conn.

Study the proposition at the right. No other refiner goes as far to prove his claims. Lubrication to you may be a trifle. But it can be an expensive trifle if you neglect it. Actual field surveys reveal that it costs motorists millions of dollars annually for burned-out and prematurely worn bearings, as a result of faulty lubrication.

Accept this unique offer. Change to Quaker State and equip your car with "Roll-o-Miles." See your Quaker State dealer or mail the coupon today.

THE QUAKER STATEMENT THE LUBRICANTS

1 - Perfected motor oils and greases to meet full requirements of all seasons for each part of every make of car.

2 - Motor oil made from 100% Pennsylvania crude oil: so pure it does not require acid treatment which lessens an oil's oiliness.

3 - By costly, extra refining processes, Quaker State removes the quart of thin, useless oil of little or no lubricating value—which remains in every gallon of ordinary motor oil—and replaces this waste with a quart of rich, full-bodied lubricant. Four full quarts of genuine, heat-resisting lubrication in every gallon.

THE PROPOSITION

1 - Because your car will not operate without oil and grease, you face a choice of brands.

2 - Brands differ greatly in quality; we urge that you use Quaker State, but we do not attempt to prove its superiority by claims alone. Instead we say:

3 - If you will use only Quaker State lubricants in your car, adopt the Quaker State Plan of Lubrication and equip your car with "Roll-o-Miles" at \$3.50, we will supply you with a One Year Guarantee insured in The Travelers Indemnity Company of Hartford, Conn., which agrees to pay the customary cost of repairing or replacing any burned out and inoperative bearings resulting from faulty or insufficient lubrication.



... Listen in on coast-to-coast broadcast of "QUAKER STATE'S CAREFREE PROGRAM"—learn about Quaker State's unusual free offer.

FURTHER TROUBLE

Continued from page 24

A diamond flashed in the sun and the big fist struck.

Kit had his warning from the man's eyes. Boxer's instinct jerked his head to one side and the blow passed, but grazing his cheek, the diamond slicing a furrow through the flesh. That was not all, however. When delivering the blow, Jaunders had lunged forward. With all his weight he stamped the heel of his shoe down upon Kit's foot.

It was the old, old foul, infamously known, but that Jaunders knew it so well proved him a brawler of experience. By evading Jaunders' fist with his head Kit had two fists of his own to counter with, and he had used them, one to the chin that snapped Mr. Jaunders' head back between his shoulders, the other to the floating ribs. But against the momentum of so heavy a body these could not avail entirely, and the heel had come down with excruciating force. The pain was sickening—needle-like threads of flame grilling bone and marrow. Kit's intake of breath was sucked between his teeth, and then his teeth set. He got to work.

A large contract must be taken piece-meal; but the tattoos to chin and ribs were an important beginning. It rocked the brain and jammed the wind, so that there was not that co-ordination of Mr. Jaunders' faculties so essential to his physical integrity in a moment like this. The man saw fists coming as blurred missiles, and he fended with wild windmill swings. He hammered at a blood-smear face grinning with set teeth, but he could not blot it out.

For once Kit Plummer was unmindful of hard feelings. He was not suffering vicariously. These blows he was accurately placing were hurting the other fellow more than himself. In fact, they were not hurting Kit Plummer in the slightest degree.

"Look! Would you look at Kit down there!" a voice in shrill incredulity had cried out in the early beginning of things.

The voice belonged to J. B. Cottrell's stenographer. The window filled; other windows the same. Up and down the block, story above story, windows filled with faces. The squalid old street became the Coliseum of ancient Rome when something special was going on.

Down in the cobbled arena, Kit Plummer had impressionistic vistas of tier on tier of rapt faces; but he did not care. He was aware of his boss' dazed visage, but he did not care. An imp in his soul kept asking if he wasn't having one good time.

"Good, but getting better," Kit would have answered the imp if there were leisure.

"Say," panted Mr. Jaunders, standing off and wheezing like a leaky pump, "you do make a lot of trouble over just a little—"

"No trouble at all!" Kit shouted.

Jaunders pawed and poked rather than countered, as though he were about to whine, "Now you let me alone!" He had the look of a large animal that finds itself being torn to pieces by a smaller foe. The man was nearing the crisis in panic. It came, and he broke under it. He turned and darted between two trucks. An outburst of derisive cheering did not stop him. Gaining the yellow car, he floundered over the running board into the seat. As he drove, zigzagging and caroming, he looked back and shook his fist. [Cont'd on page 27]



NEURALGIA

TAKEN at the first stab of neuralgia, Aspirin tablets will relieve the pain—often in a few moments. Just as easily, they relieve the pain of neuritis—so difficult to distinguish from neuralgia.

Women who suffer from facial neuralgia, or from neuralgic pains in chest, neck or back; men who suffer from that other form of neuralgia, known as sciatica, find prompt comfort in Aspirin. It is a blessing to sufferers from pain of any kind. It brings quick relief for colds, sore throat.

Aspirin is perfectly harmless to the system; causes no habit; cannot depress the heart. Box and tablets always bear the Bayer cross for your protection.

(MADE IN CANADA)

ASPIRIN

TRADE-MARK REG.



QUAKER STATE MOTOR OILS AND SUPERFINE GREASES

HOW TO GET Insured Lubrication

Check the coupon at right, either for immediate application or request for the booklet, "The Story of Insured Lubrication." Or go to any Quaker State dealer for full details.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO., Oil City, Pa. Dept. L-2

Please send your free booklet, "The Story of Insured Lubrication." As per your offer, I enclose \$3.50 in U. S. funds. (I will pay duty and taxes.) Send me "Roll-o-Miles" and your FREE Insured Guarantee.

Name.....Date.....

Address.....

City.....Province.....

Make of Car.....Year of Model.....

Factory or Serial No.

Brand of oil I am now using.....

FURTHER TROUBLE

Continued from page 26

"You'll see! I'll send—"

But the crowd liked this so well that their cheers drowned the rest of it.

KIT PLUMMER watched him go. He was almost sorry it was over. Sudden admirers, truck drivers he had envied, pressed around him. Some wanted to discuss various points in technique. Others were content to render blanket approval. When Kit started to dust off his clothes, a half-dozen hands joined in. He was being well dusted when someone brusquely tapped him on the shoulder. He turned, expecting a policeman. But there were two young men instead, well-set-up young men in tennis flannels, coatless, sleeves rolled up, bare-headed. They were strangers to Kit. They must just have arrived in a gunmetal-blue, handsome sedan, whose top he could see over the heads of the crowd half way to the corner.

"You have a gold mesh bag—" began the young man who had tapped Kit on the shoulder.

The light of battle rekindled in Kit's eye. So it wasn't over after all. "Who sent you?" he interrupted the young man.

"The owner, naturally. In that advertisement you were duly warned—"

"Watch out!" Kit shouted. "I'm warning you now."

Jaunders had lost no time in sending friends, had he? Probably had them waiting around the corner, in the sedan. But any friends of Mr. Jaunders were as welcome as Mr. Jaunders himself.

It was a choppy sea for the two young strangers. One foundered when the squall first hit; the other continued to battle gamely against a tempestuous buffeting. In all their careers they had perhaps never gone against such concentrated singleness of purpose. But unexpectedly a cross current set in. Mr. Jaunders arrived, or reappeared, with a policeman.

"That's him—that one!" said Jaunders, pushing through the crowd and pointing to Kit.

Kit saw the reinforcements. So far as he himself knew, he was going to start right in to lick the policeman. There's no telling; he may have done it, too. But the issue was not drawn.

A girl's voice—an unforgettable silvery voice, cold and scornful—stayed the punch that must have started a long chain of circumstances for Kit Plummer.

"Not necessary—not at all necessary, any of this," the girl was saying.

It was the slim-legged girl of the filling station; but another girl—if clothes make the girl—entirely. Kit had not thought improvement possible in her before, but she was bewildering now. No hiking clothes now. Oh, no! A skirt now, and stockings, and everything, very smart and exquisitely dainty altogether. Country-club verandas would be her natural habitat.

"Tom! Bruce!" she addressed the two strangers, one groggily regaining his footing, the other about to lose it. "Dear—oh, dear," she said, regarding their disheveled state with mock motherly exasperation, "I did think when you just would have it that I wait in the car—"

"And when," continued the lady evenly, "you were both so positive you could handle the affair without difficulty—"

"Great guns, Bab," burst forth the other one, "how'd we know we were tackling a welterweight hay baler?"

"Poor darlings!" murmured the curving lips. "Mother should never have let you come alone."

"Huh say," Jaunders excitedly broke in, while Kit wondered what she could have lost, "then this bird lifted something of your'n too, eh? 'S all right, though. This cop I brought, he'll get it off him. He'll get both our property off him."

The girl gave a start of recognition at the husky bellow, but as she turned and saw the man himself she seemed fascinated by his marred and rumpled aspect, so curiously similar, though in a vastly more thorough measure to that of her two knights errant, Tom and Bruce.

"Well, well," she said politely, "something sweetly appropriate has been happening to you, has it not?"

"That bird—" roared Jaunders. "I've brought a cop—"

"And thank you very much," said the girl. She turned to the policeman. "Officer, hold him too, please." Her curt nod indicated Jaunders. "Yes, that one. I rather think that he is the one of the two who has my mesh bag—a gold bag, containing valuables, officer, that I lost."

"Who, me?" bellowed Jaunders, while Kit Plummer, after his first surprise, saw that it was perfectly plausible that the hiking-clothes girl, to look at her now, should carry exactly such a mesh bag. But Jaunders was stupidly at sea. "Me got your—say, th' other day it was reckless driving. Now it's porch climbing or something. Whad' I know about any—"

"Kindly hand it over," said the girl, "and save yourself the further trouble, as advertised."

But that was a bolt out of the blue for Kit Plummer. What's that?" he exclaimed. "What's that? Then it was you who advertised?"

"Oh," she cried, spinning round on Kit, "so you are the hasty young—"

Kit flushed through the smear on his cheek. "If you had asked for your bag, there at the filling station, instead of taking folks numbers."

"How could I, when I didn't know yet I'd lost it?" the girl demanded. "Oh, it's perfectly simple," she went on for the policeman's benefit, addressing the officer in her disdain of the two culprits. "We were just back from Uncle's farm, Mother and Dad and I, and after a trip like that, the old car was needing just every little thing. But I only thought of gas at first, and had the tank filled at that filling station. But a dozen or twenty blocks farther along I noticed the oil gauge, and the arrow was spearing the near side of the '1,' so I turned around to go back for oil, and all but piled up on these two lunatics staging a chariot race. Later, when I came to pay for the oil, I missed my bag. I'd had it when I paid for the gas, so I knew I had dropped it right there; and when the man said no one had been there except these two charioteers, why, I knew one of them had found my bag and carried it off, instead of leaving it with the attendant, or even leaving his name and address. But I had their numbers, and not being so awfully impressed with them, anyway, I maybe let my opinion slip into the ad I sent to the 'Tribune.' The ad applied to whichever one had my bag; but didn't seem to have any effect; so this morning I picked up Tom and Bruce out at the club and—"

"Thanks," Kit interrupted. "Thanks to Tom and Bruce too. Thanks awf'ly, in fact." He made a gesture, as though to say there was no more of that, and turned to Jaunders. "Now you, what do you

[Continued on page 29]

LADY— YOU DON'T HAVE TO BABY ME!



No, ma'am! There's ne pampering needed when you use Fels-Naptha. This soap was made to work your way. Fels-Naptha asks no favors—count on it to turn out beautiful work no matter how you use it.

So use Fels-Naptha the way that suits you best. In washing machine or tub. Boil with it—or soak your clothes, if you prefer. Use hot, lukewarm or even cool water. You'll get a lovely, clean, sweet-smelling wash—done quickly, easily, without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha cheerfully gives you extra help in any and every washing task. The extra help of two brisk, efficient cleaners. One of these cleaners is good soap. Unusually good soap—the velvety texture, the clear golden color of the bar tell you that. The other cleaner is

naptha—lots of naptha. So much you can smell it. Teamed together, these two helpers loosen dirt—even troublesome, hard-to-get-out dirt—and wash it away. Your clothes come in from the line clean through and through.

Fels-Naptha gives you extra help in another way, too. The big golden bar is gentle to hands. For there's real glycerine in it—soothing glycerine. And glycerine is an important part of many hand-lotions.

Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's—a few bars or the convenient 10-bar carton. Use it for household cleaning, as well as for the family wash. You'll like the willing, friendly way it works—the fact that you don't have to "baby" it. And even more than that, you'll like its extra help!



THE GOLDEN BAR WITH

THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Where could you find two easier ways to make them hungry?

DEL MONTE

Crushed Pineapple

We could say a lot of nice things about DEL MONTE Crushed Pineapple. And they'd all be true. But we couldn't say anything more important than *this*: It's the same, fine sun-ripened fruit you always get in DEL MONTE Sliced Pineapple. And you know how good *that* is.

Sometime when you want to serve a dessert that's a little bit different—maybe for dinner tonight—just *try* DEL MONTE Crushed Pineapple. Try it in whipped gelatine, for instance, or in a pie, or as a sauce for cottage pudding. In fact, it opens up a whole new array of dishes.

Only be sure it *is* DEL MONTE—the quality you know, like and can always depend on.



DEL MONTE

Bartlett Pears

Maybe you haven't thought much about Pears—except to serve them just as they come from the can. Then here's a suggestion: Pear halves on crisp, green lettuce leaves, with a dash of paprika and your favorite dressing. It is one of the smartest and tastiest salads you'll find anywhere. And Pears filled with pimiento cheese is another.

As for desserts—if you want to see appetites perk up, just introduce the family to Pear fritters, or to Baked Pears. To mention just two of the many tempting pear desserts. Only remember to insist on DEL MONTE Pears when you buy. Then you're certain of getting highest quality, every time.

Just be sure you get
DEL MONTE

YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

YOUNG MEN IN INDUSTRY

PITMAN'S Journal of Commercial Education refers with approval to the speech of the Duke of York at the Mansion House on the day of the opening of the remarkable British Industries fair, in which attention was drawn to the invaluable part that the young men of our time are capable of playing in the resuscitation of British industry.

The Duke perceives that there exists a large amount of available ability; he has faith in the young. Their strength, their vigour, and their enthusiasm, he urged upon his hearers, are needed. He envisages them as bringing to executive and administrative work new ideas and zeal for work for its own sake. We want, he said, their freshness, their outlook, and their courage.

The Duke's faith in the future of British industry and in the capacity, ability, and will of the present generation to help British industry and British commerce into more successful channels, is one of the hopeful signs of our times. It remains for every member of this generation to equip himself steadily and persistently with the right sort of knowledge and with the necessary skill.

With these as a base, and the accompanying consciousness of efficiency, there will be abundant room for the exercise of that zeal and earnestness which will tell in the long run. The sound message to the young is: Find out what special knowledge and skill are needed; and see that you get them.

What is said of young men in Great Britain, may be said with equal truth of the young men of Canada. Hundreds and thousands of them are earnestly trying to equip themselves with the training necessary to enable them to serve their country to the best of their ability. This available energy should be set to work. Give the young men every opportunity to show what they can do.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

B.L., Killarney: I can think of no reason why your proposed plan to form a number of friends into a public speaking study group should not prove successful. Sometimes the early enthusiasm of such classes dies away, but as you propose to meet for ten weeks only, one night a week, and then to adjourn until fall, I think it likely that you will have a fairly constant attendance.

You should, I think, limit the class to twenty members so that each member may have an opportunity to speak each evening. At the outset, speeches should be limited to five minutes. The services of a competent critic might be secured and I think your plan to have the members use a standard textbook should be adopted.

There are several quite good books on public speaking and one or two have appeared quite recently. Perhaps the most outstanding of the new books is one published by the Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd., 70 Bond Street, Toronto, by Professors J. M. O'Neill, and J. H. McBurney, entitled "The Working Principles of Argument." With this book in their hands, the members would learn what the scope of an argument properly includes, how to carry on research and investigations in preparation for speeches, how to outline arguments, how to deliver addresses, how to meet arguments advanced by others, and how to prepare for debates.

The stenographic report of a debate in Appendix A is a very valuable addition to this book, while the questions at the end of each chapter are most helpful in suggesting topics for additional study; indeed, from these questions a selection could probably be made that would furnish your entire programme for the series you have in mind.

INSTITUTE OF SECRETARIES

R.M.R., Saskatoon: Some information concerning the Chartered Institute of Secretaries, London, England, may be obtained by asking the Registrar, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, for a folder of evening business courses, in which some of the requirements of the Institute are set forth.

The degree of A.C.I.S., (Associate of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries) is one of the highest professional degrees obtainable in Great Britain and is sought by young men in the employ of limited companies and business institutions generally.

The prospectus of the Institute points out that men and women in most callings, whether they work with their heads or their hands, or with both, find some form of organization to be desirable and necessary, since results of importance are more often and more certainly achieved by the solidarity of organized bodies than by individuals. They derive benefit, therefore, from the existence of representative bodies which have been established to act generally in the interests of their respective professions. The Chartered Institute of Secretaries, which is under the patronage of His Majesty the King, is the outstanding professional organization for young men who expect to make a career in business.

There are three examinations: the preliminary, the intermediate and the final. The subjects of the preliminary examination are those usually found in a matriculation examination, and candidates who have matriculation standing or its equivalent, are exempted from the preliminary examination.

The subjects of the intermediate examination are accounting, business correspondence and composition, secretarial practice, commercial law, company law, business arithmetic, and economics or a foreign language. Examinations are held in June and December of each year and within recent years, Canadian examination centres have been established in Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, London and Winnipeg, in co-operation with Canadian Universities. The subjects of the final examination are somewhat similar to those of the intermediate.

If it is your serious intention to enter upon a course of business studies, the syllabus of the Institute is well worth consideration since training offered includes fundamental business subjects with the additional advantage of a professional degree for those who have the ability and the determination necessary to stay with the courses. An additional advantage lies in the fact that all of the work may be undertaken as spare time study. It is not necessary for the student to stop his ordinary daily employment; the studies may be undertaken during the evenings either by attendance at University evening classes or by postal tuition. Further information may be secured from the London, England, office, or from Society of Secretaries, 255 Machray Avenue, Winnipeg.

FURTHER TROUBLE

Continued from page 26

want? Since you can't get this girl's mesh bag that you saw me pick up—"

"Mesh bag?" roared Jaunders. "There you go again—mesh bag! I tell you I don't know a thing about mesh bags. I want my radiator cap!"

"Ra-di-ator cap?"

"Yes, radiator cap. You took it. It's got a silver top with my monogram. You swiped it at that filling station. You went and screwed it onto your tin can and it's there now, and I want it."

Kit looked at his car and, sure enough, the radiator cap seemed unfamiliar. He remembered having to force it a little when screwing it on at the filling station. In the confusion of the moment he had not noticed, and he had not had it off since. Moreover, the attendant must have put Kit's radiator cap on Jaunders' car—a simple case of unintentional exchange, as Kit briefly explained. "So if you will get mine off your roadster you can have yours," he said to Jaunders.

"This cop—" Jaunders began. "This cop has had a plenty," the policeman cut in finally, looking bored and ominous. "Now you go get him his radiator cap and then get yours," he said to Jaunders. "If you'd had the sense in the first place to tell him you wanted a radiator cap 'stead of a mesh bag—"

"Mesh bag?" Jaunders howled. "Oh, good lord! Say, listen: I come here quiet and civil, and I ask this bird a question and when he starts a argument, I—"

"I see you did," observed the cop, dryly, observing also Jaunders' discolorations. "Now I'm telling you again. Go get that radiator cap."

Jaunders decided that he had better, and went shouldering his way through the crowd to his roadster. The girl gave an ironic sigh.

"Well," she said, "now that that's settled, and though I hate to harp so on a little old mesh bag, really—" She let a slim little hand, palm upward toward Kit, complete the sentence for her.

Kit reddened and manifested discomfort, but he did not produce the mesh bag and lay it in the imperious upturned palm.

"I'm waiting," he stated with dogged obstinacy, "for the further trouble as advertised."

"Heavens above," gasped the girl, "how much more do you—"

"Here, young fellow," the policeman interposed wearily, "If you've got that darn mesh bag—"

"Pinch him!" urged Jaunders, hurrying back with the radiator cap. "And if you need any help—"

"No, let me try him again!" pleaded Tom, or Bruce with true sportsmanship.

"No, me!" begged the other one. Kit faced all four, or, including the girl, all five. The crowd stirred with new interest. "I'm waiting," Kit reminded the four, or five, of them.

The girl was regarding him attentively. The eyes in the shadow, at first narrowed, rounded wide and grew softer. Something tugged at the corners of the mouth, and it wasn't scorn.

"Oh, drat the bag!" she cried suddenly, and there was a merry undertone of silvery bells in her voice. "You men are the densest things. Go away. Leave him to me. Yes, you too, Tom and Bruce."

The policeman nodded. He at least was not the densest. He turned and began dispersing the crowd. He

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Get your slice of this

\$25,000!

464 cash prizes this month for "blurbs"

Here are the prizes for each month—464 in all!

For best Colgate "blurbs"	For best Palmolive "blurbs"
1st . . \$500	1st . . \$500
2nd . . 125	2nd . . 125
3rd . . 50	3rd . . 50
9 next . 25	9 next . 25
20 next 10	20 next 10
200 next 5	200 next 5

WELL JOE—HERE GOES FOR A REAL SHAVE. I'VE EXPERIMENTED WITH SHAVING CREAMS FOR 10 YEARS AND I'VE NEVER FOUND A LATHER THAT STANDS UP ON THE FACE LIKE PALMOLIVE'S

YEAH? SHOW ME A BETTER SHAVING CREAM THAN COLGATE'S! IT GETS RIGHT DOWN WHERE THE RAZOR WHACKS 'EM OFF—RIGHT AT TH' SKIN LINE!



AND ANOTHER THING—I'M TELLING YOU THERE'S SOMETHING TO THIS OLIVE OIL BUSINESS. NOTHING LIKE PALMOLIVE FOR KEEPING TH' OLD FACE FEELIN' FINE

MAYBE SO, AL—BUT TAKE A LOOK! THERE'S WHAT Y' CALL A CLOSE SMOOTH SHAVE—GOOD FOR ALL DAY. NOTHIN' LIKE COLGATE'S—NOTHIN'!



HERE'S another big "blurb" contest, men. Another chance to win some real money!

Listen to Joe and Al! Nothing will ever convince Al there's a better shaving cream than Palmolive. Nothing will ever sell Joe off Colgate's!

Millions of men are like Joe and Al. That's the kind of loyalty that has put Colgate's and Palmolive miles ahead in a field of 176 competing brands—made them the world's biggest sellers by far.

Where do you stand in this big Colgate's vs. Palmolive argument? That's what we want to know.

Here's what you do. In ONE of the empty "blurb" spaces (not both) at the right (or on a sheet of paper) help Joe out—or help Al out. If you're a Palmolive shaver, write a boost for Palmolive. If you use Colgate's, write a "blurb" in favor of Colgate's. Just "horn in" on the argument—and may the best "blurbs" win. NOTE: Mention your dealer's name! He may then win a reward.

CONTEST RULES

Mail your "blurb" with name and address to Contest Editors, Dept. W.H.M.-2, 64 Natalie Street, Toronto, 8.

The prize money (totaling \$25,000) is divided into 6 sets of monthly prizes (each set totaling \$4200). At the end of each month prizes are awarded (see list above) for the best "blurbs" received during that month, as follows:

Feb. 29 \$4200 Mar. 31 \$4200
April 30 \$4200 May 31 \$4200
June 30 \$4200 July 31 \$4200
(Contest closes July 31, 1932)

Contest is open only to residents of Canada and the United States. Employees of the manufacturers and their families are not eligible to compete.

In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final.

Some hints to help you win
Above the coupon at the right are some facts about the world's two largest selling shaving creams—Colgate's and Palmolive. Read the reasons why men prefer these famous shaving creams.

WRITE YOUR "BLURB" HERE, MEN! Get some of that \$25,000

What can you Palmolive users say to help Al out? Or what can you Colgate shavers add to Joe's side of the argument? If you don't use either, start now and take a shot at this real money! And include your dealer's name. Help him win a prize, too.



PALMOLIVE

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles soften each hair at the base of the beard.
3. Gives close, skin-line shave.
4. Gives lasting, 24-hour shave.

FREE

In case you're one of the few who do not use either Colgate's or Palmolive, they're for sale everywhere. Or—send coupon for generous free samples of both. Mail coupon to Dept. W.H.M.-2, 64 Natalie Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Prov.....
Dealer's Name.....



*Hello, Mr. Stork, here's the jolliest news:
We just had to call up to say
We've discovered a powder so velvety soft
That it's driven our chafing away!*

Of course, babies know that there's a difference in baby powders! Their tender, sensitive skins feel it . . . and you can feel it, too, if you will make this simple test.

Rub some Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger; notice how smooth and silky-soft it is. This is because it is made from the very finest Italian talc, composed of tiny, downy flakes. But a comparison will show you that some baby powders contain sharp, needle-like particles, due to inferior talc ingredients. You wouldn't want them next your baby's skin!

So decide wisely; for your baby's sake, choose

Johnson's Baby Powder



Two More Ways to Make Your Baby Happy!

Johnson's Baby Soap is made especially for babies, from purest olive and other vegetable oils. Johnson's Baby Cream relieves chapping, chafing, "diaper rash," and prickly heat. Rubbed on baby's face and hands before going outdoors it will prevent painful sun and wind burn.

A Johnson & Johnson Product

MADE IN CANADA

69

FREE SAMPLES! In order that you may test Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, without expense, we will be glad to send you a generous sample of each—free of charge. Write to Johnson & Johnson, Limited, Montreal.

FURTHER TROUBLE

Continued from page 29

dispersed Jaunders with the crowd, a soured, scowling Jaunders, grasping his own radiator cap in a mottled, bediamonded paw. The policeman, before moving himself on, touched two fingers to the visor of his cap, saluting the girl in fellowship and esteem. The girl smiled. Kit wondered how it would feel to earn a smile like that. Evidently she knew a man when she saw one.

The next moment, however, she perceived that Tom and Bruce were still lingering. "You come with me," she ordered them in some exasperation, taking each one by the elbow. Propelling them toward the gunmetal-blue sedan, she glanced back at Kit. "Waiting?" she queried, with a bantering upward inflection.

"I'm waiting," said Kit for the third time, still doggedly obstinate.

"Hey!" old Jake Cottrell in the office window shouted down to Kit where he stood there alone, "hey, I'd like to know what in time—"

Kit looked up.

"I've been 'tending to a little personal affair, Mr. Cottrell," he explained.

"Personal affair!" shouted old Jake. "Good Lord, boy, is this here a usual sample of your personal affairs?"

For reply Kit half lifted a shoulder, half waved a hand.

Helplessly old Jake mopped his brow. But unexpectedly an inspiration smote him. "You come up here, Kit," he shouted. "I got to talk to you. 'Bout that job at Blandtown, I got to—"

He postponed the rest. Kit's personal affairs were again intruding. The girl had come back, alone.

"You see, the threat is lifted," she said to Kit. "Not a hand, not a fist, raised. Nobody—only me. I was dense too, but soon as I did get your point of view, why, of course—"

She paused, expectantly. It was a pause for him to fill in, but her smile helped fill it in. The smile was considerably a better one as an accolade of approval than the one she had bestowed on the policeman.

Kit at once offered to restore her mesh bag to her. The bag was in his coat pocket. But while his hand was still in his pocket reaching for the bag, she hastened to say:

"Oh, if you don't happen to have it with you, you can bring it around to the house sometime."

Kit dropped the bag back in his pocket. He removed his hand, empty. The girl was handing him her card.

"Just any time," she said. "No hurry. I will be at home this evening."

"KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING"

*Buy Canadian Coal and Help
Relieve Unemployment*

TO MANY people there comes a feeling of relief at this season when they realize they will not have more coal to buy until next winter. For months, coal has been one of those essential commodities that must be taken care of by the family budget. Chilly nights and frosty mornings will be back in less than six months, but, to the man who burns coal, it will be "next winter" before he must again concern himself about fuel.

It is hardly a reflection to say that the great majority of Canadians are not aware of the magnitude of Canada's coal industry nor its relation to Canadian economics. Mother Earth holds many great deposits of coal and Canada, with a population of little more than ten million people, is endowed with one-fifth of all the supplies. It is interesting also, that the great portion of Canada's coal, eight-five per cent to be exact, is stored in the West.

But the situation, as it has existed up to the present, is a matter of National concern. With coal sufficient for the next thirty thousand years, and with coal varying in burning qualities all the way from lignite up to high grade bituminous, Canada is now supplying only half her own needs. A year's requirements range around thirty million tons although Canada's production was just over seventeen million. The remainder of her requirements, or approximately fifteen million tons, came from the United States.

In other words, Canada has provided a large and profitable market for American mine owners. A person does not need to be an engineer or an economist to realize that the production and delivery of one million tons of coal to basement coal bins and to industrial power plants, involves a huge amount of labor. Depending on the quality of the coal and distances it was moved, one million tons would represent all the way from five million dollars to ten million dollars. That is

money which would go to coal miners, railway brakemen, railway engineers, even to railway clerks, and to local teamsters and truck drivers. While one million tons would provide a great quantity of work, fifteen million tons, such as is now coming from the United States, would produce just fifteen times as much work. In other words, Canada buys a huge tonnage of coal from the United States, thereby maintaining work for men and women of the United States, and then on the other hand, spends sums of money from the public treasury to relieve Canadian men and women who might otherwise gain their livelihood through the coal industry.

It is truly a National problem to divert at least part of this imported tonnage to Canadian mines. As time goes on, it is quite reasonable to expect definite and substantial improvements. There have been encouraging developments during the last coal season. More people are turning their attention to Canadian coal, and are finding varieties that give them clean, satisfactory and economical heat. More engineers are firing their boiler plants, both large and small, with Canadian coal rather than American coal. Other engineers are designing and changing their plants in such a way that they are now obtaining results from Canadian coal which many scarcely thought possible with any fuel.

One of the most encouraging aspects is that the people of Ontario are becoming more favorable to Canadian coal. They are discovering its merits and are telling their friends. It is fully recognized that Canadian coal in Ontario is an expensive proposition and therefore it is all the more commendable that Ontario people are giving the whole issue the consideration they are. Whether ten tons or ten million tons of imported coal are replaced, it means just that much more work for Canadian citizens.

OUT OF THE WOODS

Continued from page 22

around here. I was framed in New York, and I've got to lie low for a while . . . But I'm on the level with the dicks so you needn't be afraid of that . . . O.K.?"

Clem met Con's eyes, and pumped his hand. Maybe he had been too hasty in his judgment. Con was a good sport, anyway.

Nancy watched them with delight. "Now sit down, Clem . . . Con's got something else to tell you."

Still a little embarrassed, Clem sat down, accepting one of Con's cigarettes, taking his light from Con's match. Con stood in front of him, back to the stove.

"I'm Kayo Kelly, and that's no bull. Look me up in the sportin' pages, if you want to. See how they rated me. There's no more than three pugs in New York City who could do what you did to me tonight. Yet I come up here to find a kid like you puttin' a sleeper on me. You've got more than any stumble-bum I ever laid eyes on, and I've seen all from the time Jack Dempsey used to chase his shadow around Central Park Reservoir winter mornin's."

Clem was doubtful, but liked to hear it, especially with Nancy taking it all in with wide blue eyes.

"I don't know much about it," Clem said.

"Well, I do," Con declared. "And you're just throwin' yourself away here. All you need is the right man to handle you, to make a champ."

Nancy cried "Clem Bowditch, do you hear that?"

Clem smiled at her, shifting his cigarette awkwardly. "I know they make a wad of money," he said. "But what chance would I have in the game? Unknown and everything?"

"You've got everything you need to be a champ except the proper handling," Con assured him. "And I'll send you to the man in New York who handled me."

Clem couldn't keep his eyes off Nancy. She was flushed, and her eyes shone as he had never seen them. "It sounds pretty good," he admitted slowly.

"It's wonderful," Nancy cried. "Con, would you really help Clem like that?"

"Why not?" Con thrust his cigarette through an open draft into the stove. "I'd get my rake off. But my slice wouldn't come from you. This bird handles pugs for what he can get out of it, and he'll give me my slice shootin' you to him. That's enough for me."

For the first time, Clem looked at Pop, who had been unusually silent through all this; and he saw that Pop's pale eyes were frightened. Of course, he couldn't leave Pop in the lurch! He should never even have thought of it. He got his feet back on the ground.

"But, Con . . . I couldn't leave this business of Pop's now, even for that."

Con felt his bruised jaw tenderly. "How much do you and Pop figure to split in this racket of yours by spring?" he asked.

"A couple of thousand clear profit, anyway," Clem estimated rather proudly. "Maybe more . . . And a going business."

"Two grand, eh?" snorted Con. "Two grand for a winter's work! . . . Clem, you go to New York tomorrow, and by June you'll come back with ten grand; and in five years' time you'll be ridin' in your Rolls Royce, with a million in the bank."

Clem slowly shook his head. "I'm sorry, but a contract's a contract, and—and—"

"Clem, don't be stubborn," Nancy begged him in alarm.

Clem's eyes pled with her. "Gosh, Nancy, don't take it like that . . . I know it's a swell chance . . . But I can't leave Pop now, with that contract to fill, and both of us mortgaged right to the grave, if I don't fill it."

For just an instant, a gleam of displeasure came into Con Kelly's black eyes; but it passed as quickly, and he was amiable again.

"Don't crowd him, Nancy . . . Just let him think it over."

"If he'll only think it over right," Nancy said.

"Leave it to him," was Con's advice.

Clem felt that there was nothing more to be said. He got up slowly, and stood for a moment in indecision. He hated to leave Nancy like this. He was sure that she was disappointed in him; sure that she was holding Con Kelly in higher regard than ever. But what could he do? His path was plain enough; he couldn't swerve from it.

"Guess I'd better be gettin' on home," he said. "A lot's got to be done tomorrow."

They bade him good night. In Pop Leith's handclasp there was gratitude; in Con Kelly's the heartiest of friendship, or so it seemed. But neither of these lingered in Clem's mind as did the look in Nancy's eyes that told Clem how keenly he had disappointed her.

As he walked thoughtfully beneath the row of bare, snowpowdered maples to the house where he had lived with an uncle and aunt as long as he could remember, Clem was on the point of turning back, to bring delight again to Nancy's eyes.

But he couldn't overlook the fact that he had urged Pop to sink his last dollar in the business. Pop, alone, could never put the deal across.

"No, By Ginger," Clem finally told himself as he turned in at his own gate, "I stick with Pop—and Nancy."

And in that last word he expressed an undercurrent of thought which he had never before given voice to, not even to himself.

BUSY days passed without further mention of the fight. The big snows held off fortunately; the delay enabled trucks from Albany to set down Clem's secondhand lathes and the main driveshaft directly at the mill.

Clem spent most of Sunday indoors, reading a book he had got at the local library: "The Art of Boxing." He wanted to go down and see Nancy, and he decided against it. She might still try to make him accept Con's proposition, and Clem hated to say no to her. Moreover, Con would probably be there, and would certainly stick around. Clem could wait.

But it transpired that Con was not there on Sunday.

Monday morning, as Clem drove the flivver across the bridge into the mill yard, he saw strange tracks in a small snowdrift left from the thaw of the day before. They were the marks of a brand new huge balloon tire, such as is used only on pleasure cars. It puzzled him. Pop and Con were gossiping at the time, and he said nothing about it. A little later he went back to examine it more thoroughly, and discovered that the marks had been scuffed out by dragging a board over them. Pop, he knew, had not left the mill. It was only Con who had wandered about the place, and there was no reason for Con's dragging a board over that particular snowbank without special purpose.

[Continued on page 32]



SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

1932 Auto Speed Record
253.96 m.p.h., Feb. 24,
Daytona Beach

"The fact that I fit
DUNLOP Tires to all
my world's record cars is
sufficient indication that
I consider no other tire
to be as safe and as
completely reliable as
DUNLOP."

ALL of the 61 Official
World's Auto Speed
Records were made on

DUNLOP

"THE WORLDS FINEST
TIRE"



TIRES • GOLF BALLS • BELTING • HOSE
RUBBER FLOORING • TENNIS and BADMINTON SUPPLIES



NAZIMOVA. Who would guess, looking at this recent photograph, that she is over 40! More fascinating than ever she seems, this star who won early stage fame in *The Doll's House*, became a favorite of the screen in such hits as *Salome*, and returned to the stage recently in *The Cherry Orchard*.

NAZIMOVA SAYS,

"I am over 40 years old!"

Famous stage and screen star declares years need not rob you of Youth

"ONLY the woman who *looks* it is afraid to admit her age," says Nazimova. "But I am proud of mine—look at me—I am over forty!"

"It is easy to be lovely at sixteen or seventeen, but to be still lovelier at thirty, at forty, and over . . . well, that is easy, too, if a woman is wise. Very few actresses look their age, you notice. Like me, they take care of their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap.

"It is a marvel, that soap. For years I have been faithful to it—

and my skin, it is a pleasure, so soft, so smooth. That is why I laugh at being over forty. A woman's age is not the measure of her charm—oh, no."

Nazimova is only one of countless beautiful stage and screen stars who use Lux Toilet Soap to guard complexion beauty.

How 9 out of 10 screen stars guard complexion beauty

This fragrant white soap has been made official for dressing rooms in all the great film studios in Hollywood. For actually 686 of the 694 important actresses there (including all stars) use it regularly.

Surely *your* skin should have this gentle, luxurious care.

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

Soapmakers by appointment to their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess of Bessborough

OUT OF THE WOODS

Continued from page 31

Still, Con *might* have had a reason. Clem had one experience of judging Con too hastily.

Later that morning, while Pop and Clem were lining up the lathes and bolting them into place, Pop spoke to Clem: "Con Kelly put a proposition up to me last night that I figure you ought to know about."

"Yes?" Clem queries, busy with his wrench.

Pop stood up, bolder now. "Seems Con's got a rich friend in New York who's in the lumber business. Con figures his friend might take the woodlot over, machinery and contract and all, and give us a clear profit without lifting a finger."

"Sounds good if it's true," Clem commented, giving one final tug to a nut.

"Well, Con wrote his friend and got an answer this morning. The Man's due here today to look the ground over."

Clem looked up suddenly, his wrench dangling forgotten in his hand. Those new tire tracks! And this man coming today! Somehow Clem couldn't make it all tally.

"Has this man seen the plant yet?" he asked, trying to explain it to himself.

"No, not yet . . . Coming up today about three to look it over," Pop elaborated.

The wrench still dangled. "Pop, was Con home yesterday?" Clem asked.

"No. He went for a walk. Why do you ask that?"

Clem hesitated. After all, it wouldn't do to voice to Pop his suspicions of Con, even though Kelly had been away from the Leith's when those tire tracks were made.

"Just curious," Clem evaded Pop's question. "Con acts quick once he gets an idea."

"And he's awful goodhearted too, Clem."

"I'll tell the world he is," Clem agreed.

"Would you sell out your interest?" Pop asked anxiously.

"I might. Depends on the offer."

"Oh, sure," Pop said with relief. "I knew you'd be reasonable about it. We needn't say any more about it till Con's friend comes."

Con came back into the mill, then, from feeding the team. Clem took Pop's cue, and was silent about the new development.

At a little after three, a big black imported roadster, with a nicked hood, coasted down the incline into the mill yard.

"There's Jackson now," cried Con to Pop. "Little surprise for you, Clem."

A tall man of middle age descended from the car. He was so swathed about in a racoon coat that you could hardly tell whether he was fat or thin. His face was plump, but bloodless, as if from too little outdoor exercise. Con went forward and greeted him heartily and intimately, and introduced him to Pop and Clem.

"My friend Kelly," Jackson said with a smile that dimpled his colorless cheeks, "tells me that you've got a fine outfit here, one that would be worth my looking into. So I've come up to examine it." Already his quick eyes were taking in every aspect of the clearing, from the lumber piles to the sawmill.

"Let me show you around," said Pop eagerly. "Would you be most interested in the plant, or in the timber stand?"

Jackson scanned the wooded hills that stretched on all sides to the

horizon. "How much forest is there?" he asked.

Clem's ears caught upon that word "forest." It wasn't a real lumberman's expression. He moved nearer the car. The tires on this car had the same tread that had made the marks in the snowbank.

"Six hundred acres," Pop said. "We estimate about six million feet all told."

"Um-m," thought the stranger. "Quite a lot. More'n I'd care to swing. But I am interested in the plant you've got here, and what land there is in sight. Yes, that stuff piled up there, too," he added, pointing a fur-gloved hand to the seasoned hardwood.

Clem studied the stranger. "Did you tell him, Con, about our contract?" he asked.

Jackson himself replied: "Sure . . . That part'll be all right if I buy."

"Would you figure to go on with the contract and deliver the goods?" Clem wanted to know.

"Sure . . . No one would lose anything." Jackson offered Clem a foil-wrapped cigar, and when he refused, passed it on to Pop, who took it curiously.

"There's only about lumber enough there to fill the contract," Clem said. "I don't just get the idea of your buying the plant only to turn out the contract . . . Might I ask, Mr. Jackson, what you plan to do with the outfit if you buy?"

"Figured on a box and shook factory," Jackson said, ripping a foil from a cigar.

"But all that cut timber's seasoned hardwood," Clem told him.

"What of it?" Jackson asked.

Clem didn't try to conceal his amazement. "First time I ever heard of wasting seasoned birch and maple on shakes," he said drily.

Pop broke in: "I'll show him around if you've got any other work to do, Con," he offered significantly.

"I don't need to look any further," Mr. Jackson said, puffing his cigar to light behind cupped hands. "I'll give you four thousand dollars cash for your outfit."

Pop glanced startled at Clem. "What about it, Clem?" he asked.

Clem thoughtfully balled some snow in his hand, and tossed it into the frozen brook. "A good offer, Pop, if we wanted to sell. But we don't."

"What's that, Clem?" cried Pop. "Four thousand cash, all mortgages cleared and a margin left over—"

"Four thousand or forty thousand," Clem grinned goodnaturedly; "I wouldn't sell. Do what you want to with your woodlot, Pop, but—since I'm in on this outfit—well—" His eyes focused on the sawmill in the racoon coat. "This place started out as a woodturning plant, and I reckon it's going to end up that way. Let's talk straight out, Mr. Jackson. What do you figure to do with the place?"

"What are you getting at, Bowditch?" asked Mr. Jackson.

"Just this. Con Kelly saw some good possibilities here that weren't as close to lumbering as they might have been. And since the lumber end of it doesn't mean a thing to you, I was just wondering if you saw the same thing that Con did."

"What difference does it make to you," Jackson exploded under Clem's soft-spoken words, "what I want this plant for, so long as I pay cash for it?"

"It makes a lot of difference," Clem defended himself. "First place, my name's on that contract. How do I know you'd carry it out? And there's not a man in the world who can say

[Continued on page 47]



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SHADOWLAND



Sari Maritza, petite European film star, who has been the focal point of Hollywood's interest since her arrival in the film colony in January, is preparing for her first American performance in "The Girl in the Headlines."



The performance of Matheson Lang in the principal role in the British picture "Carnival" is being hailed by critics as the outstanding screen portrayal of the year. Dorothy Bouchier is Mr. Lang's leading lady and establishes herself as England's foremost screen actress, combining charm and beauty with great acting ability.



This is Jill Esmond, a charming English-born player, who is demonstrating what Hollywood wears this spring in the way of hats: These dainty turbans of woven white straw with cunning nose-veils of fragile lace are for the moment very much the vogue.



Anne Grey is one of England's loveliest screen actresses and her performance in "Lady Panniford's Folly," the English story by Edgar Wallace, is certain to enhance her reputation. The pleading gentleman in this illustration is Herbert Marshall, who plays the lead. Hollywood producers are frantically bidding for his services, but so far without avail.

SHADOWLAND



Tom Mix and his young bride having lunch on the set between scenes. Right—Beautiful Claudia Dell, who recently completed two pictures—“Hot News,” a newspaper story, with Charles Bickford, Rose Hobart and Pat O’Brien; and “Destry Rides Again,” with Tom Mix.

No—this is not a tooth-paste advertisement. It is Ben Lyon, who looks so happy and who will be seen shortly with Marilyn Miller and Mae Madison in “Her Majesty, Love.”



John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone discuss one of the scenes from “Grand Hotel” in which they are all featured. This picture boasts of such stars as Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Lionel and John Barrymore, Jean Hersholt, Lewis Stone, Wallace Beery and a host of others.



Elissa Landi, fascinating European star, meets all the tests of a true cosmopolite. Born in Venice, Italy, parentage Austrian, educated in England, speaks four languages, and has had three novels published.

Little Rambles in Hollywood

With E. G. Bayne

"COME on, big boy, let's do this number in the proper spirit and look out you don't step on my feet!" Merrily little Miriam Hopkins addressed the robot dancing partner that guides her about the floor in scenes of her new picture, "Dancers in the Dark," and those looking on laughed appreciatively. For it was the initial introduction of the automatic gigolo and about the oddest, funniest thing some of us have yet seen even in this city of startling innovations. It does fancy fox trots with one wooden arm about Miss Hopkins' waist, while she clings to another wooden arm projecting from its side and casts her eyes coyly up at the place where the automaton's head would be, if it had a head. She allows the mechanical dancer to lead her like a flesh-and-blood partner, and the impression on the audience is very realistic and satisfactory. It gives the watcher the idea that it is *he* who is dancing with her, and meanwhile the camera is recording a continuous close-up of the girl's various expressions. In the long shots she is shown in the arms of a real man, to wit, Jack Oakie. The gyrating camera of course is no novelty. If I remember rightly, it was first introduced in a German picture called "The Last Laugh," about eight years ago. But in this newest example, electrically controlled, the lens is mounted on a cast-iron base in which are a number of rubber-tired wheels on cam-shafts that may be adjusted for either waltzing, fox trotting or straight walking. Incidentally, the wardrobe department informed me that 1200 pairs of dancing pumps for men and girls were purchased to be worn, and worn out, in the dance-hall scenes. The life of a dancing pump under such rigorous conditions is, it appears, just about a week. As for silk stockings, even "Dancers in the Dark" cannot afford to exhibit "ladders" so these rate 2500 pairs for the week.

EVERYBODY is welcoming the darkly beautiful Dolores Del Rio back to work, after an absence of two years from the screen, largely due to a severe illness. She has already made one picture and is embarked on another and she is very enthusiastic about this latest one because it is exactly the role she has been wishing for, that of the exotic Luana in "The Bird of Paradise." Romances of Hawaii are not rare but there is a glamor about this classic part that promises much, given sympathetic direction. The senorita is married to Cedric Gibbons, the well-known art director, and they have a most beautiful home, one of the finest I've been privileged to see. Walls, rugs, and drapes are in warm, cheerful tones, and flowers are everywhere.



Edmund Goulding in the act of "shooting" a scene for "Grand Hotel." The gentleman is Wallace Beery, and the beautiful damsel is none other than Joan Crawford.



The beautiful Leila Hyams shows how a girl can be caught in one of those sudden Hollywood spring showers and still look quite nice. Her raincoat is of cream-colored rubberized silk with dark-blue facings, and she wears a beret to match. The bumblebeetle is of a gay horizontal-striped design in blue, gold, and red.

THE studios, one learns, are always greatly pleased when they can retain for the picture the title of the best seller from which it has been taken, as for instance "Grand Hotel." But the public doesn't believe that, it seems.

"The world in general thinks that we sit up nights inventing lurid captions to bait the fans," declared one of the leading production managers to me. "If there's anything better calculated to bring on premature old age it's this titling business, and believe me we're mighty glad when it isn't necessary to create a film title! We do sit up nights sometimes. I recall one conference that convened at two p.m. and which was still sitting at the stroke of midnight—all over the selection of a two-word title, and a very simple one at that."

According to Phil Goldstone, one of the richest of the producers, and formerly known as King of Poverty Row, who informed me that production costs had increased four-hundred percent during the past decade, you

"Allow me," says Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durant to Buster Keaton, while he assists him with his tie, just before shooting a scene in "The Passionate Plumber."

can't guess ahead with any degree of accuracy what the public is going to want. Because, it doesn't know itself. But we have all observed that types of drama run in cycles like fashions in clothes, and that world-wide happenings, or events of universal interest, guide the popular taste. The late unlamented gangster film, long due for a "ride" was given its final push into oblivion with the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby. For all that, many hopeful scenario writers thought they saw inspiration in that particular crime and at once began to bombard the studios with kidnapping plots. One such, who confided that he was a plumber out of work airily omitted any title but wrote: "Look! You birds title this yourselves—you sure know your business."

But about titles you just never can tell. During the current season one picture was sent forth as "The Man I Killed," and people concluded that it was just another racketeer film and stayed away. So hurriedly it was re-christened "Broken Lullaby." Actually a tender and moving little story of the psychological reactions suffered by a sensitive young Frenchman whose remorse will not allow him to forget the face of a youthful German that he killed in the Great War, it would only have misled anybody seeking crime thrills.

Mr. B. P. Schulberg, production manager for Paramount told me that in his opinion the ideal talkie title combines five characteristics, thus: it must fit the story, indicate its type, be concise, reveal the time in history, and arouse curiosity. As a case in point he cited "This Reckless Age." Another official used the following illustration: "If a woman goes into a grocery store and buys a can of peas for dinner and then returning home and opening it finds that what was labelled peas turns out to be corn, can you blame her for being peeved?"

I'VE been attending a round of press dinners and luncheons lately, and consequently have met a number of the talkie authors, both stationary and visiting, but perhaps the fans are of the same mind as a waiter at one of these functions. I said to him that no doubt he found mere writers dull and uninteresting after the players. "You're right," he agreed, frankly, "and what's more, they're always hungrier."

Some day, though, I must try to find time to tell about Vicki Baum, who wrote "Grand Hotel," Edgar Rice Burroughs, the creator of "Tarzan," and a few of the other outstanding ones. A very interesting young man with whom I spoke not long ago turned out to be Harry Hervey, globe-trotter, novelist, playwright, and author of "Shanghai Express." Writers who think they must travel vagabond style in the Orient in order to study native life are just fooling themselves, Mr. Hervey thinks. He sees no reason why a fellow has to get himself up to look like a bum to study the habits and customs of the Far East.



—Some Glimpses of the Current Stars at Work and at Play; Authors of Talkies; Selected Gossip About the New Pictures; Spring Comes to Hollywood and Brings the Usual Crop of Interviewers' Dreams



Fair Warning!—Movie stars take notice. Polly Walters warns Helen Twelvetrees about Eric Linden. A scene from the R.K.O.-Pathe picture "Veneer."

THE studios are prepared for anything that an inventive writer may drag into his plot. There is even a Holiday Bureau at Paramount where is held in reserve the necessary equipment for the observance of every red-letter day in the world's calendar. An interesting place to visit is Newspaper Row where editions of any paper in the world can be turned out and where are printed invitations to swanky but fictitious parties, for use in close-ups, as well as fake telegrams and cables. However, when a railway ticket is to be photographed this has to be genuine and a representative of the railroad company brings it in person to the studio and then keeps a watchful eye on it until the scene is finished when he carefully returns it to the offices of his company.

CLARK GABLE firmly declines to play any role that calls for a wig. He says that once when appearing on the stage with Jane Cowl he had to wear one and there was business of taking off his hat and throwing it aside with a grandiloquent gesture. When the audience broke into snickers he discovered that the wig had gone with the hat . . . Makeup is likely to produce some uncanny results anyway, Wallace Beery thinks. When he clipped his hair and donned glasses for the part of Preysing in "Grand Hotel" and then showed his teeth, his colleagues were struck with his startling resemblance to the late Theodore Roosevelt . . . Jimmy Durante disguised himself behind a huge set of whiskers in a comedy scene of "The Wet Parade" and then forgot and started to smoke a cigar. It promptly ignited the whiskers, but the blaze was put out before any real damage occurred. "That's what I call a hot makeup," remarked Jimmy, with a couple of "whews." . . . In common with others I had always thought that Buster Keaton was incapable of looking cheerful, but actually he's an habitual smiler—off screen. I've even heard him laughing . . . Under the California law a baby is permitted to remain in a studio only two hours a day. Director Van Dyke discovered when shooting a scene of "Night Court" that an infant he had hired for the simple purpose of lying in Phillips Holmes' arms and being quiet wouldn't do this, but cried and wriggled until the time-limit was all but up. All the players, property-men, and others, with the director himself and the child's mother, exerted their utmost wiles to soothe it. They sang to it, dangled watches, made faces, chirruped, and performed all the other time-honored stunts. At last, with about seven minutes to spare, the baby grew tractable . . . Several hundred loaves of bread together with some quarters of beef and crates of vegetables went to the poor of Los Angeles after final scenes for "Grand Hotel" were shot. The provisions were purchased for screening one scene at the hotel service entrance . . . Lionel Barrymore still has the return ticket to New York that he bought seven years ago. He says he has a lot of bad habits—and a few



Dolores Del Rio is to star in the elaborate talkie version of "The Bird of Paradise," the Richard Walton Tully extravaganza of Hawaii. She plays the vivid, tragic Luana, primitive native girl of the Pacific who falls in love with an American, and in this role the exotic Mexican has an opportunity to do the best work of her career.

harmless hobbies. He shuns parties, premieres, bridge, phonographs, radio jazz, smokes too much and is careless where the ashes fall, can't keep track of his ties, wears berets, drives a car with crumpled fenders, hates lawyers, and is convinced that all actors are a little mad. As against these, he enjoys good music, collects limericks, can quote Shakespeare but refrains, likes to munch potato chips, and does a little painting. As a matter of fact, his talents are spread over a wide field . . . Effie Shannon, called the original ingenue of the New York stage, made her talkie debut in "The Wisest Sex," which was screened at the East Coast studios of Paramount. Hollywood is hoping to see her out here soon. She is sixty-four years old . . . Another expected visitor of interest is Mrs. Somerset Maugham, who has an international reputation as an interior decorator and will design interiors for some

The spring mode is featuring such opulent items as the satin tennis frock, an innovation introduced by Juliette Compton in

The satin tennis frock is an innovation introduced this spring by Juliette Compton, appearing in Paramount's picture "Strangers in Love," featuring Fredric March. The frock in question is cream-colored satin and of a quality that washes.

"Strangers in Love," and the cunning little nose-veil of fragile lace worn with the new straw hats. It is also featuring the customary crop of spring bards. Poets are indigenous to California anyway. One is said to have written an impassioned ode to Garbo and to have pushed it under what he thought was her door. He addressed her not by name but as "fair charmer" and the like, and the next day a husky oil-promoter with blood in his eye charged into the newspaper office where the poet is employed and demanded his scalp. His respectable wife, and the mother of four children, was not to be made sport of in that fashion. The lady, it developed later, was secretly flattered. She weighed two-hundred, had been reducing, and fully appreciated being referred to as willowy, etc. The matter was smoothed over, the bard still has his job, the lady retains the poem, and Garbo continues to keep her address more or less a secret. She is still the interviewers' elusive dream—or perhaps nightmare would describe it more accurately. But Miss Garbo has at least one very excellent virtue. She minds her own business.

Athletes of all nations will compete at the Olympic games on the site where colorful sports of the old Southwest were held a century ago. In those days the Spanish settlers ignored the hurdles, the javelin and pole vault, and the hundred-yard dash, according to Leo Carrillo, Paramount player, who is the direct descendant of the first provisional governor of California, Carlos Antonio Carrillo. Instead of the broad-jump the pioneers had a long slide called the "resbalar," which was merely a pathway soaked with water and rendered slippery with the resultant mud. Horsemen approached this at a gallop and then reined up suddenly so that their mounts would slide to a sitting position and the one sliding farthest was declared winner. Another game was called the "colgando." A chicken buried in soft earth with only its head protruding had to be scooped up by flying horsemen, and anyone who thinks this sounds simple to do should just try it, the senor suggests. There were also shuttle-races on horseback, competitions in greased-pole climbing and such age-old pastimes as cockfights and egg dances. A blindfolded girl would wander through the crowd carrying an earthen vessel filled with sweetmeats and small coins, and this she endeavored to smash over somebody's head. When she was successful a great scramble for the contents followed. Those were the days, thinks Leo, with something of a sigh. And nobody was forced to take a bath against his will. Leo had just taken a six-hour immersion in Paramount's "Broken Wing."



Shadowland Oddments—The Fastest Moving Industry



Kochele Hudson, RKO Radio Pictures' featured player, goes in for pop-corn like Will Rogers goes for chewing gum. They both hail from the same town—Claremore, Okla.



Daisy and Harry Earles at home. They have a special room in which everything is done in miniature. Both Miss and Mr. Earles are featured in the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, "Freaks."



Beautiful blonde patients with weak hearts are a menace in the life of handsome young physicians. This is Josephine Whittell having her pulse read in "Symphony of Six Million," while Ricardo Cortez as the doctor endeavors to keep his attention on his watch.



Cary Grant, Paramount's new British find, simply radiates personality. They predict that his fan mail will be tremendous after his forthcoming pictures, "Sinners in the Sun" and "This is the Night."

NO HOLLYWOOD Rip Van Winkle needs to sleep for twenty years to get out of touch with events and personalities in pictures. Two or three years suffice to change the whole complexion of the film capital, either to occasional visitor or longtime resident.

About three years ago talking pictures were making the industry dizzy. At Warner Brothers, Al Jolson was completing "The Singing Fool," and an outdoor balcony, overlooking the busy inside streets of that crowded studio lot, was being built for him in connection with his dressing room. Dolores Costello, as yet unmarried to John Barrymore, was the queen of the lot, but Texas Guinan, Sophie Tucker, Fannie Brice and Pauline Frederick were among the newcomers disputing her place.

Monte Blue was reigning favorite, both at the studio and at the box office. Rin-Tin-Tin was a star in his own right. Richard Bennett had appeared for one picture and had disappeared again. But his two daughters, since to make screen history, were not to be found in Hollywood.

George Arliss had not yet become interested in talking pictures, and was appearing in New York in a successful stage play. William Powell was playing his first heavy roles in talking pictures and not yet dreaming of stardom—at least out loud. Barbara Stanwyck was altogether unknown to the film colony, and her husband, Frank Fay, was dickering for a film role. Kay Francis was a New York stage personality, recently recruited from the Stuart Walker Players in the middle west, but her place in the cinema sun was vacant.

Charles (Chic) Sale was doing vaudeville acts through the country and wondering if the screen would ever be willing to take him seriously. He had made a few talking shorts, notably "The Man Who Knew Lincoln," but though they were successful he was not offered important contracts as a result.

Ruth Chatterton had not yet turned her attention to the screen as a medium for her talents. She was content at the time with her secure position on the New York stage, but her husband, Ralph Forbes, had already made the break to pictures. Constance Bennett was an almost forgotten figure in Hollywood, which she had left after a promising start, for a social career in New York and Paris and marriage to Philip Plant.

Dickie Moore was learning to walk—at an early age. Warren William in New York, was wondering if perhaps his father had not been right in urging him to give up his theatrical ambitions and to "settle down" as a newspaper editor. His first appearance in pictures, silent ones, had not been particularly noteworthy.

Probably not three people in Hollywood knew of James Cagney, or suspected his possibilities. He was appearing more or less obscurely in a Broadway stage production and hoping for an opportunity on the stage.

David Manners, Donald Cook, Charles Butterworth, Evalyn Knapp, Anthony Bushell, were names without meaning in studio circles. But Marian Nixon, Patsy Ruth Miller, Grant Withers, George O'Brien and "Big Boy" Williams, meant a great deal indeed.

At the big First National plant, a little more than three years ago, the late Milton Sills was completing a picture with Maria Corda and his first picture with talking sequences in it, "The

Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans as they appear in "Courage," Mr. Montgomery's latest starring picture.

Maurice Chevalier is given a tour of the far West by one of his fast friends, who is an expert on the subject — William S. Hart.



Criticisms: Favourable and Otherwise

By Jerome Carver



Richard Barthelmess and Marian Marsh in "Alias the Doctor." A story of a boy's struggle between his own desires and his loyalty for his foster mother. Barthelmess is appealing and attractive as Karl, while Marian Marsh is pretty as Lottie, Karl's childhood sweetheart.



Fredric March and Kay Francis in "Strangers in Love." This is an adaptation of William J. Locke's novel, "The Shorn Lamb," and once more Mr. March has to fill a dual role; that of two brothers.



Jack Hulbert, who furnishes the comedy in "Sunshine Susie."

"Alias the Doctor"

RICHARD BARTHELMESS' latest starring vehicle, "Alias the Doctor," is not an outstanding picture, but it is clean and interesting, smoothly directed, and well played by the star and his supporting cast.

The story finds its drama in a boy's struggle between his own desires and his loyalty for his foster mother. Barthelmess plays the part of Karl Muller, the foster son of a country woman, Mother Brenner. Karl loves the out-of-doors life of the farmer, but Mother Brenner has higher ambitions for him and for her own son, Stephan, and she sends them both off to medical college. There Karl shows great brilliance in his studies. Shortly before graduation, Stephan performs an illegal operation and Karl, fired by his gratitude to his foster mother, heroically shoulders the blame, and is disgraced and sent to prison in Stephan's place. After three years he is released from prison and goes back to his beloved farm life. But again fate, in the form of an automobile accident at his very door, steps in, and Karl is forced to perform an emergency operation although he has no license. A noted Viennese surgeon sees his work, and, recognizing his genius for surgery, insists on taking him to Vienna to study. Mother Brenner, whose son Stephan has died, makes Karl take Stephan's name and his diploma. Karl goes to Vienna and becomes the most famous surgeon in the city. At the very apex of his career, and just as he is about to perform a life-saving operation on his foster mother, it is revealed that he is working under an assumed name, without a diploma. Tragedy seems imminent, but finally the officers of the medical board permit Karl to perform the operation. In the last scenes of the picture we see Karl, back in the country, at the

plow, leading the life for which he had always longed.

The direction of "Alias the Doctor" is good, and the hospital backgrounds are picturesque and realistic. Barthelmess is appealing and attractive as Karl, and his acting ability bolsters up several rather slow moments in the story. Marian Marsh is pretty as Lottie, Karl's childhood sweetheart, but her part, like the love interest in the story, is not very important.

"After Tomorrow"

IRATHER doubt if this picture will have a great popular appeal, for it has, among its principal characters, no wicked gangsters, no glamorous heroes, no seductive female spies. It is a story of very ordinary people and their ordinary sorrows and joys. Yet, if you are a bit tired of lurid screen tales you might enjoy this picture, for it is realistic, touching, and different.

Adapted from the stage play by John Golden and Hugh Stange, the story concerns a boy and girl who want to get married but who are kept apart for four years by small salaries and family troubles. The young people have more than their share of worry and unhappiness, but eventually get off on the long-postponed honeymoon.

The dialogue of "After Tomorrow" is unusually intelligent, emotional without being over-sentimentalized. Several scenes of a sort which have too often been coarsely or sensationally treated in the films, are here handled with delicacy and sympathy.

The role of the young man is taken by Charles Farrell. The part is the best one that he has had in talking pictures. It is a relief to see him in a well-written, strong role after all the sloppy, weak ones he has had of late. His high-pitched voice, which has been a distinct handicap to him, is not so evident in this picture. Mr. Farrell also appears without benefit of Janet Gaynor. Pretty Marion Nixon is his heroine this time.

The best acting in "After Tomorrow" is done by Josephine Hull, as the boy's mother, and William Collier, Sr. (well-known stage comedian and father of William Collier, Jr.) as the girl's father.

"Sky Devils"

"SKY DEVILS," although an aviation picture, contains little in the way of aerial spectacle; nor is it an heroic story of war in the air. It is low, slapstick comedy, mostly rowdy and often amusing. In fact, it often seems a burlesque of many of the recent thrilling aviation pictures.

The chief characters are three buddies: Wilkie, impudent and bullying; Mitchell, stupid and trusting; and Sergeant Hogan, who is admitted into the fellowship only after taking considerable punishment at the hands of Wilkie. The picture begins by showing us Wilkie and Mitchell as life guards (though they are unable to swim!) and later as rookies in the United States army. They sneak into a transport bound for France under the impression that the ship is headed for South America. After landing in France the three are shown in many routine comedy situations: estiminet brawls, desertions and pursuits by the

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Edna Best and Herbert Marshall, who interpret the two leading parts in "Michael and Mary."



Charles Farrell and Marion Nixon in "After Tomorrow."



Gene Gerrard, who plays the role of the bridegroom in "Bridegroom For Hire."

Criticisms: Favourable and Otherwise

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army police, and the like. And finally we see them regarded as heroes because, inadvertently, they have destroyed an enemy munitions plant.

The only pretentious flying scenes come at the end of the picture and are not particularly thrilling. The action of the film is attuned throughout to travesty, and the comedy is rowdy rather than witty. Billy Bevan as a cardboard colonel gives the most amusing characterization in the picture.

"Lady Panniford's Folly"

AFTER a rather slow start British motion-pictures have now swung into a lively stride that will surprise and delight Canadian movie-goers. "The Dreyfus Case," an historic and heart-breaking story, was acclaimed with the greatest enthusiasm in Canada and the United States. "Sunshine Susie" (no misnomer!) is at present contributing much to the gaiety of nations with its comedy and light, tuneful music.

And now we have perhaps the most outstanding of British productions: "Lady Panniford's Folly." Adapted from Edgar Wallace's play, "The Calendar," this picture has an entertaining, quick-moving story in which the luck of love and the luck of the race track are cleverly interwoven, with plenty of Wallace thrills and much uproarious comedy.

The acting is splendid. Herbert Marshall, the star, is a very attractive young man, and, happily, no mere tailor's dummy. He is an excellent actor, adept at comedy as well as at the more deeply emotional portrayals.

Gordon Harker, as "the Gentleman's gentleman" is a comic gold mine. His interpretations of an ex-burglar and ex-batman trying to imitate an English servant are screamingly funny.

The two main feminine roles are in the hands of Anne Grey and Edna Best, both charming and clever actresses.

The photography—often a weak point in past British films—is first rate, both as to clarity and artistry. The settings and backgrounds for "Lady Panniford's Folly" are fascinating. They are beautiful and absolutely authentic, as well. Especially memorable are several "shots" of the lovely English countryside, the races at Ascot where we see the King and Queen in the royal carriage, and the scenes in the very aristocratic Jockey Club. Every detail of this background—even to the types chosen for minor roles—is true to life. This absence of synthetic local color and welcome substitution of the real thing is one of the strongest features of this excellent picture. To see it is almost as good as a trip back to the "Old Country." Don't miss "Lady Panniford's Folly!"

"Sunshine Susie"

FROM England out of Germany comes this jolly screen comedy with music. "Sunshine Susie" was originally produced in Germany, but now comes to us as it was recast and filmed in England. It boasts good acting, a light plot that combines sentiment with ludicrous fun, excellent photography and clever sound effects.

Renate Muller, as Susie, the girl who not only finds a job but angles successfully for the director of the business, is a charming young woman. Owen Nares, matinee idol of the London stage, plays the boss who succumbs to Susie's charms. Jack Hulbert and Morris Harvey furnish excellent comedy.

There are some catchy tunes that are distinguished by their clever presentation. One sequence, for instance, shows us a roomful of typists clicking out a tap dance rhythm in time to the orchestral accompaniment. The picture is given a lot of style by such effects as this and the other scenes when the action and music are synchronized. It is amusing to have the characters walk in time to the music, to see doors open and shut in strict tempo, and to hear the orchestra imitate unheard sounds and expressive gestures on the screen.

"Sunshine Susie" is unusually novel and entertaining.

"Michael and Mary"

ANOTHER recent British picture is "Michael and Mary," the screen version of A. A. Milne's stage play of the same name. Even as a stage play, "Michael and Mary" was very quiet in tone and slow in tempo, and on the screen it tends to drag. It is, however, a pleasant story of true love contrasted with faithless love, and it is well played on the screen.

The settings and English backgrounds are excellent and should interest Canadian audiences. The cast is a good one, the two leading parts being interpreted by England's most noted stage couple, Edna Best and Herbert Marshall. Mr. Marshall has had previous moving-picture experience, having played not so long ago with Claudette

Colbert in "Secrets of a Secretary." Edna Best has appeared in many British pictures and caused rather a sensation in Hollywood about a year ago because, after being engaged to make some pictures, she suddenly walked out of the studio, explaining that she could not bear to be separated from her husband. At present this clever and attractive couple are playing in New York in the successful stage comedy, "There's Always Juliet."

"Strangers in Love"

APPARENTLY the producers are bent on making Fredric March the Siamese Twins of filmdom. No sooner had he appeared in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" than they gave him another dual role. In "Strangers in Love," an adaptation of William J. Locke's novel, "The Shorn Lamb," he plays two brothers.

This picture is by no means extraordinary, but it is nicely played and quite entertaining. The improbabilities of the plot are glossed over by the neat direction and pleasing acting. The dialogue is not always so witty as it would like to be, but it is diverting in spots, and the picture has a certain amount of romantic appeal.

March is good as both brothers, and handsome Kay Francis gives a restrained and very clever performance in the leading feminine role.

"The Impatient Maiden"

THE pictures recently have given much attention to gangsters, newspaper-men, beauteous female spies, and erring ladies whose hearts are full of tender mother love. And now, since Sinclair Lewis' "Arrowsmith" has been filmed, the producers are going in for medical men in a whole-hearted fashion. "Alias the Doctor" has been followed by "The Impatient Maiden" with another surgeon hero.

"The Impatient Maiden" is based on a book, "The Impatient Virgin," by Donald Henderson Clarke, an author who tries very hard to make his stories lurid and sensational. But the Hollywood producers evidently shied at the word "virgin" and substituted what they considered a more refined term. They also cleaned up the story itself so that it comes to us as just another rather silly little melodrama—a negative story that is not likely to bring blushes to the cheeks of even the most unsophisticated.

The plot tells of a girl who falls in love with a young surgeon. He is in love with her but cannot afford to marry. A misunderstanding arises between them, but all is forgiven when she is suddenly taken ill and he must perform an emergency operation to save her life.

Lew Ayres is boyish and serious, but not very convincing as the young surgeon. Mae Clarke, apparently destined always to play misunderstood heroines, is good as the girl. Una Merkel is amusing as a southern flapper. The surgically minded might be interested in the realistic showing of an operation for appendicitis. It is comprehensive, but does not add anything to a weak picture. I fancy the producers heard of the recent German film that shows a Caesarean operation, and that they thought they, too, would have a go at surgery.

"The Blonde Captive"

THIS interesting travel picture is a pictorial record of an expedition into the wilds of Northwestern Australia. The main object of the expedition was to find natives

who resembled the so-called Neanderthal man. There are striking scenes taken on nearby islands as well as on the mainland and we are shown all sorts of queer animals as well as some seldom-photographed native tribes. The picture gets its name from the sequence which shows a white woman alleged to be the widow of a sea captain, who has been living for years with a barbarian tribe. Dr. Paul Withington, who led the expedition, vouches for the truth of this, and the authenticity of the pictures which show the woman living in a sort of mud cave with her barbarian husband and her little fair-haired boy. Lowell Thomas, himself a noted traveler, explains the film in a microphonic talk. Mr. Thomas is a pleasant and vivid lecturer.

"Heart of New York"

ADAPTED from the stage play "Mendel, Inc.," "Heart of New York" suffers from too little action and too much talk. The fact that the dialogue is mainly in dialect will not make it more bearable! The story tells of a poor man who invents a washing machine. The invention is successful and he becomes rich, but he has countless domestic troubles, and for a while is deserted by his children. The story ends happily, and there is much comedy throughout the picture. George Sidney gives an excellent characterization of the loveable old man absorbed in his inventions.



Renewing their friendship on the same "Lot," Dick Barthelmess and Bill Powell have been pals for years and now they're both at the Warner-First National Studio. Dick's picture is "Spent Bullets" and Bill is starred in "Correspondent."



Handsome Lew Ayres in his dressing room at Universal City during the making of the "Impatient Maiden."



William Bakewell, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer featured player with his pet dachshund "Lena," who can usually be found somewhere in the neighborhood when "Bill" is working at the studio.



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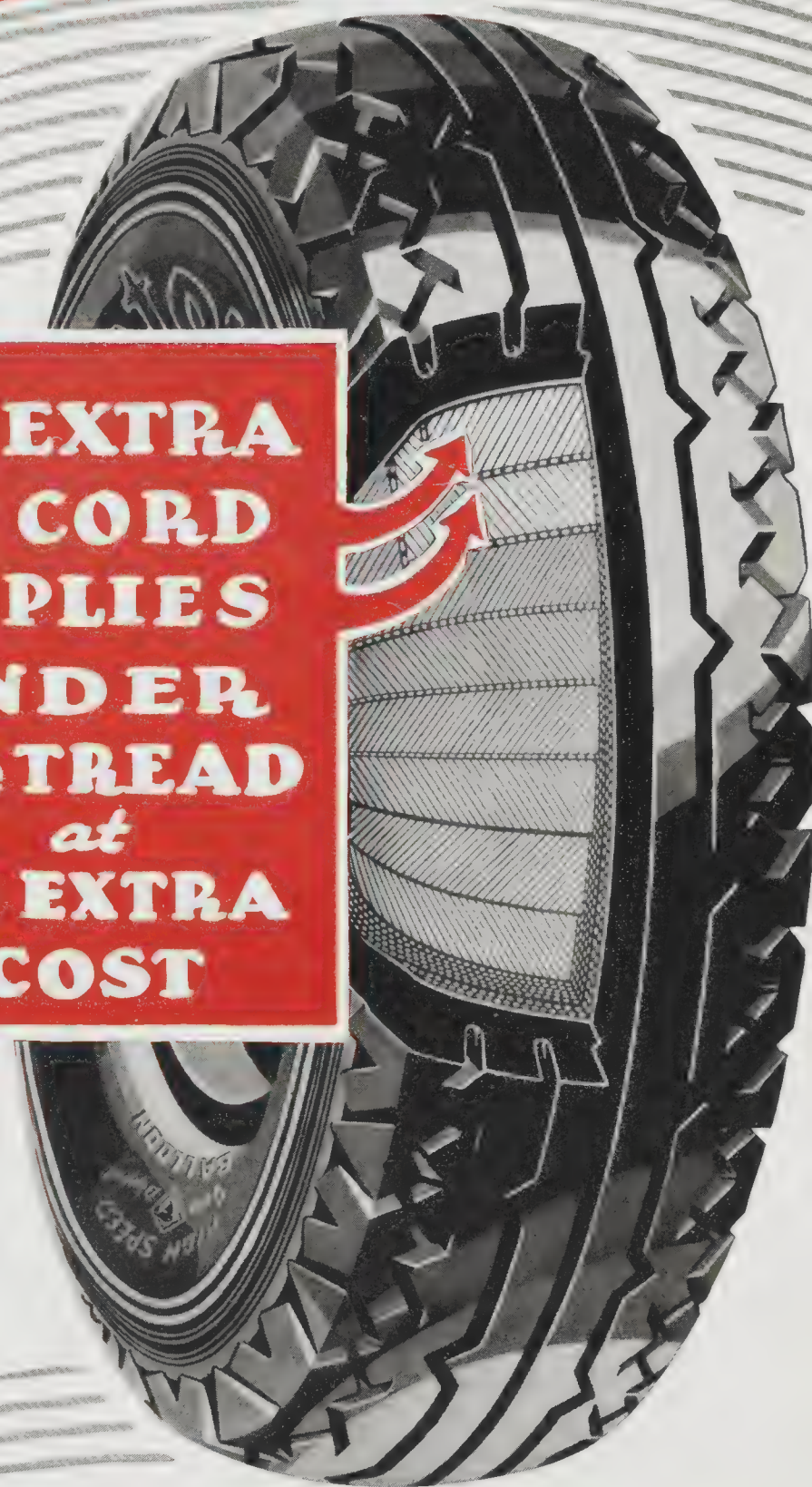
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THE LIPSTICK SORT

Continued from page 9

about as responsive as the nut she tried to shift on one of her wheels after a puncture.

She couldn't budge it and, having nearly broken one of her slim, boneless-looking hands, she gave up the job and somehow managed to get the car home by driving ten miles on the rim.

She left the wreckage outside the garage and went down between the two long lines of cars to where Micky stood with someone's carburetor in his hand, lifted to his mouth, while he blew through a jet.

Miss Merridew stared at him for a second and let forth an elfish squeal of laughter.

"Peter Pan, circa 1931!" she remarked, on a gurgle. "A carburetor instead of a reed! How suitable, Mr. Dwyer!"

Micky scowled.

"Anything I can do for you, Miss Merridew?" he asked.

"Yes. I've had a puncture and I couldn't get the wheel off, so I had to run on the rim," she answered cheerfully. "I'm afraid it's cut up a bit. Will you come and look at it?"

Micky looked at the wheel—and at the driver.

"Well—say it," said Miss Merridew impudently. "You won't hurt my feelings."

Micky was silent for a long moment. Then he turned in to the garage and called to Joe who came out grinning.

"Miss Merridew needs a new tube and a new cover," said Micky shortly. "See to it, will you?" And left Miss Merridew standing there, with her lipsticked mouth set in a queer curve, as though she had inadvertently swallowed a dose of quinine.

After that, although she still patronized the garage, she rather ignored the manager's existence, and took to asking for Joe instead. She even became a trifle more considerate and took to stating the time at which she was likely to need the car, within an hour or so of the time at which she actually did take it out.

And now, behold how unreasonable is the human animal! She had infuriated and exasperated Micky Dwyer to such an extent that, with all his keenness for business, he would have been thankful to have her say that she was taking her infernal car to another garage.

But now, because he didn't see her more than once a week or so, and that in the distance, he began to feel that there was something wrong with his landscape. He didn't realize that it was anything to do with Miss Merridew, and if he had, he wouldn't have been honest enough to admit it. He just felt that something had gone wrong with the world in general.

The feeling was increased by the fact that Dr. Danny Coulson no longer put in quite so much time in the garage and, when he did show up, there was a distinct gap in his geniality.

When two men see the same girl frequently, and one of them develops ideals and dreams about her, to the last limit of possibility, while the other regards her as considerably lower than the angels and doesn't hesitate to say so, there is apt to be a stiffness.

Micky cursed all women in general and the Mrs. Tom Dwyer—now Mrs. Silas K. Beale—type worse than ever. But in silence.

AND then one day, to his surprise, Miss Merridew strolled into the garage, hands in pockets, and asked to see him. She asked, impersonally, for "the manager," which dimly annoyed him for a reason he refused to

try to fathom, and she stood waiting for him, staring at nothing in particular, with her lipsticked mouth slightly pulled in at one corner.

"You wanted me, Miss Merridew?" said Micky, coming forward.

Miss Merridew flickered a glance at him—a glance that said nothing whatever.

"Yes," she answered his question after a pause. "I wanted to know if you could sell my car and, if so, what do you think you could get for it?"

"Sell it? You're buying another?" he asked.

"Not just as present. Gone broke," she proffered, casually.

"Oh, I see! I'm sorry." He spoke perfunctorily, concealing surprise and a certain dismay. "Well, I expect we can sell it, though I can't promise you when. And I'm afraid you won't get a very good price for her. You've knocked the gears out, you know." He spoke more gently than usual, almost, indeed, with sympathy.

"I know." Her head went up, and the lipsticked mouth smiled, but he noticed that the blue eyes didn't. "You've always thought me the world's worst driver, haven't you, Mr. Dwyer? It'll be almost a relief to you not to have me knocking about and wrecking the other cars in the garage, won't it . . . Well, I shall be at the same address till the end of this month and, if the car hasn't gone by then, I'll let you know where I go."

Micky looked after her as she went out with the peculiar boneless-looking walk of her type and her generation. For a second or two he stood there, thinking. Then he moved rather sharply, muttering under his breath.

"Oh, well, I suppose she'll marry young Carstairs. He'll soon provide her with another car."

He had the car looked over and cleaned up, and told Joe to push it into the sales section. Then he tried—and persuaded himself that he had succeeded—to forget Miss Merridew.

As a matter of sheer luck the Isotta went off quickly. Mr. Dwyer sent off a cheque to Miss Merridew, and was aware of a dim, unexplained feeling that the world had come to an end.

But he was busy. He had managed to get hold of two new locations which were being fitted up. Mr. Dwyer had not much time to indulge in introspection on the score of vague emotions, or to miss his friends. If he had had such time, he might have noticed that he had scarcely set eyes on Danny Coulson for weeks and that Danny, when he did see him, looked harassed and unhappy.

The fact did strike Micky, after some time when he met Danny in the entrance one evening. Danny had just put his car away, and was trudging back to the house. Micky grinned at him, thoroughly glad to see him.

"You look as if you needed some of your own pills, old man," he said, slapping Danny between the shoulders with a hand that was hard as one of his own hammers. Danny winced.

"Yes, I am a bit fagged out. Work's been hectic lately."

"Come in and have a drop of the wine of Scotland," said Micky, regarding Danny with a trifle more of anxiety than he cared to express. The boy looked fine-drawn enough to be on the edge of a nervous breakdown. But Danny shook his head.

"Sorry. Got to go back and cope with patients," he answered, and got himself across the street, Micky looking after him and wondering.

[Continued on page 46]



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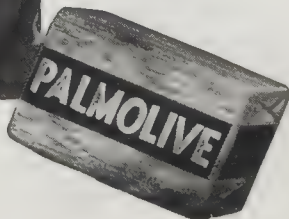


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THE LIPSTICK SORT

Continued from page 45

BACK in the surgery which smelt of iodine and carbolic, with a hint or two of other kindred perfumes, Danny dealt with adenoids and bruises, incipient influenza and neurosis, in a swift flowing stream. But between each case his eyes watched the door with a mixture of acute emotions reflected in them. And at last, clearly, his expectations were fulfilled. The door opened to admit a slim young woman in a beautifully-tailored, but distinctly shabby coat and skirt, and with a heavily lip-sticked mouth which seemed to emphasize the new hollows in her cheeks.

Danny got up, put out a hand.

"Well, what's the news?" he asked, and she smiled, but the smile looked strained, somehow.

"I've got a job," she answered. "Mannequin at Tappe's. Forty a week. Not too bad, is it?"

Danny's fists clenched.

"It's all right, I suppose," he answered suppressing himself with difficulty.

"But I wish—"

"Ah, no, Danny, don't!" she said, with a quick movement of protest. "It's sweet of you to care, but—I can't. You know, I've told you, I want someone else. Someone who won't look at me. Someone I'm never likely even to see again."

Danny made a savage sound, then spoke very gently.

"He's a damn fool, whoever he is," he observed. "But listen, Sandra. If you're never likely to see him again, why don't you marry me and make the best of it? By everything I hold most sacred, I swear I'll try to make life look good for you."

"I know, Danny dear. I know." Her voice was very tired. "You're all but the nicest thing I ever met, and I'd marry you tomorrow but—I think I'm a survival of the past. I must have a sort of early-Victorian, 'one-life-one-love' complex. Don't you see?"

Danny gave it up with a sigh, handed her another box of the peculiar little grey tabloids with which he was dosing her—as a cure, as he well knew, for semi-starvation and a breaking heart.

She went off, leaving him to more bruises and influenza cases. And all the time, at the back of his mind, he visualized that crowd of young men who had been used to surround her, and wondered which—

IT WAS perhaps three months later that he went into the Court garage with a strained, unhappy expression in his eyes, and for the first time in weeks, sought out Mr. Michael Dwyer.

Micky came out of the little office, regarding his friend a trifle doubtfully. He didn't look too happy himself.

"Hello, Danny! How's life?" And Danny replied with a brief but unprintable word.

Micky waited, aware of trouble, and Danny followed him back into the office, lit a cigarette absently, shook his head, equally absently, as Micky suggested the further hospitality of a drink.

"That girl," said Danny at last, getting the words out with obvious difficulty. "Miss Merridew... You remember?"

Micky's heart did something queer. Did he remember? Had ever a man been so haunted by the thought of a vanished obsession of sheer dislike? But he managed a casual note in his "Yes, what about her?"

"She's a patient in the hospital. Appendix and what not. Mostly what not. She just doesn't want to get better. A man, of course."

The cigarette in Micky's finger shook a little.

He said "Yes" again, but less casually. There was a long silence in the ugly little office.

"She won't tell me who it is, but I want to find him. He's the only tonic that'll do her any good," said Danny. "I don't know whether he's as indifferent as she says, but I'm ready to knock his block off if I can find him, and he won't do something to give her a reason for living. You saw them all, coming in and out of here with her. Do you know who she used to call 'Peter Pan'?"

"Why?" he asked, on a note that was like a gasp.

"Because," said Danny, getting up and beginning to walk about with a desperate air of having something, "because she's lying there, half-conscious, without the will to live, and there's just those two words out of her, over and over again, and she doesn't know she's saying them. My Lord, Micky, you're hard boiled, but it would break even your heart to hear her. Do you know who he is?"

But he was speaking to thin air. Micky was stepping on the gas and half way to the hospital.

IS THE PRESENT SOCIAL ORDER DOOMED?

Continued from page 17

system that permits this economic folly and inequity cannot long survive.

4. *The inequitable distribution of the returns from industry.*

Inequitable does not mean unequal. All men are not equal in endowment, in ability, in loyalty, in drive, nor should their rewards from toil be equal. One man's day is equal in value for the community, for the world, to another man's thousand days. One man gifted with Edisonian genius is worth a thousand John Does to the General Electric as a producing force. And yet one John Doe may possess qualities of spirit, of character that in value to a nation may be worth a thousand geniuses. We must get our value standards adjusted to more accurate proportions. They must not only enable us to estimate time values but eternal values as well. And yet time and space values cannot be ignored. It cannot be good

for the United States to have 90,000,000 of its 120,000,000 living on less than enough, while each of the 4,500 families of the very rich has \$400,000 with which to disport themselves every year. It is not good for the poor. It is worse for the rich.

An equitable distribution of the wealth of a people would guarantee every individual his rights in life, freedom and growth, or at least his full opportunity to achieve these rights.

THESE are a few instances of the breakdown of the present social order as it relates to industry and exchange. Others could be easily cited. These are, however, sufficiently grave to condemn the present social order as unequal to the demands of the modern world with its highly complicated industrial system, its

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OUT OF THE WOODS

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that the name of Bowditch isn't good for all it subscribes to. And in the second place, I won't stand by and see this property, that's been the Leith's from his granddad's time, put to any kind of purpose. There's queer laws about the sale of property to be used for illegal purposes . . . I don't know what you're up to, Mr. Jackson, but you've had your last word on this proposition."

Jackson turned to Con with an inquiring look. Clem was sure that some message passed between them; yet not sure enough to break out hotly at Con.

Con sighed: "I sure do get myself in bad every time I try to do a good turn for somebody . . . Too bad your trip ended this way, Jackson, but—if he won't sell, he won't."

Jackson turned to Pop with a soft laugh. "What do you say to that?" he asked.

"Clem's got as much say as I have . . . and if he won't sell—" Pop shook his head sadly.

"Well, then—" Jackson shrugged his shoulders and turned back to his car. A moment later, he was roaring in second up the slope, and Clem and Pop returned to the lathe room, with Con trailing behind them, scuffling disconsolately at chips in his path.

Two days later, the plant was ready. The big bull saw had been changed for a thin slit saw; two light cutoffs were installed, one of which Con asked charge of; and inside the full battery of lathes was belted up to the shaft. Clem rigged a spark arrester to the smokestack of the boiler, for they planned to burn slabs and sawdust.

Nancy went up with the men to see the first trial. Clem had not seen her since he had so steadfastly rejected Mr. Jackson's proposal. And though she said nothing about it, Clem knew from her restraint toward him that she deeply disapproved.

But this day Clem was too elated to be cast down by her disapproval. It couldn't last much longer. As soon as she saw what he had done in the way of building up this plant out of nothing, as soon as she saw the wheels turning that in time would build their fortunes, then he knew that she would think of him as she did the day he came back from Albany.

By noon, everything was ready for the firing of the boiler. It was amazing how small a head of steam it took to move everything. Clem even skidded a small log to the carriage. The light saw ripped through it, every lathe and the cutoffs going, without a groan. The old boiler would do it! Their last question had been solved.

As Clem, with a flourish of pride, turned the power off and brought the carriage back, they all cheered, and none more loudly than Nancy. Pop shut off the steam at a signal from Clem, and Nancy ran up to join him on the Sawyer's platform.

"Clem, I never was so proud of you," she cried.

He rubbed the sleeve of his mackinaw across his damp brow. It had been something of a strain, that suspense of the first trial. He grinned happily.

"Looks like a million dollars, eh, Nancy?" he said.

"And I've been such a silly cat, Clem," Nancy continued with real contrition. "I've been awfully sore with you for—turning down all Con's offers to help us . . . I am sorry. You do forgive me?" Her blue eyes entreated him more even than her words did. She thrust her small, sturdy hand into his coaxingly.

Clem squeezed it, his eyes a little misty.

"I guess maybe I am stubborn, Nancy, but—seems as if I'm always trying to figure out the best and surest thing for you."

"I believe it," she said.

Con strolled toward them from the cutoff table, and Nancy said no more.

THAT afternoon, winter came in dead earnest. A blizzard that had been threatening all day, struck the little clearing with a shriek of north wind and an avalanche of snow so thick that a man couldn't open his eyes to it. It was impossible for them to get down to the village that night. But Clem had foreseen just such an emergency, and the old house, weather-proof, was liberally stocked for a weather siege.

Nancy cooked an appetizing supper. Clem built up a fire in the big drum stove in the sitting-room, and they sat around and listened drowsily to Con's chatter, while the wind howled outside.

Pop and Nancy slept in the two rooms upstairs, already heated by the stovepipes from kitchen and sitting-room, while Con and Clem bunked down in the kitchen.

Clem had scarcely dropped off to sleep, it seemed, when he was awakened by some indefinite sense of uneasiness. As he opened his eyes, he was half blinded by a lurid glare. Fully dressed as he was, he ran to the window whence the glare came.

All outdoors seemed alight. The sawmill was on fire, wrapped about with flames sky-high, and the north wind was hurling spark and flame straight down to the piles of seasoned lumber.

Clem caught Con's shoulder and jerked him awake. He called up the stairs for Pop and Nancy. They couldn't do anything to help now; but if the wind veered, the house must go like summer-dried brush. He waited only to hear them answer; then rushed outdoors, calling on Con to follow him.

Not until then did he realize the extent of the ruin. As he stood for a second on the porch, the roof of the latheroom fell in, and the dark outlines of the whole structure trembled in the crimson of the flames. The mill was already doomed past human saving!

But the lumber! He might save that. He caught up a scoop, and, an arm over his eyes against the stinging snow, fought his way down the yard.

The wind had blown the lumber piles clear of any protecting snow. Already the top layer of the nearest pile was ablaze. If that went, they all must go like a row of bricks toppling over.

Clem struggled past the scorching blast of the conflagration, blinded now by the blizzard. The heat singed his mackinaw, blistered cheek and eye. To use his scoop with any effect, he had to stand in the direct path of spark and smoke and flame driven before the wind.

His hair ablaze, he threw up one scoopful on the flames, to see it instantly transformed into steam; and another and another. Smoke and flame stifled him, blinded him. He tried to use one hand, while he pressed the other over mouth and nose. Still the fire ate its way down to the lower layers, and mounted higher and higher. Desperate now, he attacked the flames with his scoop, trying to beat them out.

He gasped for breath and got a lungful of fiery smoke. He reeled,

[Continued on page 50]



I use Colgate's! I like it... that's why!"

"SHE'S a good scout — *my* mother is! She's goin' to be tickled pink when she sees these two beauts — even if I did tear my pants a little comin' through Bailey's fence. Ma believes in lettin' a feller do things the way he *likes* to do 'em. That's why she buys me Colgate's to brush my teeth with. I *like* it — that's why. Boy — does it taste keen! I guess mother knows what she's doin'. Doctor Ellis told her there ain't *any* toothpaste can beat Colgate's for keeping teeth clean — says more people use it than any other kind. An' Ma says 'cause Colgate's only costs a quarter — mebbe she's savin' to buy me a new fish pole. Anyhow — she don't have to bother about me brushin' my teeth reg'lar — so I guess *she's* satisfied, too."



Would you like this picture, in full color, suitable for framing? We'll gladly send you one, without cost. Address: Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 64 Natalie St., Toronto 8.

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association—and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.



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The TRANS-CANADA TELEPHONE SYSTEM

The advent of The Trans-Canada Telephone System heralds a period of greater trade between eastern and western Canada, better understanding between the nine provinces and a unity which will result in greater progress than ever for the Dominion.

But apart from its national significance, The Trans-Canada Telephone System benefits every individual user of the long distance telephone. Before the System was created, calls from eastern to western Canada were detoured through the United States. Now all these detours are eliminated. Calls are kept within our own borders. Communication is simplified, connections speeded up, clarity of transmission obtained at the highest standard.

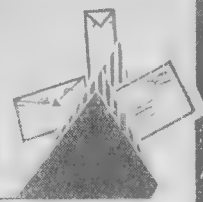
And all this is due to the efforts of seven telephone organizations joined in The Trans-Canada Telephone System. Over an all-Canadian network, Canadian subscribers can now speak direct to any point in east or west. With Dominion-wide facilities, with a reliability ensured by incessant vigilance, The Trans-Canada Telephone System offers every Canadian business or private citizen a practical, all-Canadian telephone service, adequate to the social and industrial needs of the country.

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Bell Telephone Company of Canada
British Columbia Telephone Co.
Manitoba Telephone System
Maritime Telegraph & Telephone Co.
New Brunswick Telephone Co.
Saskatchewan Government Telephones

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LEGAL INFORMATION



A POINT which, it is often very difficult to decide is as to what articles, when added in a house or other building, become part of the building and so cannot be removed if the mortgagee or unpaid vendor objects to such removal.

Recently some of the courts have held that even the slightest degree of annexation may be sufficient to make the article a fixture.

In Ontario a recent case decided by the Court of Appeal held that the oil burner and oil tanks and equipment installed in a house and sold under a conditional sale contract became part of the house and could not thereafter be removed by the firm which sold the burner, even after default in payment by the purchaser. In the particular case in question the purchaser had made some payments before defaulting. After he bought the equipment the owner of the land had mortgaged the property and subsequently the mortgagee had obtained title. It was held that under the provisions of the Ontario Registry Act the mortgagee had become the owner of the machine and it could not be removed by the unpaid vendor. The case first came before the County Court and the Judge there found in favor of the unpaid vendor, holding that the machine had never lost its character as a chattel. The County Court Judge came to this conclusion chiefly because the machine rested only upon the floor of the cellar, attached to the property by means of four set screws which bolted it to the frame of a pre-existing furnace. The judgment of the Court of Appeal was that the degree and object of the annexation are to be considered, and where the object of annexation is the beneficial use of the land and buildings the article in question is to be regarded as a fixture, even though the degree of annexation may be of the slightest. In fact in many cases where it is plain that the article is supplied solely for the beneficial use of the freehold, the doctrine of constructive annexation prevails and a chattel may acquire a character of a fixture without any annexation at all, e.g. storm windows, which at the time of the sale may be stored in a shed; keys which are accessory to the lock in the door, and so forth.

In another view the same result is arrived at. The furnace originally in a building was unquestionably a fixture. These chattels have become part of the furnace and so are parts of the fixture and can no more be removed as chattels than the bars can be taken from a coal grate or the furnace door could be removed because it could have been lifted off its hinges.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Port Arthur, Ont.

Q. A girl 16 years old marries without parents' consent. Can this marriage be broken? If so and a child was born could the mother retain possession of it? The girl was married on the 2nd of September and was 17 years old on the 15th of September.—C.E.B.

A. The marriage cannot be annulled if the parties have lived together as man and wife. We presume from the remainder of your question that the parties have lived together since the marriage. It is therefore valid and can only be annulled by divorce, pro-

vided both parties were competent to marry at the time the marriage was contracted. A bar to competency would be that one or the other was already married, or the parties were within the degrees of relationship which, according to law, prohibits their intermarrying.

Timmins, Ont.

Q. Can a marriage be valid if a girl marries at 14 years old a much older man than her without the consent of her father. She also put a child to birth a few days after marriage. She was seduced at the age of 13 years. Now what procedure should the father take to put the marriage void, and if the district crown does not want to bother with same what shall he do?—"A Subscriber."

A. The answer to your question is the same as the answer to C.E.B. above. We presume that the parties admit that the child is that of the girl and her husband, and in such a case the marriage is binding on the parties.

Thurlow, B.C.

Q. 1. Had my mother any right to give this child away from me, even though I was only 19 years old?

2. Will my evidence balance that of the Orphanage, who have custody of the child?

3. If I sue, what process of law will it be in the State of Virginia (West Va.) U.S.A.?

4. Would I stand a chance of getting the boy?—Mrs. J.W.D.

A. Owing to the length of your questions we are not publishing same in full.

Your mother had no right whatever to the child and no right whatever to give the child to an orphanage or to any other person. You alone have any rights in this respect.

As we see it, you have no absolutely conclusive evidence as to the parentage of the child. All that you can show is a chain of circumstantial evidence without proving positively that the child was yours and that it was given to the orphanage. For this reason we would not like to say definitely that you could succeed in endeavouring to recover the child, although obviously you have a good chance of success. If you are entitled to recover the child it does not make any difference that it is now held by an orphanage because the rights of a parent would be superior to the rights of any other claimant.

We cannot advise you accurately as to the law of foreign countries so that we cannot inform you definitely what proceedings would be necessary in Virginia. However we believe that there would be no special difficulty in commencing the appropriate proceedings. If you have the money to spend we think you would have a very fair chance of obtaining the custody of the child. It might cost you \$300 to \$500, but in the matter of costs we think that you would have to refer the matter to some attorney in Virginia and endeavour to make some arrangement with him. So much depends on what action has to be taken and how far the proceedings would go before a definite result was obtained.



HOW TO JUDGE MUNICIPAL BONDS

THE present depression has been so long continued and so severe that investors have temporarily lost confidence in industrial and even, to some extent, in public utility securities and are directing their funds into municipal and government bonds. Safety, under present conditions, is the great desideratum. The popularity of government and municipal bonds, or civil obligations as the investment text-books call them, is enhanced by their present attractive yields. In our last month's issue it was stated that there had never been a default in the payment of Dominion or provincial bonds in Canada, but that defaults were not unknown among municipal debenture issues, although they were few indeed. Let us now consider the qualities we should look for in a good municipal debenture; for, if an investor can choose wisely in this class of security, he can obtain safety with a much higher yield than is possible in government bonds.

The character of the municipality, its people, and economic activities is, perhaps, the first point to consider. Old communities with established industries enjoy better credit, and their debentures are more sought after, than new communities that have had a rapid, possibly a too rapid, growth. Bonds of a one-industry town for example, are not liked by the shrewd investor. If that industry should fall on evil times, the finances of the town might be seriously affected. Furthermore, securities of municipalities depending almost wholly on industries that are not self-perpetuating, such as mining and lumbering, are not in as good favor as those depending on agriculture or a varied manufacturing activity. Likewise, the debentures of old-established towns and cities in Eastern Canada sell for higher prices than those of communities of similar size in the younger West.

There has never been any question of the willingness of Canadian municipalities to pay their debenture indebtedness, but it has happened that unwise expansion of public services and extravagant administration has made it impossible to pay. The size of the debt a municipality owes is, therefore, of great importance in evaluating its debentures. The assessment is also of importance in giving an indication of the ability to pay. Regard must be had for the fact that some municipalities assess at a much higher percentage of the real value of property than others, the average being about 65 to 70 per cent.

Investment bankers in determining the value of municipal debentures have more or less agreed upon a scale of assessment and gross debt which is considered the proper standard. They consider that in municipalities—

With population up to 2,000, the assessment should not exceed \$500 per capita; with population of 2,000 to 10,000, the assessment should not exceed \$750 per capita; with population of 10,000 and over, the assessment should not exceed \$1,000 per capita.

Gross debt should not exceed the following limits—For populations of 2,000 to 10,000, \$150 per capita; for

populations of 10,000 and over, \$200 per capita.

These standards should not be regarded as inflexible. It is necessary to vary them in the light of other conditions that may prevail, but, by and large, they constitute a very useful general rule by which investors can measure the desirability and soundness of municipal securities. Allowance has especially to be made in cases where the municipalities in question own and operate public utilities. In such cases, the gross debt per capita will be much larger than indicated above.

Government in business complicates the valuation of municipal securities. Generally speaking, a municipality is not well equipped to run a business of a very complicated nature efficiently. This is due to politics creeping into the business: relatives of politicians are given positions without regard to their fitness for them, political favorites are given contracts for supplies that could be purchased cheaper elsewhere and in a score of ways business efficiency is sacrificed to political expediency. Apart from this, one of the worst enemies of a government in business is the lack of a proper accounting system and the mixing of the accounts and the financing of the utilities owned, with the accounts and the general finances of the town or city. Every publicly-owned utility or business should be operated as a separate entity and rates charged for services sufficient to defray fully the cost of providing those services, including interest on the money invested in plant and adequate depreciation. Above all, the accounts should be passed upon by a competent firm of auditors, not the city auditor. These are all very important factors for the investor to look into before purchasing municipal debentures.

If a city or town is running its utilities at a loss and making up the deficiency from public funds, it will sooner or later run into financial trouble. Many municipalities have operated electric light, gas and water systems with a fair degree of efficiency, but when such enterprises as street railways and municipal abattoirs, where the element of a large personnel is involved, have been embarked upon, the outcome has usually been an unhappy one for the taxpayers.

MARKETABILITY is a feature the investor must pay attention to when buying any kind of bond. In the first place, does he need high marketability? Many investors are paying for marketability when they do not need it. The bonds of small cities, towns and rural municipalities are not so readily sold, if one has to dispose of them, as those of large cities or provincial governments. If an investor has to sell them, he may have to take several points less than he paid for them, the investment banking house through which he sells requiring this in order to compensate them for the greater difficulty in finding a market for them. As a result of this, many investors make it a practice to hold their bonds till they mature, being careful to choose bonds whose maturities suit their financial requirements.

[Continued on page 53]

IN TIMES LIKE THESE



MORE than ever, life insurance is a boon to all—to the *Uninsured* as well as the *Insured*.

As its premiums accumulate they are promptly used to assist in purchasing homes, in aiding farmers and financing industry—thus keeping Canadian citizens gainfully employed.

It insures more than *Life*—it helps to provide work for the Breadwinner, and Food, Comfort and Shelter for his family.

It supports the Nation, too—the collective enterprise of all the people. During the Great War, for instance, the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada itself subscribed for \$70,000,000 Canadian and allied government war loan bonds.

Last year the Sun Life subscribed \$23,000,000 to Canadian Government issues. A portion of the proceeds of these loans was to relieve unemployment. Even the jobless share indirectly in the benefits of life insurance.

The Sun Life is an important factor in restoring prosperity to Canada. For over sixty years it has been privileged to serve its policyholders and proud to serve the State. To-day, its world-wide organization and facilities make it more serviceable than ever to the whole community.

Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada

"I could not write a better prescription"

... says a famous child specialist of this pure vegetable preparation



A mother was consulting an eminent child specialist not long ago about the little upsets her baby seemed to have with disturbing regularity.

Mother: "I am so careful about my baby's diet. He gets his milk, fruit, vegetables and cereal just as you advise. Everything seems fine for a time, then suddenly he starts fussing, refuses food—and I know he's in for another upset. Why is it?"

Doctor: "It's simply Nature's way of asking for a little help. Very small things cause upsets with a baby. A little too much of one food, not quite enough of another—it requires a delicate balance to keep little organs running smoothly.

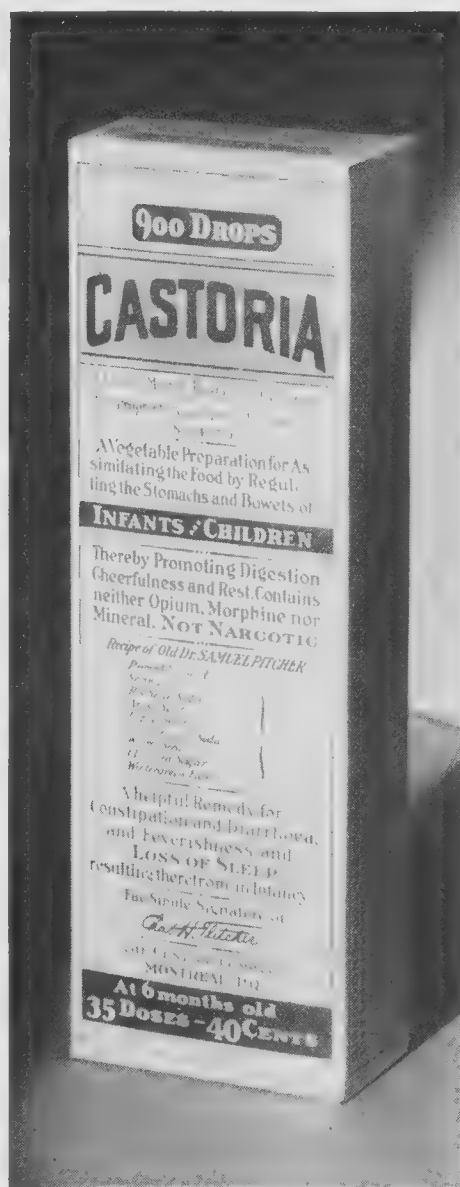
"In spite of careful feeding, bowels do need regulative help now and then in carrying off their daily load of waste.

"For babies and children I find Castoria gives just the prompt, gentle help needed."

Mother: "Is it perfectly harmless?"

Doctor: "Castoria is perfectly safe. It is a pure vegetable preparation specially formulated for children's delicate needs. It contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. It works mildly and gently, yet it is always effective. I could not write a better prescription.

"These little upsets are not dangerous unless they are neglected. A safe, sensible thing to do as a first-aid measure when you see a cold, fever or digestive upset developing, is to give your baby a cleansing dose of Castoria. I find Castoria is best given at night,



with no supper, nothing but water until morning."

Real Castoria always has the name, Chas. H. Fletcher, on the package. Castoria now comes in two sizes. The new family size contains about 2½ times the amount in the regular size.

We have a helpful booklet for mothers, "The Danger Age for Children," which we will gladly send free. Address Dept. 121, The Centaur Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ontario.

Chas. H. Fletcher.

CASTORIA

OUT OF THE WOODS

Continued from page 47

staggered forward to lean against the blazing lumber—and felt himself dragged back through the snow by some unseen force.

It was Con Kelly who hauled him out of the danger zone, and buried in snow his blazing coat. Clem tried to rise and fight his way back to the fire. But this time Con was the stronger. Then Clem heard Nancy's voice:

"Con, keep hold of him. Don't let him go back."

"If he goes back, he drags me with him," Con replied, and twisted Clem's arm behind his back to keep him quiet.

Then the second lumber-pile burst into flame, and Clem gave up, defeated. Con and Nancy helped him to stagger back away from the fire. Pop joined them.

"My God, how could it have happened?" Pop groaned. "Clem, did you douse the boiler fire?"

"Yes," said Clem.

"Fire don't catch unless there's something to set it going," Con reminded them.

"Must have been sparks from the fires in the house," Pop ventured, his voice shaking.

"I nailed spark screens over all the chimneys," Clem persisted.

"Wind might have ripped one loose," Con suggested.

"Couldn't have," Clem said; and he was half sobbing now with his first complete realization of the ruin before him.

"Anyhow, it burned," Con declared. "Insured, Pop?"

"Not a cent. I—I was so short of money, Clem," he added.

"I was afraid so," Clem said. "Nancy, there's no use your standing out here in the wind. Come on back to the house."

She took his arm. "I've got to fix your burns," she said. "Clem, don't look any longer . . . It's too awful."

Clem groaned. "And I got you and Pop into it."

She looked at him, both tender and accusing: "If you just hadn't turned down that four thousand dollar offer! Oh, Clem! Now we're back where we started from—worse off—and I just can't bear it . . . Back to the old grind of poverty and debts and Pop's impossible dreams—"

She was crying now, and Clem couldn't comfort her.

"Oh, I'm hateful to say it," she sobbed, but it means the end of everything for all of us . . . I guess I've failed you, Clem . . . But I've had a glimpse of life outside this valley, and Con's made me want it terrible."

Clem knew what she said was true, about Con and her new discontent. But he couldn't see that it was her fault. "You haven't failed me, honey," he told her stoutly, "and I'm not going to fail you. I guess Con's offer still holds. I'll beat it for New York soon as the road is opened in the morning and pound out of it what I can with these." He clenched his blistered fists, and held them out in the lurid glare on the whirling snow. "And, Nancy, I'll come back."

DEAFENED periodically by the roar of elevated trains above him, Clem walked along Ninth Avenue, eyes alert for the sign of the Star Athletic Club to which Con had sent him. He owned himself amazed that none of the early morning throngs of hard-faced flappers and slouch-shouldered men stopped to stare at him as they rushed to their work. For he felt as if he were in a different world, and the difference did not lie alone

in his arctics and fur cap and lumberman's jacket. This might have been another planet, one where even the snow was black and slushy, where they piled it in great heaps against the curb and carted it away in truckloads, as if it was an abomination.

Memories of level gleaming whiteness beneath the evergreens of the mountains made him homesick for a moment. He recalled Nancy as she looked waving to him on the station platform, her red coat and knitted tam vivid against the high snowbanks behind her. But even that image made his hope in his new venture flame higher, and he welcomed the Athletic Club sign when at last he found it—a painted board that had once been black and white, nailed over the door of a hallway between a Chinese laundry and a pawnshop whose chief window display was rusty mechanics' tools, and used clothing covered with dust.

He mounted the stairs in the malodorous hall, feeling his way at the top where the early morning light failed. Confronted by drab, peeling double doors, he knocked. There was no answer, no sound from within. He tried the handle, and entered at its turning. He stood in a dark gymnasium the width of the building, furnished chiefly with mats and chest weights and punching bags. The chill foulness of the air—a mixture apparently of coal gas and stale tobacco smoke, almost choked him at first.

At the far end of the room, where he saw a dusty parallel bar, there were two doors, one open into what he could guess was the dressing room, the other closed. Beyond this other, he heard voices.

The first voice was like the growl of a bear, deep-toned, threatening, yet somehow not so unpleasant in its overtones. Clem thought that the owner of this voice could be pleasant enough under other circumstances.

"I got it straight, Flick," the deep voice said. "And I'm just warning you that if it's true, you're out. I can't trust a hophead."

But a cool, rather musical if high-pitched tenor voice made reply: "It's a damn lie, Quint. I don't care who told you. I don't snuff. Kitty'll tell you that."

"And what's more," the deep voice went on, "I like that kid too much to see her waste herself. I'm watching hard, Flick."

"And you'll find nothin' for your watchin'."

"Fade, Flick."

Clem started toward the door. Quint was the name of the man he had come to see—Quint Mangan. He reached the door just as it was opened from the inside, and Clem was face to face with a man of his own age, slight of frame but with a confident, swinging carriage, dressed in a pearl-gray ulster, with gray spats and a gray felt hat over one eye.

He stopped short at the sight of Clem. "What do you want?" he asked nasally.

"I want to see Mr. Mangan."

Flick's glance moved insolently over Clem's plaid lumberman's jacket, and down to his arctics. "What about?" he asked.

"Mr. Mangan's business," Clem told the dapper young man.

A deep bass chuckle spoke from the room: "Send him in, Flick, and beat it." The command was accompanied by the slap and slither of shuffled playing cards.

Clem found himself in a small room with two windows, so dirty that

[Continued on page 51]

OUT OF THE WOODS

Continued from page 50

the big electric bulb swinging overhead was absolutely necessary though the sun was high.

Behind a much-scarred desk piled high with sporting papers, Clem saw a man of fifty, so ugly that Lon Chaney would have found it hard to double for him. His thick gray hair was plowed by the furrow of a scar above the right ear. His light greenish eyes, almost hidden by the shaggy gray brows, were wedged apart by a predatory pock-marked nose. His mouth was wide and thin-lipped; and yet, when he smiled, as he did after that first long look at Clem, his extraordinary face lighted up so that you forgot its repulsiveness.

On the desk, he had begun a solitaire layout. Now his thick-fingered hands toyed with the rest of the pack as he sized Clem up; and that sizing-up was the completest Clem had ever known.

"You're Con Kelly's pug, eh?" the deep voice said.

"How'd you know?" Clem couldn't help asking.

"That lumber-jacket comes from up-state, don't it? Con wrote me about you . . . Got trunks and shoes with you?"

Clem fumbled with his hat. "No . . . I didn't know what to get."

"Got any jack?"

"Twenty bucks."

"And a room?"

"Paid a week in advance . . . Lexington Avenue. A man's got to sleep," Clem said, wondering how much of his stake it would cost for the outfit.

"Pretty well washed up, eh? Well, if you're as good as Con says you are, we can soon fix that," Mangan said easily. "You ain't as dumb as you might be, kid . . . Or did Con tell you not to spill his name around here?"

He grinned cryptically at Clem's bewildered denial. "Well, I'm telling you so, anyhow . . . Con's O.K., but he's playing doggo right now—little trouble over a card game. Don't shoot your face off about him."

He drew out a well-worn pocket-book, and in it fingered a bigger wad than Clem had ever seen outside a paying-teller's window. "Here's a century. Go buy yourself an outfit—shirt and sweater and robe and silk trunks; and be careful of the shoes you get. Nothing knocks a beginner out like sore dogs. Better buy kangaroos with padded soles. Go down to Sandy Gowan's on 44th. You'll find him in the telephone directory. Tell him I sent you, and to fix you right . . . And bring back the change."

He handed Clem the hundred-dollar bill and picked up his cards again. He pondered over a black knave, played it on a red queen.

Clem folded the bill tenderly. "And come back here?" he asked.

Quint waved his deck of cards. "At two. I'll have somebody here to skull you then if he can. Con says no one can. We'll see." A rumble came from the big chest, which Clem translated as a chuckle of amusement.

"I'll be here," Clem promised.

THE aspect of the place was changed when Clem came back. Clustered electric lights dispelled the darkness of the January afternoon. A dozen athletes were working out, some making the room resound with the rat-a-tat of the punching bag; some skipping ropes with astonishing ease and silence and intricacy of step; some shadow boxing, darting in and out with venomous attack upon an imagined foe. A handful of others of varying ages stood ranged about the walls, lounging lazily with hands in pockets, or chain-smoking cigarettes. They were not a prepossessing bunch.

Clem picked his way to Quint's office. His passage drew many eyes, and even occasional remarks. "Pipe the benny," he heard, and was for the second time made aware that there was something wrong with his big plaid lumber-jacket here in New York. "Another hick setup," he heard, and flushed. He might not be so much a setup for these youngsters! He was glad when he arrived at Quint's door.

Quint was still playing solitaire. Then another occupant of the room drew his attention—a slim and exquisitely graceful girl, who might have been sixteen or twenty-six, as you estimated from her figure or her eyes. She wore a leopard-skin coat, and a black hat with a sparkling ornament that caught a man's eye to her blond hair. She had a small, very red mouth, and blue eyes that looked tired, like faded wild asters. Her silken legs were crossed high to reveal smooth knees that glistened in the electric light. She smiled at Clem as he entered, a friendly, gamin smile that made Clem warm to her; and New York had been a chilly sort of place so far.

"So you're Quint's white hope, are you?" Her blue eyes swept Clem up and down. I've been stalling around just to look you over. I didn't waste my time either."

Quint helped Clem over his confusion: "Kitty's a fast worker, Clem. But you'll get used to her. Kitty Fallon, Clem Bowditch. Now we're all set. Got your outfit, I see."

"Sure. And here's your change, Mr. Mangan."

"I'm 'Quint' to all the birds that come in here. Keep the change. You'll need it, now Kitty's spotted you." He grinned. Come along and get your trunks on. I've got a pug waiting to flatten you."

"Can I stay around and see it, Quint?" asked Kitty.

Quint got up heavily, and stopped to tweak Kitty's ear, bared by her sleek blond hairdress. "Never saw you so interested in a palooka before," he told her.

"Maybe I won't be, after I've seen him go a round. But I'll stay to that, anyhow." She gave Clem a sweet look. "I can watch you, can't I, big boy?"

Clem flushed. "Glad to have you," was all he could think of to say.

[To be Continued Next Month]

LOVE'S SWEETEST SONG

By H. H. FARISS

DO I SIGH?

No, life is too short to do
A thing like that; isn't it true?
So I always let joy have its way
Throughout each glad day.

LAUGH?

Certainly—and why shouldn't I?
It's far better to laugh than cry;
God blesses the hearts of sunshine;
May He bless yours and mine.

SING?

Why, yes; to be sure I sing
Until the echoes answer and ring,
For every moment the whole day long
My heart's full of song.

AND WHY?

Because you promised one sunny day
To be mine forever and aye,
That makes me happy each hour through,
For I love you, you know I do.



Now \$1 goes as far as \$3 in gaining a pure, sweet breath

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth washes. Hence it goes 3 times as far. That's economy for you! Why waste money on antiseptics that must be used full strength to be effective?

IT'S plain to see—the difference between Pepsodent Antiseptic and other kinds is a *big* difference to the public. It's the difference between one dollar or three—the difference between positive assurance of a pure, sweet breath or fooling oneself by diluting old-style antiseptics. After all, there are really only two leading kinds of antiseptics. On one side you have the mouth wash that kills germs *only* when used *full strength*. On the other side you have Pepsodent Antiseptic—utterly *safe*, when used full strength, yet powerful enough when diluted with 2 *parts of water* to kill germs in 10 seconds! Pepsodent Antiseptic is at least 3 times as powerful as other leading antiseptics. Hence, by adding water it goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—and gives you greater protection against Halitosis (bad breath). What a fine way to save money.

Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C.

Instead of paying \$3 for three bottles, you pay \$1 for one bottle and make it go as far as three. For years 3 people in 4 diluted ordinary antiseptics. Then they discovered their mistake. When choosing your antiseptic, be sure you choose the one that kills the germs when mixed with water. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—be safe—and save money!

SORE THROAT COLDS

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting bad breath prove its effectiveness in fighting colds and throat irritation. Pepsodent Antiseptic is over 3 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics. Remember, *it kills germs even when diluted with water.*

Over 50 different uses

Cold in Head	After Extractions
Throat Irritations	After Shaving
Voice Hoarseness	Minor Cuts
Bad Breath	Blisters
Cold Sores	Loose Dandruff
Canker Sores	Checks Under-Arm
Mouth Irritations	Perspiration
	Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic

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to a distant point, you will find the Drafts issued by this Bank most satisfactory. They are safe, are accepted like cash and may be secured without delay or formality at our Branch nearest you.

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THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

ESTABLISHED 1832

Capital \$12,000,000

Reserve \$24,000,000

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General Office, Toronto—J. A. McLeod, General Manager

903

A HOME SONG

Continued from page 20

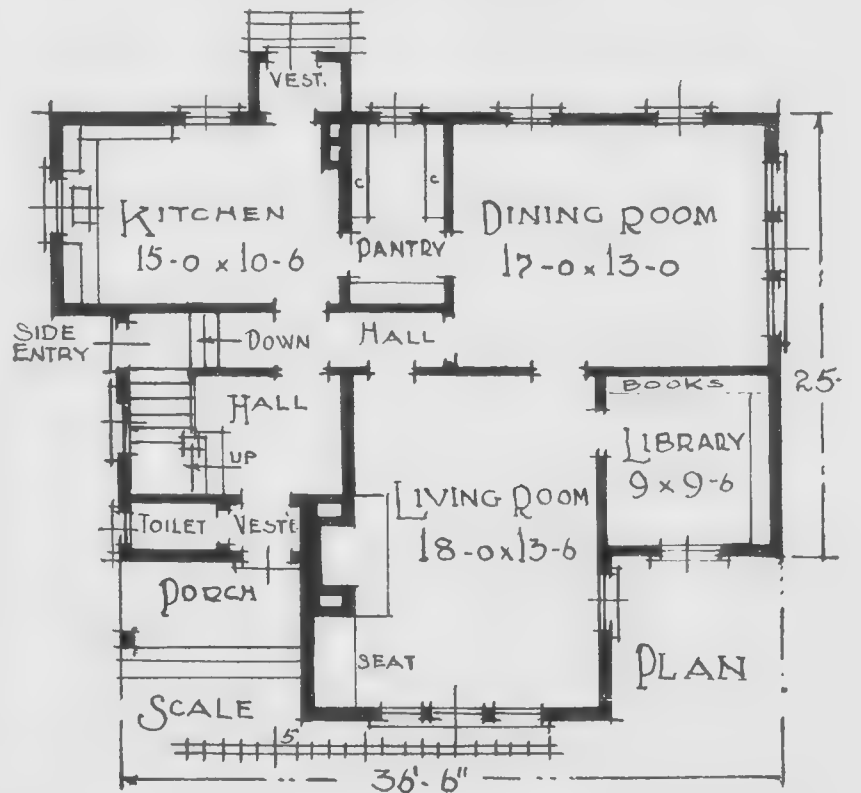
We ask, "Will it be Colonial—or English or French?" No, maybe nothing that you have ever seen. You cannot imagine home in any of the fashionable period houses, but there is a house which you can call home somewhere, and you alone must adventure for it. Building it may be somewhat like planting twigs for an orchard, acorns for oak trees, and yet this faith is always amongst us. A couple wrote me lately that they wished a certain planning but could only afford to build at present a home 14 feet by 20 feet, but their ideals were to add and build around it in the years that follow. This is home making glorified. If you will study this planning it follows the accepted rite. Try it by the acid test of tracing and try to improve it; you will be astonished no doubt at the difficulty you have in arranging other ideas.

Building it you can watch the concrete mixing, the reinforcing of wire or rods; see the masons build the stone work; the chimneys rising massively yet quietly above the roof tree; look at the revelation of the walls with the heavy 2 inch by 6 inch studding braced and sheathed and strapped, rising from the plan; the 2 inch by 8 inch rafters spanning the spaces. It is all surprisingly natural. The rooms go up into the roof, tent like—the 2 inch by 10 inch joists ribbon the floors across. You can imagine the snow lying deep and maybe icicles hanging staccato in prismatic crystals from the roofs, while the windows will shine warm and glowing.

THE whole house should look low, wide and snug, a broad shelter in fellowship with its surroundings. Some

interest on the mortgage, the loss of interest on the down payment, taxes, insurance, heat, water and 2 per cent of the value of the house for repairs—and there may be other assessments for paving, or other improvements. You will be safe from a monetary standpoint only when these costs are covered by what is left over after paying normal living expenses. The main portion of this plan is 36 feet, 6 inches by 25 feet—not a large area. In its finish it should tell the co-ordination between architect and owner. It is easily understood that an architect in order to develop a design that will express his client's character, that will meet his individual needs and satisfy his particular desires, should familiarize himself with his client's customs and habits—his mode of living and his likes and dislikes. Paper can only tell one story but the architect should, if possible, be vitally interested in the client's affairs. A stock plan is what its name implies—a plan on paper which does not in any way except by imitation tell your story. It seems an easy way to build, but it is better in home building to aim at the stars, better to have tried and failed than live in a house which often mediocrity has designed to suit its level. We cannot get away from accepted types but we can build maybe a little Kaaba stone in its foundations.

A distinctive touch that is so often obtained by using good hardware, in its hinges or the escutcheons, is the emphasis that the home has been thoughtfully planned—no other detail can give more dignity than properly selected hardware.



of the rooms are close to the eaves. Eaves do strange things to many of us, for when our heads are close to the rafters we become romantic and jump back a lifetime in years to the safe haven of retreat in the attics of our childhood, and we still conjure up the sounds of the pattering rain or the rustling of the wind close to our heads.

We should now consider costs. This question is often asked, "What proportion of a man's income a house should cost?" According to careful figuring a home should not cost over 2½ times one's income. The annual costs in money of owning a home will be the

I HAVE endeavored to wind my narrative around this house without specifically telling of its planning—but a little description of its composition might be interesting. Its floors are hardwood, with linoleum covering on the kitchen. Even here a hardwood base is essential. With so many plaster finishes on walls and ceilings it is sometimes a problem to know what to do, but it is always well to adopt an attitude of suspicion toward extreme finishes. Walls should make a background for the furniture, and if pictures are to be placed on them a quiet

[Continued on page 53]

The Spirit of Spring

WITH what joy we greet the springtime. Once again we come in touch with Nature in her happiest mood.

It is the time to throw aside the worries and ailments which have weighed us down during the depressing indoor life of winter.

The fresh air and sunshine are great restoratives and Nature also provides certain elements which are absolutely necessary to enrich the blood so weakened by artificial winter life.

These elements are happily combined in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food so as to make it the ideal restorative for the blood and the nerves.

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makes the blood rich and red and through the nervous system instils new vigor and energy into the whole human system.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

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Write for free booklet, "HOW TO KEEP WELL," and other literature, also sample of Roman Meal and Kofy-sub, the new alkaline beverage, to

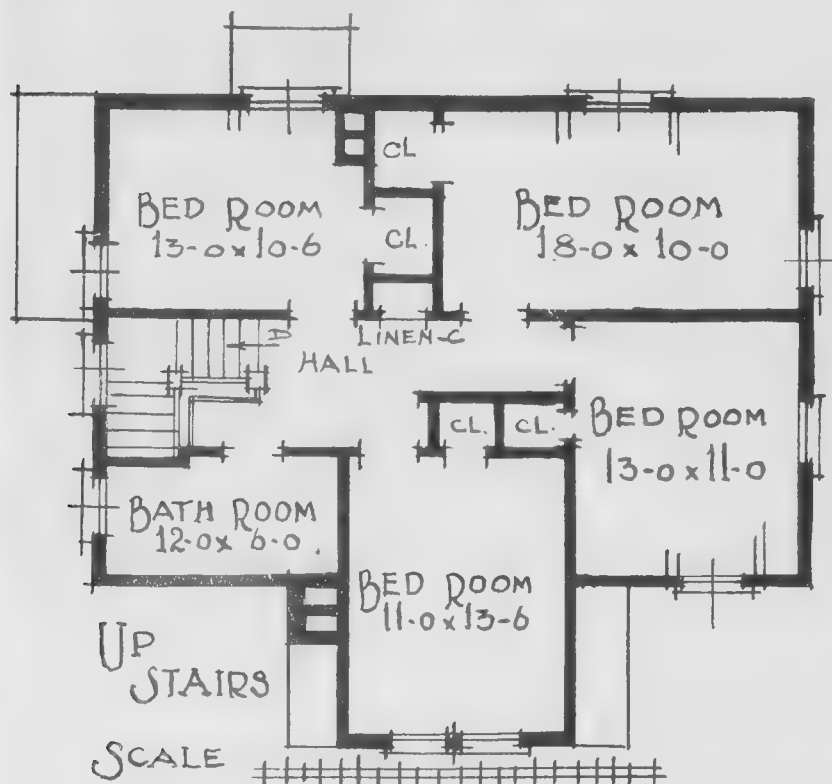
ROBT. G. JACKSON, M.D.
533 Vine Ave., - Toronto 9, Ontario

A HOME SONG

Continued from page 52

tone is the only correct method of finish. We find that the choice of an appropriate treatment for the walls is determined by—the style of the room, the exposure, the uses to which the room is put and the furniture. Let me illustrate briefly these four points. We all know the characteristic treatment found in the Georgian or Colonial house. The almost white wall and enamelled woodwork—all most charm-

room which governs the amount and quality of the light it receives, governs us in our selection of a warm or cool color for the walls. Rooms having south windows, should have cool color for the walls; northern exposure requires warmer tones. In the library although built in book cases are often advocated as the most artistic, if the library is to accumulate gradually as it should, the sectional book cases can



ing when used as a background for the slenderly formed warm mahogany furniture in vogue in those times—yet how unsuited a treatment of this character would be for walls of a Jacobean type of house with its heavy woodwork and beamed ceilings. The exposure of the

be gradually added to and in any finish you wish.

The drawing shows the disposition and appearance of the home, the stuccoed outside being finished on metallic lath and studs, the stucco being finished with an English trowelled stroke.

DOLLARS AND CENTS

Continued from page 49

Various other features affect marketability. The debenture of a large and well-known city has a wider demand than that of a village or small town, although it may not be a bit safer or as safe. Then the local demand in a big city is appreciable. Citizens, trustees of estates, insurance companies and financial institutions with head offices in that city wish to own its debentures, thus widening the market for them. The writer knows of a case of a Western Canadian city whose bonds bring a higher price than would otherwise be the case because that city is known by bond dealers, insurance companies and banks to have a particularly capable and efficient city treasurer. They know he will not let the city fathers stray far from the path of financial rectitude, and they are willing to pay a shade higher price for the bonds of his city because of this.

Other and minor features of municipal debentures should not be overlooked in purchasing them. If possible, always buy them in \$1,000 pieces. Although \$500 and even \$100 denominations are often issued, one has to take a fraction of a point less for them than for a \$1,000 debenture if one has to sell before they mature.

Sinking funds, maintained to extinguish the debenture issue by the time it matures, are important. Buy-

ing by the municipality for sinking fund purposes often creates a good market for the bonds at certain times of the year when such purchases are made.

The place of payment of principal and interest coupons should be noted. If these are paid outside of your own city or town, the bank will charge exchange on each one cashed.

Canadian municipal debentures, purchased with an ordinary degree of care, make very desirable investments. Often the investor can purchase those of municipalities he personally knows and with whose financial condition he is fully satisfied from his own observations. In holding such securities, he loses no sleep; and freedom from worry is a characteristic of an investment much to be desired. If, in conclusion, one were to give a piece of parting advice it is that the investor should read the circular offering municipal debentures carefully. If it does not give all the facts necessary to enable him to arrive at a conclusion, he should ask the investment house issuing it for the further facts he needs. If he contemplates a large investment, it is well even to secure copies of the last two or three reports of the municipality from the treasurer. Nothing can take the place of intelligent investigation in making investments.

How to win the BEAUTY CONTEST you engage in every day!

EYES glance your way—and you are in another of life's Beauty Contests! Today—get a dozen cakes of Calay. Use only this gentle, safe, beauty soap and your skin will be so fresh, so soft and flower-like, that all eyes will find you charming! A lovely skin is so alluring!



Fresh, glowing cleanliness—it is the first step toward natural loveliness! But never let any soap but the delicate beauty soap, Calay, touch your skin.



Here it is—Calay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. It is the finest beauty soap you can buy... luxurious, gentle, safe for your precious skin!

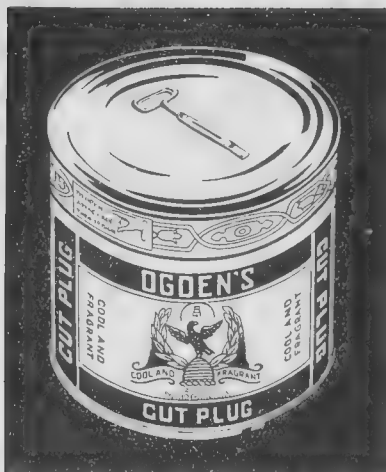
This girl is in a Beauty Contest—just as you are, wherever you go. And if your skin has the lovely, soft, clean look that attracts others, you will win! Today and always!

THE beauty of your skin depends on the soap you use. Calay—the Soap of Beautiful Women—is a pure, creamy-white soap, free from coloring matter, free from the "chalkiness" that dries out the skin. Calay is so delicate, so safe, that 73 leading skin doctors praise it! A brief minute with Calay's luxurious lather and warm water—then a cold rinse—and your skin is radiantly clean, smooth as satin. Today, get a dozen cakes of Calay, take care of your skin with it, and you will find yourself winning so many of life's little Beauty Contests—and big ones, too!

CALAY

Made in Canada

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



This sealed vacuum tin is your assurance of freshness. The fine tobacco flavour is fully protected from the attack of air (oxygen).

What a Smoke in a Pipe!

After the chores are done in the evening -- settle down with your pipe filled with Ogden's cut plug and see how much better, how much sweeter, how much more fragrant that old pipe can taste.

It's a really delightful pipe smoke that thousands now realize makes a pipe into the closest pal they've got. We put the quality in -- you get it out when you fill the bowl and light it up.

Try it!

OGDEN'S CUT PLUG

If you "roll your own," use Ogden's fine cut cigarette tobacco.



"It PAYS to have a Prest-O-Lite"



THE motor car manufacturer, with an investment of millions of dollars, banks his future sales on YOUR ENJOYMENT OF HIS CAR.

With your interest at heart, he puts in the battery which he knows will give you long and care-free service. When you, in turn, are faced with choosing a new battery, do not be misled into buying some other make—choose a Prest-O-Lite and get the battery that the makers of 20 Canadian cars and trucks have selected as original equipment.



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Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery Company Limited

TORONTO - MONTREAL - WINNIPEG - VANCOUVER

IS THE PRESENT SOCIAL ORDER DOOMED?

Continued from page 46

massed production, its mechanized labour, its international relations.

The alternative which at present is attracting the attention of economists is one or other of the forms of socialism which are being presented.

Modern socialism can no longer be brushed aside as the mad dream of wild-eyed revolutionaries. It has won the right to be seriously considered as a constructive solution of a problem which the present so-called capitalistic system has definitely failed to solve and for which capitalism has no practical solution to offer.

The recent *manifesto* of the League for Social Reconstruction is so sane in many of its demands, so constructive in its general program, so trenchant in its criticism of the defects in the existing order that it deserves and will receive serious and careful consideration by that very large body of the people of Canada who are now acutely suffering from the ineptitudes and fumbling stupidities, not to say from the deliberate and calculated selfishness of our present industrial and financial leaders.

It ought to receive the grave and very careful and also the very sympathetic attention of these same industrial and financial leaders. There is no evidence furnished by the history of our industrial and financial institutions that the undoubtedly able and honourable men at their head have ever studied or sought to sympathetically consider any other system than that which they have inherited.

The *manifesto* is frankly and completely socialistic in its initial propositions which advocate:

(1) Public ownership and operation of public utilities connected with transportation, communications and electric power and of such other industries as are approaching monopolistic control.

(2) Nationalization of banks and other financial institutions with a view to the regulation of all credit and investment operations.

The *manifesto* further demands such extensions of nationalization as the following:

"Co-operative agricultural institutions for the production and merchandising of agricultural products." The security of adequate income, right of association, insurance against illness, accident, old age, unemployment and an effective voice in management of industry. The creation of a national planning commission.

Federal Government control and development of industry. The securing of international co-operation in regulation of trade, industry and finance, and the promotion of world peace.

These demands sufficiently indicate its main tendency. Suffice it now to observe that Canada has already gone far in the recognition of these principles in the matter of transportation, communications and electric power, and has made a beginning with the nationalization of banks.

And further, let me say that if the choice before us lies between the continuance of the present order, unmodified in its stark unco-operative individualism and the order outlined in the *manifesto* I am convinced that the people of Canada will not long hesitate to make choice of the latter.

But to my mind there is a further alternative for which I ask careful consideration and which for lack of a

[Continued on page 60]

Wash grease off pans without scouring



Messy kitchen jobs easier with Gillett's Lye...

IT'S amazing! The quick, easy way Gillett's Pure Flake Lye lifts grime right off a greasy pan!

Just pour in a solution of one teaspoonful of Gillett's Lye dissolved in a quart of lukewarm or cold water.* Instantly the grease dissolves... without scouring.

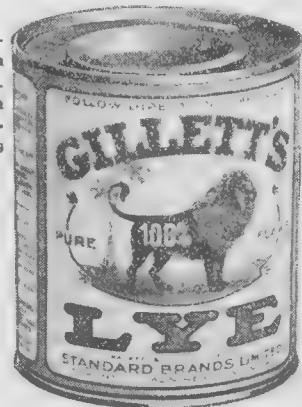
Use Gillett's Pure Flake Lye for all your household cleaning... for cleansing toilet bowls... for clearing clogged drains. Kills germs, too. And banishes odors as it cleans.

Gillett's Pure Flake Lye cannot harm enamel, granite ware or agate ware. Is non-injurious to plumbing.

When you order, be sure to ask for Gillett's Pure Flake Lye.

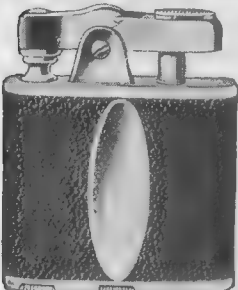
FREE BOOKLET: The Gillett's Lye Booklet shows you many ways to save drudgery by using this powerful cleanser and disinfectant. Write for free copy. Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.

*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.



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Now your Cigarette Case and Cigarette Lighter are ONE in this newest Ronson Lylcase... combines a smart case with the World's Greatest Lighter. For yourself... for Him... for Her. At all smart shops. Write for catalog and name of nearest dealer.

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TRADE MARK DEL FULLY PATENTED. OTHER PATS. PENDING
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THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER.
DOMINION ART METAL WORKS, Ltd., 64 Princess St., Toronto, Ont.



This summer get away from the conventional vacation. See Alaska on Princess Liner from Vancouver. Round trip, meals and berth included—9 days—\$90 up.

Spend a week at Banff—Lake Louise—in the heart of the Rockies

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AUTOMATIC MAGNETIC Safety Razor Sharpener—marvellous new invention—no stropping. Every man wants one. Priced low for quick sales. You sell it on our absolute guarantee of money back if customer not satisfied. Write for details now

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The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Manitoba

SHOOTING AT THE MOON

Continued from page 11

apparent ease. So today man on dry, or semi-dry land. But this is not man's ultimate home," the writer goes on to say. "He is still living in a sea, a sea of impure air, for the atmosphere is a great sea only differing in density from the sea of water. This atmospheric sea is just as full of monsters in the form of disease as were the seas of old, from which early life fled.

So man is only in the middle of his upward journey, and undoubtedly the next step is his emergence from the atmospheric sea at the bottom of which he will always encounter disease and discomfort. Even today it is well known that if the human race could be suddenly transported to a height of about ten thousand feet above the earth's surface, consumption would soon be non-existent, as at that height the ultra-violet ray from the sun would be an infallible cure owing to its great power."

Perhaps after all, man's aspiration to the skies is not the impious challenge to God that the example of Babel has taught us to believe. It may be no more than evolution, and as acceptable to the Creator as the evolution of jellyfish to man, if scientists who hold that theory are to be believed. There are still prehistoric-looking monsters at the bottom of the sea who failed to evolve on land, and molluscs too, as contented in their rut or on their rock as were their forebears a billion years ago. Horrible thought, that the posterity of unenterprising humanity of these centuries may be relegated in time to come by the air-minded, sun-seeking evolutionists or evolutionized sprouting wings, as aquarium specimens at the bottom of the sea of atmosphere.

IN THE scientific research section of the German Reichswehr, experiments are being made with a new possible war-terror, a rocket-torpedo. The Versailles Treaty prohibits Germany having any heavy artillery, military aircraft, or tanks. Ever since then German scientists have been concentrating their minds on new defensive measures that are not touched by that treaty. A torpedo is not "shot" from a gun. Therefore it is not "heavy artillery."

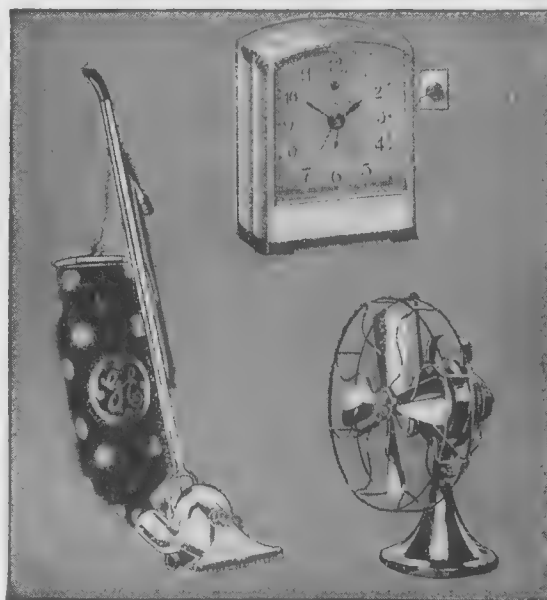
The rocket-torpedo is driven through the air on its own motive-power, which may be liquid oxygen, or a new gas with which experiments are being made. Such a rocket, carrying high explosives, can have a range far beyond the heaviest artillery. In fact, experts claim that, if present experiments succeed, it will be possible to "shoot" rocket-torpedoes from London to Paris, or vice-versa.

Range, within the duration of the motive-power, is determined partly by the angle at which the rocket is set off, based on mathematical calculations similar to heavy artillery fire, and partly by a clock-work contrivance that is set in advance, and controls the time in flight. Little imagination is needed to picture the terror of such rocket-torpedoes loaded with tremendous charges of high explosives, hurtling down from the sky on to large cities and crowded centres.

It seems just possible, therefore, that the molluscs and minnows of the atmosphere ocean may be destined as the only survivors of our civilization, cunningly crawling out, and foolishly aspiring up in their doomed turn, when the science that is raising us irrevocably levels again.



Modernize and Economize...

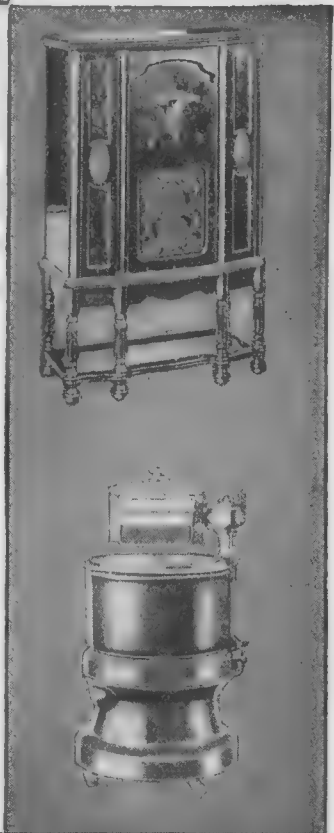
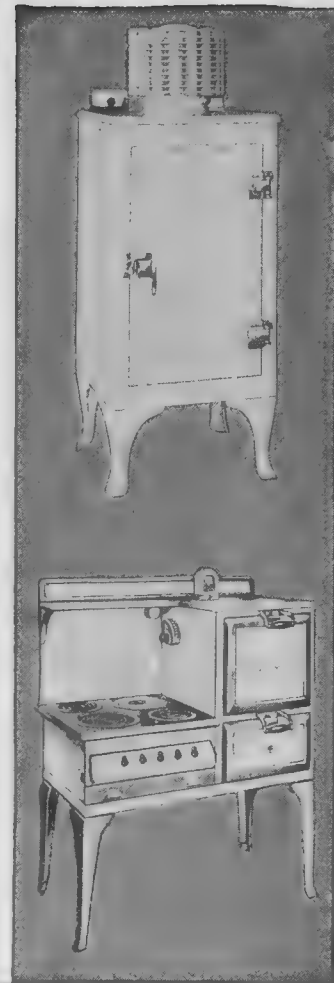


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Everything needed for the complete electrification of your home is made in Canada by "Canadian General Electric". Look for this name. It is your assurance of dependable, economical service.

Modern homes are judged by their electrical equipment. The G-E Refrigerator, the G-E Hotpoint Range, the G-E Cleaner, the G-E Full Range Radio and other General Electric Appliances have become the accepted standards of quality.

Start today to enjoy the convenience of General Electric Servants. They not only save you money but save you many precious hours a week. Visit the nearest General Electric Dealer. He will be pleased to demonstrate any of them and explain how they may be purchased conveniently on the G-E Budget Plan.



EM-425

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LIMITED



Beginning the Day Well

By GERTRUDE DUTTON

IF ONE stands at a busy street corner at any time between six and eight o'clock, on a work-day morning, he is struck by the number of people who are carrying lunch boxes, or little packages of sandwiches. This makes it much more important that a satisfactory breakfast should be eaten. A hurried cup of coffee and a few bites of toast are not enough on which to accomplish a good morning's work, especially if the noon meal is a light, cold lunch. As the hot weather approaches, and appetites grow languid, a nourishing breakfast makes it possible to eat lighter meals later in the day.

A substantial breakfast need not mean a great deal of work. The manufacturers of today offer us such a variety of foods needing but a minimum of preparation, that but little time is required. In many homes today, with our electrical appliances, it is possible, and often desirable to serve breakfast in relays, to the various members of the family, who go to work or school at different hours. This makes the menu adaptable to the varying needs of the individuals, without extra work.

It is desirable to commence the meal with fruit in some form. A glass of orange juice to which the juice of half a lemon has been added; oranges, sliced, halved or divided into sections, the sections arranged in a wheel around a tiny mound of sugar in the center of the plate; grapefruit, fresh or canned; any fresh fruit or berries in season, raw or stewed or canned; dried fruits, stewed; tomato juice has become very popular as a morning "bracer." It comes now in bottles, ready to open, after standing for a few hours in the ice box to become chilled.

Cereal, either cooked, or one of the ready-to-eat varieties, with milk or thin cream and little, if any, sugar, should be part of every breakfast. This may occasionally be combined with the fruit course, by adding fresh or stewed fruit to the cereal.

There will be some form of bread. We use toast more frequently than any other kind in this country, as it is more quickly prepared, especially with an electric toaster on the table. Occasionally we take the time to make hot biscuits or muffins, pancakes or waffles, but these are not so good for children as the toast or plain bread and butter, which may be white or brown, with raisin bread for variety. Jam or marmalade, honey or jelly may be served with the bread.

For active people, who require a more substantial meal, eggs in many ways, take but a few minutes to cook. Bacon, thin slices of ham, tiny crisp sausages, or fish, offer variety.

Then there will be something to drink. For the children, it may be either milk or cocoa. If a jar of cocoa syrup, made by boiling the cocoa with sugar and water, is kept in the ice box, a cup of it may be made at any time by the addition of cream and hot water, or hot milk. Most adults will prefer tea or coffee. To have good coffee, it is no longer necessary to grind each day's supply to have it fresh and delicious, as it comes packed in vacuum-sealed cans, or even more time may be saved, by adding boiling water to coffee essence placed in the cups.

The cereal foods do not occupy as important a place in the modern menus as they deserve. They are our cheapest foods, and are very rich in several of the most important food elements, especially starch, for heat and energy, in protein as a body builder, and in the more important minerals, such as lime, magnesium, potassium, phosphorus, sulphur, chlorine, iron, sodium. So many varieties are to be found on the market, that there is no need for any person growing tired of any special kind of "porridge." We have them flaked, and puffed, made into biscuits, crushed or ground into a meal. Wheat, oats, rye, rice, barley, corn, offer much variety in flavors. We may have the cereals from packages, all ready to eat, or may choose one to be cooked. Long slow cooking in a double boiler or fireless cooker produces a delicious flavor to be obtained in no other way. The right amount of water and plenty of salt should be used, for the best results, and no unnecessary stirring, if the cereal is of a flaked variety. On the packaged goods, the amount of cereal required for a definite amount of water is given. This may be varied a little if the family prefers the finished result either a little stiffer, or thinner. Measure the water into the inner part of the double boiler or fireless cooker inset, add the salt, and let the water come to a

rapid boil. Pour the cereal in slowly enough that boiling will not stop, in order to prevent lumps. A fine granulated cereal may be mixed to a paste with a little cold water, then added to the boiling water, if this method is preferred. Put the boiling

mixture in the outside container of boiling water, or in the fireless cooker, and let it steam, without stirring, if possible, for the required length of time. The longer the cooking continues, the more delicious will be the flavor. If kept closely covered, it will not be necessary to add more water. The cover will prevent a hard skin forming on top. We doubt if the flavor of rolled oats, cooked slowly all night, in the double boiler, and served hot with rich creamy milk, can be surpassed. It is much better to eat cereals without sugar, if one can. Some people prefer brown sugar to granulated. It is not desirable to eat butter and sugar, or syrup, in place of milk or thin cream, especially for children. One of the advantages of a generous use of cereals is that it gives the opportunity of adding more milk to the diet. Some of the dry cereals may be used as a hot dish by serving with them very hot milk, with a little salt added. An old favorite, not known by many people of today, is cooked whole wheat, soaked overnight, then cooked slowly till tender. Or it may be ground, with none of the bran, etc. removed, known and enjoyed as "cracked wheat."

Variety may be obtained by combining two cereals occasionally, or by adding bran flakes to either cooked or ready-to-eat cereals. Dates and raisins added just before a cereal is ready to be removed from the fire, are usually well liked, and every one enjoys fresh fruits, such as sliced peaches, sliced bananas, fresh berries, added to either cooked or prepared cereals. Many mothers find it an excellent plan, especially in hot weather, to give the small children a cooked porridge for breakfast, and one of the ready-prepared cereals for supper, because, although we give these little people cereals for both breakfast and supper right through their third year, it is not always convenient to cook it for them alone, for the evening meal.

Such cereals as barley and hominy, which require a very long cooking, may be soaked overnight, which will shorten the cooking time considerably.

The average family buys cereals in packages rather than in bulk.

[Continued on page 58]

THREE CHOCOLATE ENCHANTMENTS

*That turn guests... and husbands
into flatterers!*

WHAT gives a husband so much pleasure, what fills him with so much pride as having his good judgment confirmed? The three chocolate marvels shown on this page are just the kind that make your guests say to him "You certainly picked a clever wife for yourself!"

To serve your guests something made with *chocolate* is the surest way to win the compliment that pleases him so much, because chocolate is an amazingly popular flavour.

For a dessert that is rich-flavoured, satisfying and dainty, the DUCHESS CHOCOLATE PUDDING is hard to equal. Even your most proper guest will not refuse a second helping.

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE! Most likely you already have a recipe for that good old favourite. But try the recipe for the tender, chocolate-rich cake shown on this page, and see if *this* isn't your favourite recipe from now on!

CHOCOLATE DROP CAKES are nubbly little bits of goodness, splendid for serving with ice cream, fruit compote or for nibbling at the bridge table. No matter how rushed you are, there's always time to make them.

Recipes for these, and for more than a hundred and thirty other chocolate marvels are to be found in the new cook-book—"Baker's Best Chocolate and Cocoa Recipes." Use the coupon—get your FREE copy!

For Perfect Results There's No Substitute for Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate

Probably, like most good housewives, you have a cake of Baker's Chocolate on your pantry shelf, because Baker's Chocolate has been a household stand-by for 151 years. If so, you can be sure your chocolate dishes will be second to none for depth and richness of flavour.

For all these years, Walter Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate has been the finest to be bought, mellow and creamy smooth. It is made of the world's choicest cocoa beans, sorted, selected, roasted and blended with the skill of generations. Its goodness has set a standard unequalled today. Ask for Baker's Premium No. 1 Chocolate.



CHOCOLATE DROP CAKES

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| 1½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour | 2 eggs, well beaten |
| 1½ teaspoons baking powder | 3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted |
| ½ teaspoon salt | ¼ cup nut meats, coarsely broken |
| ½ cup butter or other shortening | ¼ cup raisins |
| 1 cup sugar | ½ cup milk |
| | ½ teaspoon vanilla |

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, chocolate, nuts, and raisins, and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Drop by teaspoons into small, greased cup-cake pans. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 10 minutes, or until done. Makes 3½ dozen cakes.

All measurements are level!

"Baker's Best Chocolate and Cocoa Recipes"
New Cook-Book—FREE

Get your copy of this thrilling new cook-book, with its 137 recipes for chocolate and cocoa treats—cakes, puddings, candies, cookies, ice creams, frostings, fillings, sauces, homemade soda fountain beverages, steaming hot cups. If you had an inkling how good they all are you could hardly wait for this beautifully illustrated book. It's FREE—send off the coupon without a moment's delay.

Duchess Chocolate Pudding. See page 44, "Baker's Best Chocolate and Cocoa Recipes."



Devil's Food Cake. See page 17 "Baker's Best Chocolate and Cocoa Recipes."



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Cream of Wheat Toast	Ham Omelet	Dates Jam
Toast	Stewed Apricots Bran Flakes Scrambled Eggs	Jam
Puffed Wheat with Sliced Bananas Rice Griddle Cakes Toast		Syrup
	Baked Rhubarb Corn Meal Bacon, Broiled Toasted Brown Bread	
	Tomato Juice Bran Flakes Scrambled Eggs on Toast	
Toast	Oatmeal with Raisins Bacon and Eggs	Marmalade
Corn Flakes with Stewed Prunes Rolls		Omelet
	Marmalade	
	Canned Fruit Cooked Cereal	Jam
Bran Muffins	Coddled Eggs	
	Oatmeal with Dates	Jelly
Bacon Muffins		
Uncooked Cereal Fish Cakes		Berries Toast
	Marmalade	
	Bran Flakes Minced Meat on Toast Canned Fruit	
	Stewed Prunes	Milk
Corn Flakes Toast	Poached Eggs on Toast	Jelly
	Sliced Oranges Puffed Wheat	Honey
Muffins		
	Sliced Bananas in Orange Juice Cracked Wheat Broiled Ham	Jelly
Re-heated Rolls		
	Rolled Oats Crisp Little Sausages Canned Fruit	Toast
	Grapefruit Puffed Rice	Syrup or Jam
French Toast		
	Stewed Figs Oatmeal	
	Creamed Finnan Haddie on Toast	
	Stewed Rhubarb Shredded Wheat Biscuit	Honey
Corn Bread		
	Canned Pineapple Cream of Wheat with Bran	Bacon
Muffins		
	Rice Cereal with Bananas Scrambled Egg and Potato	Jam
Toast		

[Continued on page 59]



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AFTER a busy day of playing and school, Mother, you could not give the children a better supper dish than Kellogg's Corn Flakes and milk. It's so much better than heavy foods. So easy to digest, it encourages sleep.

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Kellogg's Corn Flakes are sold by all grocers in the red-and-green package, with the WAXTITE inside Bag that keeps them oven-fresh. Quality guaranteed.

Write the Home Economics Department of Kellogg Company, of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario, and we will be glad to send free literature and advice on child feeding and diet. Your own physician should be consulted in the event of ill-health and sickness—ours is in no sense a medical service.



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Creamed Fish
Boiled Eggs
Fish or Meat Hash
Minced Meat on Toast
Waffles with Sausage or Syrup
Potato Cakes
Eggs with Cheese

TASTY CEREAL RECIPES

OATMEAL MUFFINS

Rolled oats, 1 c. Milk, scalded, 1 c.
Flour, 1 c. Salt, 1/2 t.
Baking powder, 4 t. Egg, 1
Sugar, 3 tb. or more Melted butter, 1-2 tb.

Pour the hot milk on the rolled
oats and let stand till cool, add the
sifted flour, baking powder, sugar and
salt, the beaten egg and melted fat,
beat well, pour into greased muffin
tins and bake in a hot oven, 25 to 30
minutes. For a richer muffin, use a
little more sugar than 3 tb. and 2 tb.
butter in place of 1.

CORN MEAL RAISIN MUFFINS

Corn meal, 1 c. Flour, 1 c.
Milk, scalded, 1 1/2 c. Sugar, 2 tb.
Raisins, 1/2 c. Baking powder, 4 t.
Egg, 1 Salt, 1 t.
Melted butter, 2 tb.

Pour the hot milk on the corn meal,
and let stand till cool. Add the sifted
dry ingredients, the beaten egg, the
melted butter, beat well and bake in
a hot oven.

FRUITED BRAN MUFFINS

Flour, 1 1/2 c. Bran, 1 1/2 c.
Baking powder, 4 t. Milk, 1 c.
Sugar, 1/2 c. Egg, 1
Salt, 1/2 t. Melted butter, 3-4 tb.
Raisins, dates, or stewed drained prunes,
cut in pieces, 1/2 c.

Dredge the fruit with a little of the
flour, sift the remainder with the
baking powder, sugar and salt, mix
with the bran, add the beaten egg,
milk, fruit, and melted butter, beat
well, and bake in buttered muffin tins.
Most brands of bran, have good
recipes for muffins on the packages.
Muffins are baked at a temperature
of about 450° F.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING

Scalded milk, 5 c. Molasses, 1/2 c.
Yellow corn meal, 1/3 c. Ginger, ground, 1 t.
Salt, 1 t.

Pour the hot milk slowly on the
Indian meal, and cook in the double
boiler for 20 minutes. Add the
molasses, ginger (which may be omit-
ted if one likes), salt, and pour into a
buttered baking dish, and bake in a
moderate oven, 320° to 350° F., till
firm, which will take from 2 to 3
hours. Serve warm with cream.





Tea 'fresh from the Gardens'

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"On Monday afternoon of last
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The sad case of Mrs. Brown may pass
unnoticed in homes where housework is
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of sympathy. Every woman still carrying
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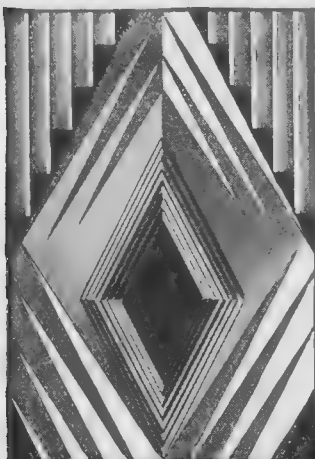
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● **DURING THE DAY** whenever your skin needs freshening, cleanse it quickly with the new Perfect Cleansing Cream (liquefying). Melts instantly upon application, its fine oils cleanse in half the usual time.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



CORN BREAD

Corn meal, 1 c. Salt, ½ t.
Flour, 1 c. Milk, 1 c.
Baking powder, 4 t. Eggs, 2
Sugar, 4-6 tb. Butter, 4 tb.

Sift the dry ingredients, add the milk, well-beaten eggs, and melted butter, beat, and bake in a shallow buttered pan in a hot oven, 420° F.

RICE PANCAKES

Boiled rice, 1 c. Beaten eggs, 2
Milk, 1 c. Melted butter, 1 tb.
Salt, ½ t. Baking powder, 1 t.
Flour

Add the salt and milk to the rice, then the beaten eggs, and the baking powder sifted with a little flour. Add enough flour to make of the right consistency to cook on a hot greased griddle or frying pan. About three-quarters or seven-eighths cup of flour will be required.

PEANUT SCRAPPLE

Make rather stiff corn-meal mush, and stir in crushed or chopped peanuts. Mold in a bread pan for several hours; before serving, cut in slices about ½ inch thick, dip in flour if necessary to prevent falling to pieces, and brown on both sides in fat in the frying pan. Serve with syrup.

CORN-FLAKE MACAROONS

Stiffly-beaten eggwhites, 2 Cornflakes, 2 c.
Sugar, 1 c. Vanilla, 1 t.
Shredded coconut, 1 c.

Beat the eggwhites till they will stand up in peaks, add ½ t. salt and fold in the sugar, then the other ingredients. Drop by spoonfuls on white paper on a pan, and cook till a light brown in a very slow oven. Delicious for afternoon tea or with ice cream.

A SUNDAY FOR THE CHILDREN

Sprinkle each serving of ice cream with grape-nuts or with puffed rice or puffed wheat.

IS THE PRESENT SOCIAL ORDER DOOMED?

Continued from page 54

better name I venture to describe as the *socialized co-operative administration of industry, exchange and finance*.

This system avoids the evils which seem to be inevitable in any system of complete government control. It will tend to make the administration of industry, exchange and finance at once co-operative and autonomous with the government standing by and seeing fair play, giving aid, counsel and direction through appropriate boards. This system will eliminate the present vicious elements of private exploitation of national resources for the advantage of the few, the individualistic objective in industry, the unscrupulous manipulation of massed money for the advantage of millionaires over the millions, and all the cognate evils which inevitably and with recurrent regularity flow from our present system.

In my next and concluding paper I shall discuss more fully these two systems of socialization and shall venture to approach, with due reverence let me hasten to say, the sacred enclosure now occupied by our great financial institutions, the banks, the loan companies, the life insurance corporations. In this adventure may I humbly solicit the prayers of the faithful; doubtless I shall need them.

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NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

THE INVADERS

Continued from page 16

sauntered out to attend his furnace, not a rat was to be seen. He threw the rays of his lantern here and there, but the sawbench was deserted. About the doors of the stable not a single whiskered rodent was on show. Apparently the whole invading army had marched into the shadows of the primeval forest, which pressed in closely about the lumber camp—mile upon mile of wonderful forest stretching in broken chaos along the ranges. So the boilerman leisurely stoked his furnace, leisurely knocked out his pipe, and turned back towards the row of lighted cabins in the midst of Nature's silent city; but as he went, his feet falling lightly upon the path-way of bark and sawdust, he heard a sighing of wings overhead. He looked up, holding his lantern aloft, and presently a great grey shape came winnowing over his head, turned in the air, and he stepped back with an oath as the lantern was almost dashed from his grasp. Something fell heavily at his feet, and looking down he saw a young owl—a long-eared owl. It lay back downwards, evidently partly stunned by the impact, its wickedly clawed feet upraised ready to fight, and the boilerman instinctively placed his free hand behind him. How alert and ready the creature looked!—a veritable cat of the night, and now he noticed, lying beside it, a young rat, dead, which had evidently fallen with the bird. But next moment the owl was up and away, its powerful wings scurrying a blast of dust into the boilerman's face.

Jim knocked at the foreman's door, and the latter came out in his socks to hear the story.

"I tell ye," Jim announced. "You needn't trouble about ferrets and terriers now. The owls have found them, and they are the best ratters on earth."

But again the foreman said "Phew! Owls or no owls, poison's the stuff to give 'em. Nothin' but poison's only good in a place like this."

Subsequently they learnt that only on certain nights did the owls come, and then they came in scores. On these nights not a rat was to be seen about the clearing, though they were everywhere under the floors, but the following night possibly the rodents were whisking everywhere in the light of the boilerman's lantern—swarming over the sawbench, toasting their toes about the boiler furnace, so that Jim had literally to shovel them out of his way. Meantime not a nosebag was left whole, not a cupboard in the cabins to which the rats had not free access, while the head forester declared that they were consuming the food of a good team of horses.

One night when Jim went his round he heard a great squealing and shuffling about the sawshed. Rats seemed to be running everywhere, and something shot across the triangle of light so rapid in its movements that it could hardly be a rat. Also as it shot, Jim heard a clucking hiss which, if a rat sound, was new to him. From one unusual sign and another, he concluded that there was warfare of some kind in the whiskered colony tonight, but the exact nature of the drama he could not make out.

Next morning the foreman, coming down from his cabin, found a dead weasel lying in the centre of the path-way. The weasel was not a pleasant spectacle, for it was plastered with blood from the tip of its murderous little nose to the tip of its tail. More-over there were indications that the blood was not all its own, though it had been bitten all over, and was a

[Continued on page 68]

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Word-Building Competition

Owing to the large number of entries received, and the consequent amount of checking involved, it will be some weeks before results can be announced.

Everything will be done to speed up the work, without sacrificing accuracy, and we are hoping to be able to announce the winners in the June issue.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Manitoba.



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NATIONAL EMBROIDERY

Continued from page 18

up amongst the weathered grass. The line at sunrise and sunset glows ruby red. The prairie Spring is red—unrealized till the robin's assured song is heard in the poplar tree. Even his song seems to be red—so cheerful and so brave it is, loudly proclaiming that "the winter is over and gone, and the time of the singing of birds has come."

It is this clear definite coloring which fills the children of the plain with optimism. Who can be cast down with this color all about him, and its harbinger building confidently and impudently on almost every verandah which offers a shelf to him?

The robin is our Springtime. The bringer of warm sun and soft air. Somehow he means kindness.

Do we see him embroidered on some piece of cloth which has been dipped in shades of gold (for sky) and green (for prairie) and brown (for fallow)—occupying some simple corner? He is the prairie Spring. He means that prairie folk love kindness. His presence there says: "Be kind."

SUMMER—THE MEADOWLARK

THE days wax. The sun pours hotly down on many shadeless spaces. We pant in the heat. Out of the suncharged air there pours a clear, limpid, full-throated song. It is the meadow lark. His yellow breast is ablaze like a tiny sun, as he warbles his song in the naked air—from fence posts, from telegraph poles, from every shadeless jutting.

No tree for his majesty of the prairie summer! Fearlessly, honestly, without excuse, out in the great, wide open he truthfully proclaims that summer is the time of sun, of heat, of growth, of flame. And in the life and promise, and enthusiasm of it all, his merry, full-noted song pours forth by the roadside, in the fields, in the air, from early morning to fading twilight.

O happy land to have a bird so symbolic of honesty!

AUTUMN—THE CEDAR WAXWING

"Dark and true and tender is the North,
And bright and fierce and fickle is the South."

FOR a brief spell the North is crowned with lavish coloring. But for the greater part, our shades are soft and a little sad. Where can we find, amongst our sombre northland songsters, one which can depict this season? For our Autumn is regal-crowned for a brief space with yellowest gold throughout our whole landscape.

But we have one, who has nested late in the season in part of our northerly country, and he is our own: "the Canada Robin."

Amongst the birds he is an aristocrat, so apart and so royal he is. His plumage is quiet—grayish brown and plum colored. His crown is darkest slate, and shaped like no other bird's. His grooming is superb, and he never moults. He scarcely needs the scarlet tips of his wings and the golden tail band to accent his quiet elegance. But the tasteful art of his feathering leaves one quiet.

His house is very large for a bird his size, and though he lives a strictly community life for most of the year, at mating time he retires to a roomy, well-built nest, and he and his mate are the most affectionate of love birds.

But when the nesting season is over the companion instinct asserts itself. They gather in droves and briefly occupy the berried trees at the crowning of the year. [Cont'd. on page 63]

HE VOWED HE'D BE
A BACHELOR, BUT

Her Eyes Captured Him!

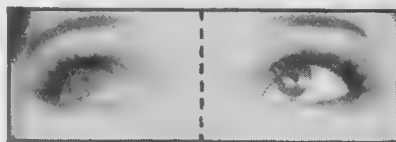


You, too, can quickly attain
captivatingly clear, bright
eyes this safe, easy way

Many a romance has had its start in a pair of clear, sparkling eyes. Yet most women neglect their eyes shamefully! If given daily attention like the skin, teeth and hair, they will soon attain a clearness and brilliance that will amaze you.

To keep your eyes clear, bright and full of life, nothing equals time-tried *Murine*. It dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that makes eyes look dull, and by its gentle astringent action reduces bloodshot veins. This soothing, cooling, harmless lotion should be applied each night and morning... regularly!

Unlike mere eye washes, *Murine* requires no insanitary eye cup. It is hygienically and conveniently applied with its combination eye dropper and bottle stopper. 150 applications cost but 60¢ at drug and department stores. Ask for a bottle today! For free Eye Beauty and Eye Care booklets, write *Murine* Co., Dept. A, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago.



MAKE THIS TEST! Drop *Murine* in one eye only . . . then note how very much brighter, clearer and larger it looks!

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



How She Keeps Her Weight Down

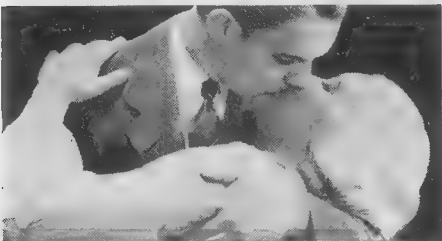
"I do secretarial work, and therefore lead a more or less sedentary life," writes Miss L. M. A. "I find a small dose of Kruschen Salts every morning keeps me perfectly fit and in good condition. My normal weight is 116 lbs., and having taken Kruschen Salts regularly for three years, I never put on surplus weight."

You cannot put on superfluous flesh when you are as healthy and active as you must be if you take Kruschen Salts. Activity is the enemy of fat.

When you take vitalizing Kruschen Salts for a few days that old indolent arm-chair feeling deserts you—it doesn't matter how fat you are—the urge for activity has got you—and you're "stepping lively."

And best of all you like this activity—you walk a couple of miles and enjoy it—you thought you'd never dance again, but you find you're getting as spry as ever—the old tingling, active feeling reaches even your feet.

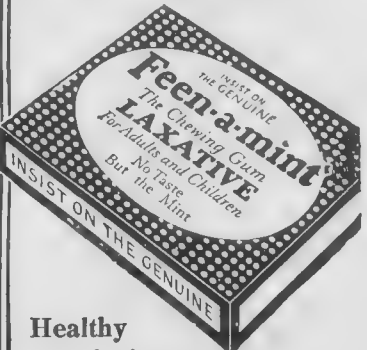
One bottle is enough to prove to you that Kruschen will make you feel younger—spryer—more energetic—you'll enjoy life—every minute of it.



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Feen-a-mint

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At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of 35c. Address: J. E. Walt Company, Ltd., Montreal.

NATIONAL EMBROIDERY

Continued from page 62

There is no bird like him. He has no song. He arrives in quiet elegance. There is no mistaking his presence: it is like some spirit, and we humans feel a little awed. His manners make one humble, and his superiority is baffling. Amongst the branches are scores of this mysterious bird which never seems to alight, or move, without first glancing to see that his neighbor is neither jostled, nor inconvenienced. He eats the berries quickly. But he is never greedy. Indeed, if one gets a large worm, he has been seen to pass it all along, so that every bird in the flock has a piece. There is no other bird which has so truly "a presence" as the Canada Robin. A proud thing, a lovely thing, a true aristocrat; for do we not know that all manners and superiority spring from unselfish thoughtfulness for others?

And when the trees are crowned, he comes, like some strange spirit which spells that essential virtue: justice.

WINTER—THE CHICKADEE

EVEN before the last leaves fall from the gold-clad trees he is with us, busily climbing along branches, hopefully chattering from tallest trees, his black cap shining, his slate-green feathers blending with the bark, and when the first snow falls his tender tinted yellow breast pressed against the kitchen window-pane.

All through the winter he flutters close beside us. But before a storm his cry drops out of the dark to give us warning. Such a tiny thing to be tossed before a blizzard. Such a brave little creature that comes "like a Christian soul" to bring us warning. So surely as the days wane he arrives. He stays. He never fails to warn of winter storms, and in the bitterest of winters, somehow, he survives. His faithfulness has something of divinity.

Brave little winter sprite, with a message so comforting and so deep!

There are many other birds which we love, and which mean other virtues to us. But these are the embodiment of our seasons. No thrilling coloring! No exotic shapes! No extraordinary singing! In every case the brown of earth shines from their backs—as befits an agricultural country. The glow of sky is in their breasts—as behooves a people who are in the national making. Their coloring is soft, calm, still and steady—its beauty unrecognized till studied closely.

What strength!

THE WILD GOOSE

THERE is one bird on which no Canadian can look without emotion—the Canada Goose. Why should that bird, of all others, seem to belong so completely to us? Why should we build sanctuaries for him, and harbor him proudly, with his mate, in all our parks and zoos? Why do we gaze so pensively at his feathering when we see him captive, or resting in some refuge? What lifts our souls as we watch his wedge-shaped migrations in the Fall?

He is our Canadian love. All the colors of the Phoenix meet in the sheen of his dark feathers, and all the hope of the Albatross is embodied in his matchless flight.

We see him high above the marshes where the catkins grow. We watch him flying to icy lands where we may not follow. We hear him honking in the night, up amongst the stars, as he pilgrims over cities, and mountains,

[Continued on page 64]

ONE . . . cleansing TWO . . . toning THREE . . . soothing

THE ELIZABETH ARDEN WAY TO LOVELINESS

Elizabeth Arden's formula for the acquisition of beauty is as simple...and logical...as One...Two...Three. *Cleansing*, in the Arden manner, removes the grime that is one of the chief causes of coarseness. *Toning* brings about the activity of circulation that skin health requires. *Soothing* smooths away the wrinkles, softens the texture and refines the pores. The faithful observance of these three steps will result in skin loveliness.

ONE...Cleansing: Elizabeth Arden's Cleansing Cream gently softens and clears the skin as it cleanses. This superb preparation penetrates every pore, ridding it of all accumulated dirt and dust. Night and morning, you should follow this program of cleansing: With a towel or band, secure the hair firmly away from the face. Squeeze a piece of absorbent cotton out of cold water. Moisten with Skin Tonic and dip in Cleansing Cream. Cleanse the face and neck, using upward movements.

TWO...Toning: Next your skin needs setting-up exercises. Dip your Elizabeth Arden Patter or a pad of cotton into cold water, then into Skin Tonic or Astringent. With rhythmic movements pat, pat, pat, until your face tingles with health. There is nothing so refreshing as a drenching of pungent Skin Tonic or Astringent.

THREE...Soothing: Now that your skin is in a receptive mood, apply nourishing cream to soothe it and rout lines of age or fatigue. For a skin that requires a rich diet, Miss Arden advocates Orange Skin Food. For a skin that needs to be soothed but not fattened, she recommends Velva Cream. For the average skin it is wise to apply Orange Skin Food at night and Velva Cream in the morning.

This One-Two-Three formula which Miss Arden has developed is an essential twice-a-day routine that should become as habitual as brushing your teeth. Try it...and you will understand why!

THE PREPARATIONS REQUIRED FOR THESE THREE STEPS ARE:

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM...Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC...Tones, firms and whitens the skin and keeps the tissues healthy. 85c, \$2, \$3.75, \$9.

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VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT...Tightens the skin. Prevents flabbiness and sagging. Indispensable to aging faces. \$2.25, \$4, \$10.

ARDENA VELVA CREAM...Keeps the skin smooth and fine without fattening it. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

ORANGE SKIN FOOD...In delicate form it brings to the skin just those nutritive elements which are needed to acquire that desirable well-cared-for look. \$1, \$1.75, \$2.75, \$4.25, \$8.

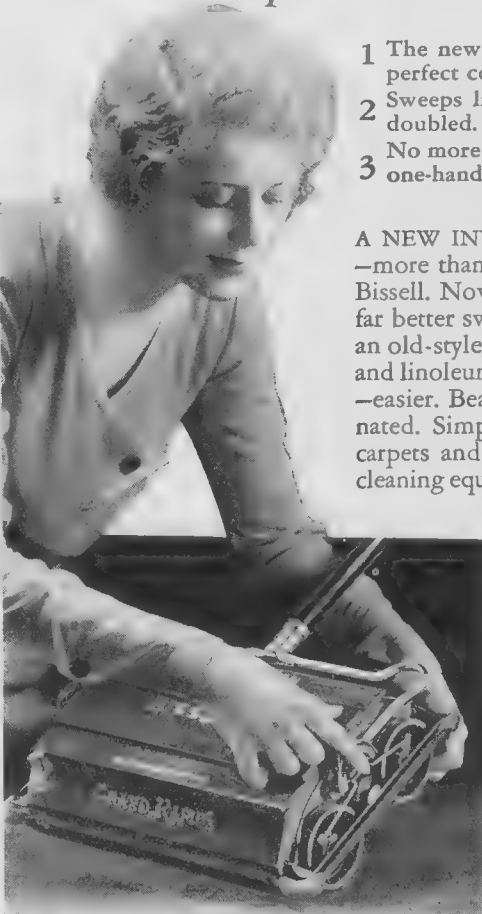
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Enjoy these 3 helps that only a new, improved Bissell brings



- 1 The new Bissell gets more dirt! Brush forms perfect contact with any surface.
- 2 Sweeps linoleums as well as rugs. Usefulness doubled.
- 3 No more hard bearing down on handle. Easy, one-hand movement.

A NEW INVENTION—"Hi-Lo" Brush Control—more than doubles the usefulness of the new Bissell. Now, in 25% less time, you can do a far better sweeping job than you ever did with an old-style sweeper. You can sweep bare floors and linoleums as well as all sorts of rug surfaces—easier. Bearing down on the handle is eliminated. Simply guide this modern Bissell over carpets and rugs. « « « No matter what other cleaning equipment you own, you need a Bissell, too. The great hotels, where room-cleaning is a science, follow this rule: "Bissell the carpets daily; vacuum at frequent intervals." Good advice for the home. « « « A modern "Hi-Lo" (ball-bearing) Bissell Sweeper can be had for as low as \$5.75 (only 25c more in West.) See all models at your dealers. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co. of Canada, Limited. Factory: Niagara Falls, Ontario.

The New **BISSELL** SWEEPER With "Hi-Lo" Brush Control

MUSCULAR PAIN!

STOP IT QUICK . . . BEFORE IT
KEEPS YOU AWAY FROM WORK



IN times like these, when everyone must make the most of every day, what man or woman can wisely stay at home to nurse muscles that ache and pain?

At the first sign of soreness, what you want is relief, and mighty quick! You want the benefits of the finest preparation that ever soothed an ailing muscle. That's why you want Absorbine Jr., because the very minute you rub it on you can tell by that glowing warmth that it is getting results. And as you continue to massage, the muscles lose their tautness, and as they relax, the throbbing pain disappears.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe "rubefacient." Doctors will tell you that it helps to stir up sluggish circulation

and thereby relieves the sore congestion in muscles. Since Absorbine Jr. will not blister, it can be used with massage and so brings double-acting relief from muscular aches and pains.

For 40 years, Absorbine Jr. has been a favorite among coaches, trainers and athletes. It's the wisest precaution against bruises, strains, sprains—against all kinds of muscular ailments. When used full strength, it is an excellent antiseptic. Price, \$1.25. For free sample write

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Some of you have problems that are difficult to decide. Let us help you. The writer of the Young Man and his Problem in the Western Home Monthly has assisted many a one in some momentous decision and he will be pleased to do the same for you if you care to write him.

Address your enquiries to H. J.
Russell, Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada



NATIONAL EMBROIDERY

Continued from page 63

and plain. We know him, in his trusting thousands in the sanctuary pastures of the country which loves him so well.

We have extolled him in poetry, and cultivated him in refuges. We have glorified him in painting, in lithograph and in glass. But so far, we have neglected him in our embroideries and in our lace—the greatly beloved bird which symbolizes Righteousness for us.

And he is a lovely motif. He lends himself to numberless designs. If anything should appear in all our households as part of us, it is the lofty Canada goose, for somehow he seems to embody the national soul for which we strive:—

A fair thing which trains our eyes to look to the heavens, and our ears to listen for his unfaltering call. His steadfast flights are like the promise of the rainbow—winter and summer, seedtime and harvest shall never fail. His presence brings out all those highest emotions—kindness, justice, faithfulness, honesty and uprightness, in our natures.

Our Phoenix!

The Chinese have a beautiful custom of embroidered mottoes over doorways. And nearly every country embroiders towels with a hospitable message for the guest.

Does he appear on our towels? On our linens? Over our doorways in a borrowed custom? The message—what does it say?

"Idealism may rise, and topple, and fall, but kindness, justice, faithfulness, uprightness, and honesty are eternally resurrected."

All on a Rainy Day

By MARIE ZIBETH COLMAN

*Under the sky so palely grey
Tulips, a bannered army gay,
And daffodils in bright array,
Nod cheerily.*

*Blossoms for the honey-hungry bees
Are brimming over on the breeze,
Buds big with leaves on the maple trees
Hold life in fee.*

*And there, among the tender green
New grass, what is that golden sheen?
A dandelion gay, I ween
Laughing at me!*

*An emerald veil, frail as a dream,
Enwraps the birch; a jewel stream
Of rain-drops decks with opal sheen
The willow tree.*

*Have angels flung these fragrant showers
From Heaven, like dewey-petaled flowers
That in these perfumed morning hours
Fall mistily?*

Blind

By THOMAS SAUNDERS

*He walked with wide, unseeing eyes,
Yet his was confidence complete;
Nor was it by some vague surmise
He placed his feet.*

*Each day, commingling with the throng,
He went his way with aspect mild,
Upon his lips a wisp of song;
And, when he smiled . . .*

*The people loved him when he smiled:
He cheered their hearts when skies loomed
grey;
Yet he had but a little child
For eyes; while they—*

*They felt for him that he should not
Behold the good he bade arise;
They pined him his weary lot,
His sightless eyes . . .*

*And yet—his smile was in his eyes:
Those dear, blue eyes that told his glee,
That registered his pained surprise,
But could not see.*

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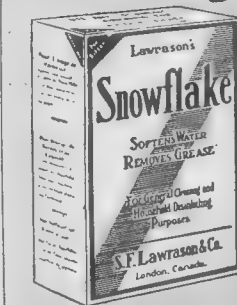
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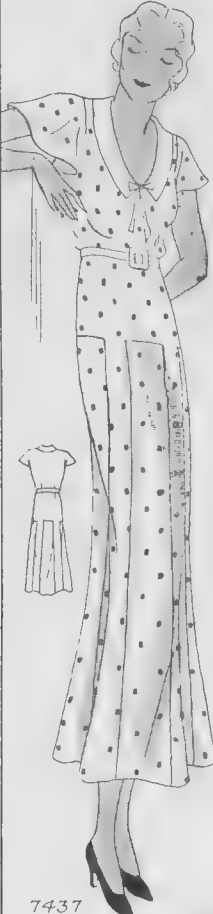
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7449 Designed in Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 3 requires 1 3/4 yard of 29-inch material. Price 15c.



7450—Designed in Sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 3/4 yards of 27-inch material if Dress is made with short sleeves. With long sleeves 3 yards. If made as illustrated in the large view, it requires 2 3/4 yards of one material, for dress and pantie portions, and 3/4 yard for the waist portions. Price 15c.



7437—Designed in Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 1 1/2 yards of 32-inch material. Collar in contrasting material requires 3/8 yard. A tie of ribbon requires 3/4 yard. Price 15c.



7439—Dotted Swiss, with binding of organdy, is here pictured. This little model is also attractive in linen, sateen, cotton prints and organdy. The tucks are decorative, and also hold the apron to the figure. A yoke band holds the apron on the shoulders. Serviceable pockets are stitched to the front. The tie ends may be omitted, and the apron fastened with buttons and buttonholes.
Designed in One Size: Medium which will require 1 3/4 yard of 32-inch material, and 6 yards of bias binding to finish as illustrated.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c, in silver or stamps.



7438—Designed in Sizes: Small 34-36; Medium 38-40; Large 42-44; Extra Large 46-48 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 3 3/4 yards of 35-inch material. Price 15c.

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Very juvenile dress in fine woollen trimmed with black tie and black suede belt. Dress in pale jersey with large lapels, in the corner of the left one is a monogram hand drawn.

Creations, Martial and Armand:—A coat in soft yellow woollen material trimmed with narrow bands of black gailhacs. Two dresses in the same material but treated differently both trimmed with white tulle applique in blue. One has a little cape and the other a belt of black suede.

Creations, Jean Patou:—A dress in white "peau d'ange," note the new neckline and pockets. Dress in crepe "Bilitis" in red trimmed with a soft collar edged with fine pleating. The skirt is cut up at the front in a round effect.

"IT'S AN ill wind that blows nobody good." And so the chill wind of depression blew simplicity into the lines of spring's new fashions. Prosperity had tried to persuade women that the chastening years of war were over and, that being the case, miles of material must be used to make up gowns which war economy had reduced to their most simple expression. Now it is not shortage of goods which forces the seeking of simplicity, but a serious shortage in our dress budget. Aesthetically speaking, this is a blessing. The keynote of practically all the new spring collections is smartness allied with great femininity, yet still including the utmost simplicity as far as unnecessary details are concerned. The most important point is the length of skirts which has reached a gracious limit and is, to all intent and purposes, going to remain thus. Even for evening the exaggeration of past seasons is done away with, and skirts just merely touching the ground all around are the newest creation for the new season. The waistline is still hovering between its normal spot and a shade higher. Some houses have seen fit to indulge in reminiscences of the First Empire; but this is not serious and has not been followed by many.

Jean Patou has shown a collection adapted judiciously to women's actual needs for economy, but while his creations are of an extreme simplicity, their cut is absolutely perfect and of great refinement. The colors were charming and the waistline was placed slightly higher than ordinary. Skirts were made of ripples which ended in pleats. For afternoon he showed a marked predilection for the princess line. Navy blue led the march of colorings, and on it a spot of light was procured with trimmings of white organdie and coarse lace. Buttons played a prominent role. Ingenious bias lines were evolved to hide the closing of skirts. Boleros cut short above the waist let the bottom of blouses peep and bring a touch of fantasy on dark gowns. Belts, which are of course the natural result of high waistlines and boleros, were used in all manner of drapes and knots. For evening, capes and scarves, the latter forming a short cape, were much in favor.

Patou did not play up wool materials as much as anticipated by the tendency of the last season but showed marked partiality for silk. Lots of cotton jersey lent their coolness for morning sport apparel; and again printed chiffon and maroccan and crepe satin for evening. Blouses made up of wool crochet materials were the indispensable adjunct of the bolero gowns.

The coats were of very simple line and in dark woollen materials without any fur.

At O'Ressen the collection was very smart and wearable. The designers had accentuated the very straight and wide shoulder line which is gaining in

The Happy Moods

By The Western Home Monthly's Exclusive
Parisian Fashion Writer

popularity. The materials were all of the mixed kind with coarse woollens hairy with a nap in white contrasting with dark grounds. Silk serge and ottoman as well as moire were the mediums for fancy tailored suits.

The jackets of the latter were very short, reaching hardly to the hips and slightly curved. The cutouts and trimmings were in most cases outlined with pipings of black satin. The little garments are single breasted, and close more like the coat of a man's tuxedo. Small collars and cuffs as well as buttons were of velvet in contrasting shades such as for example navy blue on beige and on fancy material of blue and white.

A charming novelty was noticed which consisted of a plain black skirt of broadcloth or satin worn with a short bolero jacket "Eton" style closed with four large buttons and large pointed lapels of silk rep. The blouses were very charming in eyelet embroidery or in silk chiffon with silk flowers applique. All the blouses had a flat belt which came over the skirt.

Maggy-Rouff devoted a great deal of time in designing new sleeves, and this particular collection certainly showed some very interesting new models. The main point was the emphasizing of the wide top and broadening of the shoulder line. The sleeves were elaborately worked at the top and gained a fullness below with the help of wide cutouts. The bodices were rather tight fitting. The belts were high and of bright shades.

A line of coats was also shown by this house which was very graceful and easy to wear. They were of crepe de chine and made along absolutely straight lines.

The Worth collection was perhaps the most original among the many which were shown every day for weeks. The designers had gone back to the military period of the first Empire for their inspiration. Miles of braids were used with frogs here and there. Tassels and fringes were worked into shoulder straps, and the effect was very novel and smart. Little capes of the removable kind furnished a happy relief to a too severe effect, and there also the sleeves were wide at the elbow and tight from there down onto the wrist. Very fine cotton materials mixed with fine Irish lace was the new departure for cool evening dresses.



Creations, Bernard and Cie:—Ensemble in black and orange crepe. A jacket bolero with sleeves forming a cape and buttoned on the side. Little tucks at the bodice shaped like a bow knot.

Ravishing dress in sky-blue shantung. The guimpe and the sleeves are in white cotton material with blue polka dots. Ensemble in black and white, the jacket is of black satin and the skirt in white woollen trimmed with crystal buttons.

A very charming coat in copper-red cloth trimmed with pin tucks and cutouts at the sleeves. Very chic coat of yellow woollen worn with a tie of suede striped and fringed matching the gloves

of Spring Styles

SUZANNE DICKIE

Among the shades most often seen were grey and string color, some pastel blue, a lot of red, and a great deal of black and white.

The Worth collection was about the only one which remained true to the train for evening. It was a very modest one at that, and looked for all the world like an 1880 gown. There were some fringes and some pearl trimmings used. Gloves were always worn in a delightful old-fashioned effect.

WHILE speaking of evening wear a rather novel departure in footwear is the sandals which leave the whole foot uncovered. To wear with these a new kind of hose has also been designed. It has, like gloves, a place for each toe, and is made of the sheerest silk imaginable. The coloring is so much like the flesh that it is impossible to tell if the foot is clad or not. Along the line of shoes, straw ones are being made again for summer sportswear. This new medium is exceedingly cool and restful for warm days, and gives extraordinarily good service. A new note is the straw belt to match the shoes which has been innovated and is really very smart.

For those whose hope chest still holds yards of Irish lace, now is the time to bring it forth as it is going to enjoy a new vogue this summer. The afternoon dresses of dark crepe de chine are all trimmed with it as well as the simple little fine linen, Irish lace motives and edges still make charming blouses. Georgette is also a very suitable material.

Flower boutonnieres are going again to brighten our summer lapels. As hats have decided to smile to the brightness of few blossoms, it will be the latest word in "chic" to match the two, which means a flower posy for every hat.

The belt has won its place around the waist, and is solidly entrenched. In fact it is so proud of its triumph that it wants to celebrate by doing it in red. Never were so many bright red belts seen on dark gowns. "Mirande" put one on a navy blue lace. Patou one in violet on a pale Chartreuse green dress. Patou again achieved a delightful result with a black velvet belt on a pastel printed dress.

"Where are the snows of yesteryear?" sings Villon; but where are the lace mitts of our grandmothers so that we might be right smart and produce

them? Yes, gloves of crochet lace are going to replace the kid and suede for this summer. Keep a thing seven years and it will sure come back in style!

Organdie is again a very new material, and collars and cuffs and hats are going to be brightened by touches of organdie in sky blue, white and pale green. A charming combination was seen the other day at one of the smartest shops. It was a hat of black celophane faced with pale green organdie worn with a black remain crepe trimmed

with a tie of green. The effect was of the utmost distinction.

Fichus are an accessory which will be indispensable to the finish off of a smart summer ensemble. They are either plain or printed. But always of a different shade than the dress worn with them. They are even made of jersey printed with large polka dots to go with sport outfits. They are worn with a point over the right shoulder and knotted over the left.

HATS have certainly made a big stride towards less severity. Again we see more made-hats in the absolute meaning of the word: that is less of the hat-maker's style and more of the curves and originality of the milliners. Flowers are freely used in clusters and sewed tightly on bands near the hair. One welcomes again their brightness after so many dark and unadorned seasons.

The new shapes are certainly very becoming and not quite so "outré" as far as leaving the face barely exposed to unkind lights and winds. The new little cloche with the saucy dip on one wide side will have a wide appeal as almost any face will look agreeable under one of these little "chapeaux." And there is the little modified beret which looks very smart and jaunty for morning and sport. The return to the small mandarin slightly modified of years ago marks the hat's tendency to cover the hair a little more than formerly.

Shiny straws with a stiff finish are so far the leit-motiv of new materials whether coarse or fine. Felt and straw are mixed a great deal at least for the beginning of the season while the sun is still very avaricious of its rays. Later on there will be the big floppy capeline with soft brims to go with cool and lacy dresses.

Once again spring is in the air and with it comes hope, brightness and the expectancy of happy days. How can one be pessimistic when there is a whole wardrobe to decide upon, and to have to do it and meet the exigencies of a reduced pocket-book will add to the fun, and bring the joy of success into the bargain-hunter's heart.



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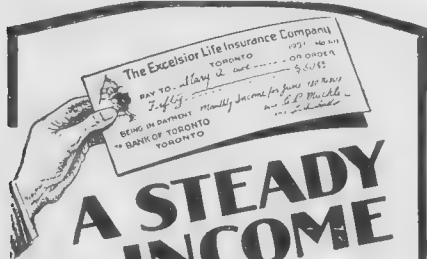
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THE INVADERS

Continued from page 61

sorry spectacle. It had, indeed, been brutally done to death, though obviously not without considerable resistance.

Alec picked it up and carried it down to the only other married man on the job.

"Yes," said Jim, "that's the fifth. There are the other four," and he indicated a little heap of weasel corpses which the boys had brought in. "It seems," he pursued, "that a pack of them came hunting this way last night. I thought somethin' o' the kind was goin' on when I went round to feed the fire."

Alec grinned triumphantly. "Seems that they got more than they bargained for," he muttered, then turning on his heel—"Owls, weasels—there's nothin' for it but a good poison!"

BUT Dame Nature, I say, is ever at work to keep an even keel. When the scales tilt too heavily one way or the other, she begins to weight the opposite pan, at first grain by grain, but more liberally if her first measures have no effect.

For days past the bark of the woodsman's axe and the sonorous whine of the circular saw had filled those lonely woods, ringing up and down across the slopes, enhanced by a thousand echoes. It set a thousand woodland folk wondering, all, indeed, had wondered, but only a few possessed the dangerous desire to know.

To the mother marten, as to all martens, came that desire, that endless hankering to get to the root of the mystery. Every dawning when it began, she would cock her pretty head awry, and so would the four cubs following her. Thus they would listen, then dart to another limb high among the purple pines, there to pause again in the morning light and again to listen. They listened sitting upright with heads cocked first this way then that. They listened looking over the branches, and, head downwards, looking under them. Many a time and oft during the day they listened, and when silence fell with the dusk, they listened just as strangely to the renewed quietude.

But slowly, surely, the sound was drawing them nearer and nearer to the forest-marooned sawmill, as a light draws the fluttering moth.

Beautiful creatures these martens were, "large for their size," as Alec Morton once described them, richly colored in amber shading to canary yellow, and swifter, far swifter, than any other creatures of the trees. To see them thus among the branches was to marvel at their beauty and their grace. Weasels?—never were weasels so alert as these lightning darting creatures of the sunlight, which seemed merely to tap the branches, and they were gone. Rather to the squirrels they belonged than to the unlovable weasel race, save that a squirrel climbs, and these things floated. Even on the ground they came and went so that the eye could scarcely follow them, and a moment later the marten from the leaf would be peering down from the topmost branches of topmost pine.

One night there arrived at the lumber-camp four large wire rat traps from Headquarters, which the foreman swore he had not ordered—"But we may as well set them," he added, "though I don't reckon they'll be of much use."

So Jim was given command of the traps, and within an hour he had placed each one of them, baited with such dainties as no rat could resist.

That same night the foreman and his wife, likewise the boilerman and

his wife, likewise the bachelor bunkhouse, were one and all awakened by a terrific upheaval among the whiskered rodents, and believe me, it takes a good deal to waken a healthy lumberman. The foreman muttered something about his pet theory, but Mrs. Boilerman screamed hysterically at a bumping under the cabin floor which threatened veritably to stave the boards upwards. There followed the vicious screaming of many rats, the sound of blows impartially delivered and received according to the laws of chance, then of rats running, of many rats running, helter-skelter among the sawdust, across the floors and across the steps and out and over the corduroy pathways. For an hour or more the hubbub continued, then silence began to creep in as silence returns to the river after the passing of a craneboat. Absolute silence this, the silence of the primeval forest, which the camp had not known for many many weeks.

Next morning the boilerman was up at the first breaking of day to look at his traps, but he met the foreman returning along the sawdust road.

"I was comin' to look for ye, Jim," said Alec Morton. "The whole place is littered wi' dead rats—scores o' them. I never saw such a sight in my life. Somethin' was playin' the very devil last night, and there's a creature in one o' your traps like what I've never seen before. Bushy tail, canary yellow waistcoat, big for its size, most like a squirrel only three times larger, and fightin' like Old Harry himself."

They went on in silence. There was the creature in the wire trap along with three dead and very second-hand rats. It hissed at them and fought with the wires, and the boilerman saw that round the trap a distinct pathway was worn as though others of its race had been haunting the place.

"That," said Jim, "is a marten."
"A marten?" echoed the foreman.
"Yes, a pine marten. I used to see them in Norway when I was lumberin' there, but I reckon they're mighty rare in this country—yes, mighty rare! This one will be worth a quid or two, Alec."

The foreman nodded. Both of them were looking closely at the remarkable creature in the wire trap. "And you reckon it was them what killed the rats?" queried Morton, jerking his thumb towards the sawmill, the floor of which was littered with corpses.

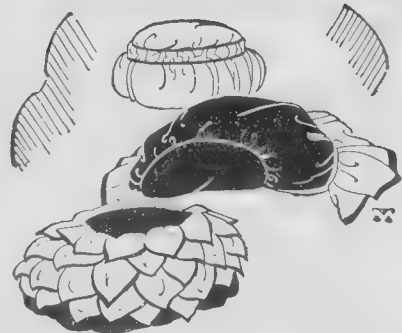
"Ay, you bet it was!" replied Jim heartily.

For a moment they were silent. Their glances met, and each seemed to read the message in the eyes of the other.

Then deliberately the foreman stooped and removed the wire cap from the end of the cage. They stood back, and in a moment the marten was gone—gone like a flash towards the timber, and only a far-off screeching in the trees indicated the direction it had taken.

From that day on never a rat was heard or seen about the sawmill. Many had died, but the main army had migrated. Dame Nature had achieved her end in no mean measure, and the eyes of the boilerman sparkled when, a fortnight later, he was discussing the phenomenon with Alec the foreman. "Poisons!" exclaimed Jim. "Nothin' but poisons is any good!"

And in the silence that followed, one, then the other, spat into the huge pine-log fire by which they were seated, and which filled the quietude with scented fumes.



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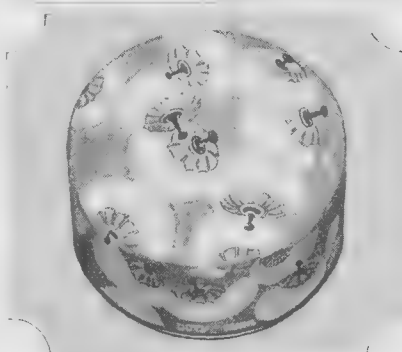
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ARAPAHOE

Continued from page 13

They had netted him more than that, Mertha reflected. There was his skill as a rider, his unbounded energy, that careless self-confidence. And those crow's-feet 'round his eyes—eloquent of heat-shimmering plains, dazzling snowfields, far-rolling prairie greyed by the veil of rain. Born skyline chaser! Mertha had ached too often at the call of honking geese and beckoning buttes not to understand. So the sharpest clash of the conflict was not between the rivals so much as in Mertha's self. Conflict between reason and impulse; weighing Hugh's known and tangible qualities against Gene's intangible ones, his thrift and substance against the other's zest in simply living And the ice in Hugh's eyes against the admiration and laughter and mellow brooding in Gene's.

Never was this conflict sharper than the night after the Stampede when she danced with them turn about, save for the rare occasions when some other competitor, by unusual alertness, claimed a dance. The "home-waltz" found her more tired than she could remember, worn by the whip-sawing of her emotions, the sincere response she had seemed compelled to give to the magnetic call of each.

She rode home with Gene. Hugh watched them start with smiling lips and wintry eyes—but it had been Gene's turn. They crossed a mile of prairie and took the trail along the North Saskatchewan. It was daylight but not yet day. A soft flush in the east; a clear, shadowless light on the short grass and scattered bluffs; a few bird notes, sleepy but exquisitely sweet. And over all a momentous hush that made them ride slowly, expectantly; their horses in step and very close.

Suddenly to Mertha all fatigue was gone, swept from her by the vigor of the morning day. And with it all questions, doubts. Life was simple. Hear and heed heart. Her look met Gene's Tell-tale eyes!

Gene released her after a long moment. Was it only the sun that washed the dewy prairie and the quivering poplar leaves with gold? Was ever such liquid sweetness in the reveille of a meadow lark?

All day the whispering winds brought Mertha their melodies and their mandate from beyond the horizon's rim. But at nightfall came something else—not windborne—came word that Gene had been arrested for horse-stealing and was in the Moccasin Hill jail!

Mertha knew well enough that there had been queer doings all spring along the North Saskatchewan. Their missing J-Bar mares, for instance, had never turned up. And nearly every ranch except the Walking K had reported losses and—oh it was all so absurd, but now they had "found the goods" on the Walking K!

Of course Hugh was above suspicion. Who then, said the countryside in general, but this jingling-spurred stranger "from anywhere you're a-mind to mention?" Just like the brassy nerve of him too, to carry on his tricks under the wing of the biggest and best known outfit in the country! Of course he wasn't working single-handed. The horses were being taken out of the country by the Fleagle gang, likely; believed also to be responsible for the losses over Peigan River way. But anyhow, sending this Maynard fellow up would put a crimp in the rustling here. And as "this Maynard fellow" said nothing they did send him up for a year in Fort Saskatchewan, and the trial being far away in Brant Lake,

with Reed Joslyn, Mertha's father, laid up at the time by the kick of a colt, she did not even see Gene before he began his term.

Mertha went through the days numbly. "A mistake—of course it's a terrible mistake," she declared over and over, though Hugh was silent and her father shook his head. But a year—anyway that would be nothing! And she'd find proof of Gene's innocence.

A year was something. No other fact about the rustling came to light save that along the Saskatchewan it stopped—and that didn't make things look any better for Gene. The hot summer developed into a drought which was followed by a hard winter. Mertha hauled feed like a man on the J-Bar to thin-flanked cattle or, chaps and mackinaw clad, rode the wind-bitten range to guide the little bands of horses to better grazing far up in the Wintering Hills. And she began to wonder, through the long weeks of anxious waiting for spring to come again, if the prairie *ever* had been anything but bleak white with lead-colored bluffs of poplars or the sky and sun anything but hard and cold. And most of all, had a certain mid-summer dawn and its crescendo of feelings truly been real? . . . Grant it; had the basis of it all been more than impulse? How to judge it now, when it seemed oh so far away?

Her letters—it had been so hard to write them and they'd been stiff and formal she knew—but he might have answered just once! Ever there was the fending off of Hugh's more ardent lovemaking. Her father's advice too, quiet and well meant: "Where find a finer man than Hugh Durness? What are you waiting for Mert, a horse-thief to get out of jail?" And so a year can be a long time.

GENE returned to the North Saskatchewan when the sky was soft again and fuzz-tailed colts nuzzled the gaunt flanks of the mares. It didn't look quite the same Gene. Tan gone. Some lines added. A year between walls is a long time to a man who has always been free as the wind he loves.

Only grizzled Step-and-a-half Higgins, cook and stable-monkey of the Walking K, was in sight when Gene rode up on his borrowed horse.

"Th' boss? Oh, ridin' with th' Joslyn gal I reckon. They're likely pickin' out a new buildin' site down by the river. This layout ain't good enough no more *at-all*." The gossipy old grumbler surveyed the array of log shacks and stables and pole corals. "Just gettin' comf'ter'ble, but that's the way it goes." He didn't say why it went that way, but Gene didn't rate it necessary to ask. He did inquire the whereabouts of Arapahoe. "He's off down that-a-way too, I heard 'em say."

On a knoll overlooking a sweep of the North Saskatchewan, Gene found Hugh and Mertha. They were seated on the grass, the man speaking with an earnestness that was remarkable in the matter of a building site, the girl studying the gliding water. They were startled by the sound of his horse's hoofs and the warmth of welcome was not in Hugh's face. Whatever emotions may have drooped the long lashes of Mertha's eyes, they were not echoed in her voice.

"Why Gene!" It was the exact tone he expected, yet . . . His eyes went bleak. To Hugh he remarked:

"I don't suppose you're burnin' to hire me, but I thought I might work out what I owe you for keepin' my horse."

[Continued on page 71]

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BY BOBBY BURKE

THE RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold,
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The Captains and the Kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube, and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

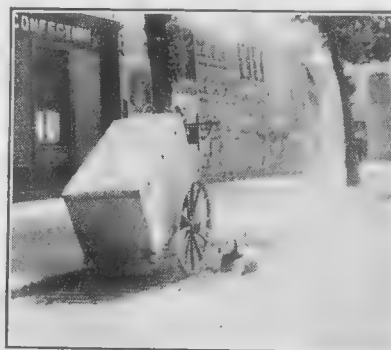
Rudyard Kipling.

(This month Bobby Burke has given you these three verses of the Recessional because this is a month of thoughts of Empire and this is a prayer that every one may pray.)

A MONTH OF GREAT THOUGHTS

Some months, more than others, seem to have so many distinguishing days. In May there are several—First, some early Sunday when every little town and village throughout Canada remembers the men and women who gave their lives in the Great War—that is Decoration Day. We honor the brave dead and pray that never again may War and Destruction bring such trouble upon the earth. Then there is Empire Day, when throughout the schools of the country children learn of the great Empire to which Canada is so proud to belong. This year there will be much to tell, stories of how England, the heart of the Empire, has fought and overcome the enemies that beset her treasures, and is again standing on her feet and helping the lesser nations. Stories of the conference that is to be held at Ottawa this summer in which all the countries of the Empire will take part, and where we hope things will be done that will make us even a greater Empire that we are now. And then there is Victoria Day, the 24th of May—a day when we remember a queen, one who through her wisdom and sane judgments did great things for England and the Dominions. A queen who ruled so long that three generations, grandfathers, sons, and grandsons, came under her rule. A queen whose reign is remembered as one of peace and plenty. This is a month of Empire thoughts—and that is why we have given you Kipling's prayer to learn.

THE FRENCH PICTURE



"The Useful Dog."

In the February issue you saw what French loaves of bread were like; now you shall see how they are delivered. In all the older towns of France where the streets are very narrow and the houses close together, handcarts are used much more than they are in our cities. As a rule the baker's wife delivers the bread while he is busy baking. It is rare to find a big bakery in large towns. As a rule there is

a small baker's shop in every district and Madame goes out with her handcart returning to fetch more bread as soon as it is empty. She takes her dog with her and it pulls the cart while Madame pushes. In France it is against the law to make dogs pull the carts by themselves but they are allowed to help in this way. Most of them are so willing that they end by doing more than half of the work. The dog in the picture was "snapped" while his mistress was delivering bread in an apartment block.

BOBBY BURKE'S POST BOX

Well here we are with a lot more interesting letters to answer. Some of them enclose poems which we hope to use later on, so don't be discouraged if the poems don't appear right away, they are all put carefully away and brought out when the time seems suitable. This month Bobby Burke gives you the poem. Do you suppose any one will send me a gold button? I'm 'fraid not.

Here's a new member, Monica McDougall of Kirkwood, N.B. Monica is twelve, has reddish hair, blue eyes, (over which unfortunately she has to wear glasses). She is an orphan living with an uncle and aunt, and is in grade VI at school. Monica would like to hear from other Cosy Cornerites. She sends us a pretty poem. Agnes Malone of 48 Earl Street, Kingston, was one of the lucky winners of a Scrap Book, and she is delighted with it. Colin James of 1610 East 10th Ave., Vancouver, was another winner, and he thinks if the second prize is a big enough book to use for the rest of his life, that the first prize must have been a regular whopper. Colin says his mother thinks the Cosy Corner prizes are almost too good, and he wants to know a lot of things about Bobby Burke. Do you know what Bobby Burke is—a ?—Agnes had a birthday and got six dollars besides other gifts. Lucky Agnes.

From Kelvington, Sask., comes a letter from Norma DesRoches, who won a gold button and is very pleased with it. Norma did some especially kind and helpful things on February 29th, but unfortunately her letter came too late to count.

Jessie White, of Gravenhurst, Ont., is ten years old and wishes to be a Cornerite. We are so glad to have you Jessie, and this is a club without any rules, except two, and those are: 1—Make friends. 2—Enjoy yourselves.

Adam Hackett who is eight years old, and in grade II, wants to join us too. Adam quite forgot to put his town address on his letter, but tells us he has three kittens called Teddy, Flopsy and Mopsy, and a quiet horse called Ted. What a nice lot of friends.

Muriel Woodsworth who lives at 130 North St., Halifax, N.S., would like to send us some stories. We would be glad to have some, Muriel, although we cannot promise to use them. We will use your poem later on, and when we do you will receive a gold button.

Middle Ohio, Shelburne C., N.S., is the address of another new member, Richard C. Harris, who is thirteen and would like letters from other Cornerites his own age.

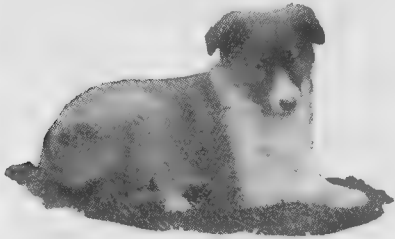
Lefty J. Fisher, Rutland, B.C., sounds like a fighter? He's seventeen, and 5 foot ten and quite a basketball player. Lefty lives in the beautiful Okanagan Valley, and will answer letters from Cornerites of his own age. He sends us a good story of February 29th, but alas too late.

Canuck, Sask., is the good Canadian name of a town where Mary Proctor, aged 12, lives. Mary sends us in some verses of her own composing, but we are afraid they are not quite good enough for the Corner yet, Mary. Poetry, you know, must say something in a more beautiful way that we could say it in prose, so study the poems we give you and keep on trying. Mary is evidently quite an actress, as she takes part in dialogues at the school concerts. We hope you listen in on the Manitoba Drama League broadcasts over C.K.Y., Mary. (Continued on page 71)

Quyon, P.Q., is the address of Lois McCann, who would like to have Cornerites write her. Lois is not very definite as to age, but from ten to fifteen. We're very delighted to have you join us. Won't you write us a letter about your town?

Mary Hipp, of Terrace, B.C., sends us a poem which I am sure you will all like when we can print it. Mary would like correspondents from the Corner too. What a busy time you'll have writing letters, and what splendid friendships you may make east, west, north and south.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PUPPY By Elizabeth McKenzie



TODAY Mother was out and I found a button on the old coat which is our bed. It is just fine to sharpen my teeth upon, but brother thought he should have it. We were just having a lovely fight over it when the Pekin Duck peeked in on us.

"Oh! Oh!" she said, "is that the way you behave when your Mother is out? If I meet her in the yard I shall tell her about this." "I shall tell her myself," I said. "Don't be saucy," she replied, waddling away. When Mother came home I told her all about it. "That is right," she said, "always tell me your troubles."

Mother hunted around and found another button for brother so now we each have a button to chew. Oh! Mothers are such nice things to have!

In the evening Peggy came and lifted me into her lap, stroked my coat and hugged me tight. "Puppy dear," she said, "we shall have lovely times when the holidays come." I don't know what

holidays are, I wonder if they are good to eat.

Mother took us out in the yard today. It is a wonderful place with two large barns, a henhouse and granary along two sides of it. The middle is grass. There were lots of hens, turkeys and ducks walking about and two roosters with lovely feathers in their tails.

The Turkey Hen has a husband. His name is Gobbler and he makes a terrible noise. He came to see us while Mother had us out. I was afraid he would eat me but Mother says the noise he makes is the worst part of him. The Pekin Duck has a husband too, his name is Drake.

There is a red and white cow, her name is Bess, she has a red and white calf whose name is Bell. I think I shall like Bell. We are very tired after being out so Mother fed us and we went to sleep.

Mrs. Duck was mistaken about the Clucking Hen, she has raised a family. She walked past our door today with a whole lot of the loveliest balls of yellow and brown fluff. They have little yellow legs and sing, "Cheep! Cheep!" all the time.

The Clucking Hen keeps on saying, "Cluck! Cluck!" the funny noise which sounds like "Come! Come!" and all the little balls of fluff run after her. One lingered behind for a moment and I touched it with my paw, it tripped over a chip and squealed a bit. The Clucking Hen came running at me pecking me on the nose. I don't like that Clucking Hen any better than I did so I followed her up and barked at her, sending her cackling away.

I then went home and had a long sleep. When I awoke I felt very much alive and thought I would have a fine race through the yard, so lowering my head, off I ran, until "Bang!" I went into the Pekin Duck, knocking her to one side. "I didn't mean to bump you," I said, feeling very silly. She turned crossly toward me, saying, "Then why don't you excuse yourself." "I beg your pardon," I said, in my politest tone. "Don't let it happen again," she replied, walking proudly away.

I went back to bed feeling that this was one of my bad days.

ARAPAHOE

Continued from page 69

"You don't owe me," said Hugh, "and I don't need a hand. We'll ride with you to locate your horse."

The three rode awhile in silence. Then Hugh spoke again of Arapahoe. "You'll find him in pretty hard shape. Hay was so mighty scarce last winter I had to turn out everything but the teams I used for hauling to the cattle. And your horse, being from the south, didn't make out so well in winter on this northern range. Then he didn't know better than to go onto a muskeg in the spring to get the first sprouting grass. Luckily some of the boys found him. Bugged to the ears. They snaked him out, but it seemed to stiffen him some. I'm sure sorry."

After two hours riding, which took them into the broken country along Hat Creek they found a certain band of Walking K horses. A little apart from the others grazed a brown, ribby and with long creases in his thighs. His rusty, dead-looking winter coat still clung to him. He lifted his head to the level of his shoulders in dull-eyed inquiry, put back his ears silently and moved stiffly off.

Hugh drew rein as Gene would have ridden past. "That's him," he said. "Looks pretty tough, don't he?"

Mertha, herself astonished, could understand the quizzical, resentful look Gene gave the Walking K owner. It seemed a poor time for joking. Hugh read their disbelief and repeated his assertion warmly.

"I know there's no brand to prove it," he went on, "but you said yourself he was Indian raised and slick when you got him and you never put an iron on him. If he ain't yours," he finished biting, "he's the same horse you left with me."

Not deigning to call this "crow-bait" by the name of the horse he

loved, Gene tossed a rope on him. At the grip of the noose the creature seemed electrified, struggling with a strength one would never have guessed was in his bony frame. When he was choked down, Gene mouthed him.

"He's only seven," he exclaimed. "Same age as Arapahoe!"

"Because he is Arapahoe, you fool," Hugh cried hotly. "What do you think I'm trying to put over on you anyway!"

Gene straightened and Mertha saw his eyes glittering slits in his pale, hard face. In Hugh's eyes the blue ice was now flickering blue fire.

"You ain't tryin', Durness, you've put it over me already, an' made a job of it too." The voice chilled Mertha. "I went to the 'pen' last summer because it was you or me for it. I believed the Fleagle gang had stacked the cards on us both an' were usin' us for a blind. I thought we were playin' a square, man-sized game, you an' me an' so I wasn't goin' to be little an' try to shove the blame onto you, even if I could—which wasn't likely—just to get it off my own neck. I came back now to clear things up an' I guess I won't be long doin' it."

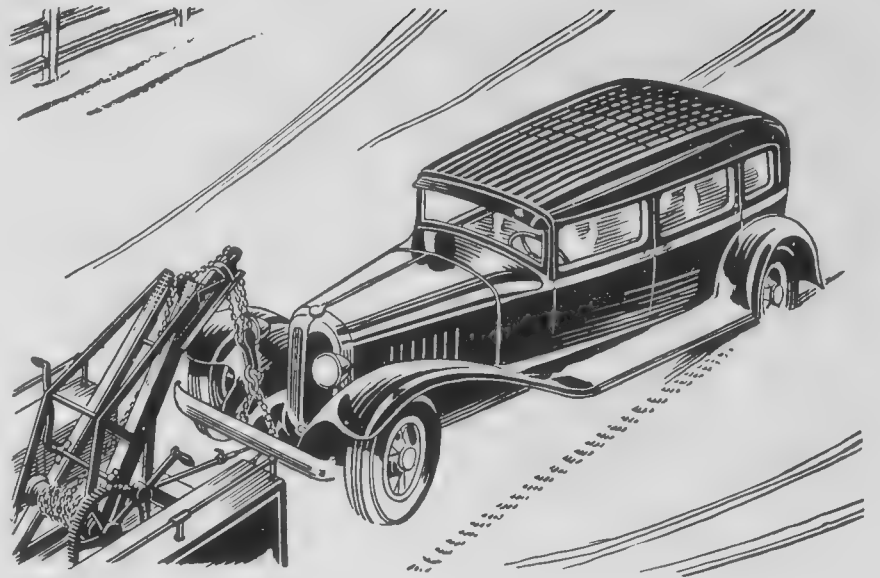
"What do you mean anyway?" roared Hugh.

"That you were in with the whole outfit. Why wouldn't you steal J-Bar an' other horses? You've stolen my girl while I was doin' time for you an' you've stolen my horse! That broncho—"

His contemptuous reference to the horse on the ground was cut short by the swift movement of Hugh's hand to his hip.

"Hold it!" cried Gene, throwing his arms wide. He stared unwinkingly into Hugh's blue six-shooter. "Fool!"

[Continued on page 72]



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ARAPAHOE

Continued from page 71



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he said scornfully, we don't pull that stuff, not here before Mertha. Else you'd be dead now with your clumsy gun still in its holster. Mertha, come get my belt an' Colt. You can take his if he wants you to." She came and as she unbuckled his heavy cartridge belt he felt her trembling.

"Scared for him," he thought bitterly. "She'd better be!"

"Now Durness," Gene's hard, even tone continued, "I'm callin' you a thief. Will you get down like a man an' make me eat it?"

Hugh jumped from his horse. He flung his gun-belt to Mertha, who leaped back with a suppressed cry as the two men rushed to meet each other, fanning now the fierce fire they had held in leash so long. There was no parry. Glad give and take of cracking, thudding blows. Blood flowed. Breath whistled through set teeth. In a way it sickened Mertha, yet she retreated only to the edge of a willow clump where she dropped the guns; then came back in response to that primitive fascination which has ever prevented a female of any species from running away from a battle royal which she has, directly or not, inspired. Came back to see Hugh stagger repeatedly under Gene's well-placed blows until at last after a sounding one on the jaw he went limp as a wet moccasin.

"Bully!"

The harsh, throaty voice behind her made Mertha jump, and both she and Gene whirled to face two men—total strangers to Mertha—who sat horses whose heads drooped and whose blood- and -sweat streaked flanks, heaved quivering. The men's eyes, though starey with fatigue, were hard as the carbine each held with a careless readiness in the crook of his arm.

"Best show in a coon's age," the taller and more seam-faced one was saying, "but now it's over we'll haf' to mosey. We'll just borrow your hosses. Swap, yu' might say. Our hayburners won't turn a steer again, but you're welcome to 'em as is."

He chuckled harshly and his thick-browed companion grinned with a mouth too wide already. They swung down wearily, one at a time. They cast off from Gene's saddle-horn the rope that still held the sorry-looking brown and made a quick shift of saddles. With Hugh's rope they hog-tied Gene and the unconscious Hugh. The former, under an alert gun, moved not a muscle, yet the eyes of a trapped lynx could not have looked more cold fury. In a tone not calculated to reach her, Mertha heard Gene say:

"You leave the girl alone, Tim Fleagle, or the Mounties'll never catch you, either one. They'll only find what I leave an' that will be so full of holes it won't interest them. You hear!"

The taller horse-thief laughed.

"Strong words, young feller, but you've interduced a question. What to do about her? We can't tell her to run home to Mamma an' to tie her up ain't no way to treat a lady. So I reckon we'll jus' haf' to take her along. Don't mind do you Heck?"

The other outlaw's face again cracked in an ugly grin. Mertha shuddered as though touched by a snake. All the time she had been trying to edge toward the clump where the guns lay. Now she made a dash of it, but both men were upon her instantly. She fought with a tigerine fury, but their combined grip was like a vise. She was placed upon her horse and with Tim Fleagle taking the reins they were off at a hard gallop. In her last look back she saw Gene, no

longer able to hold himself, writhing impotently.

It was down the North Saskatchewan they went, keeping close to the river, for they were on the outside of a big bend. On through the long summer twilight, the soft night, they rode with little thought for horse-flesh, following dim stock trails that led them to the crossings of the gash-like coulees into whose black depths they slid recklessly. Evidently the rustlers were determined to make the Coyote's Runway before daylight. That was where the Wintering Hills drew up in a bold rampart of thousand-foot cliffs, and only a narrow pass led along the river. It was the one likely place for a trap, the gateway into a maze of timbered hills and rocky canyons. Benson's Hole was the name of the region, and while not impenetrable it had been the temporary refuge of many a badman. Mile after mile they neared it, and Mertha's heart grew more leaden than the pounding hoofbeats of her tired horse. Finally she could make out the jagged black line of the cliffs against the silvering sky. Beyond them...

FOR a quarter of an hour Gene kicked Hugh, as best he could, in various parts of his anatomy. Sometimes there was a groan of a hopeful stir in response. At last Hugh opened his eyes, tried to sit up, swore thickly. Gene rolled over so that his back was to his recent antagonist.

"Get busy," he commanded, "with your teeth on those knots. I'll tell you why as you work."

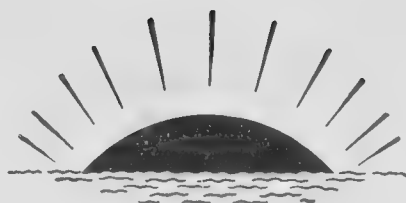
Forty minutes later Gene's knife made quick shift of the knots that held Hugh, and the Walking K owner staggered to his feet. The brown horse, dragging Gene's rope, hadn't grazed to any distance. But neck-roped, Gene knew no man on foot could hold him. It was like an Indian stalking a moose the way he trailed that horse to be able to pick up the end of the rope when it was near a poplar to which he could snub. Hugh helped. Gene made a bridle of the lariar and put it on the horse.

"Now beat it for your men," he ordered Hugh, "and burn the grass under you for Benson's Hole. No, get out of the way, I tell you. I'm the one that tries to head 'em."

The "crow-bait" didn't buck as Gene expected. He started stiffly but soon limbered well. "Good wind, too," Gene muttered. Suddenly he gave up the idea of trying to find and catch a better mount. He hit straight for the river and reached it when the last of the twilight's glow was staining the restless water. Dropping from his sweating horse he read with straining eyes and sensitive finger-tips the deep-set tracks of three shod horses that followed the trail along the shore. Then setting his spurs he slid the brown down a twenty-foot cutbank and splashed mightily into the icy current. The only hope lay in cutting across the big bend.

Again Gene was surprised at the strength and courage of the gaunt and already winded horse. He took the hundred yards of swift water sturdily, swimming deep, as a lean animal would; Gene stroking powerfully with one hand as he clung to the mane and towed alongside. Riding on across the miles of low flats inside the loop of the river, and chilling miserably as he rode, Gene wondered where Hugh had found this sound-hearted pelter to palm off on him in place of Arapahoe... Arapahoe? Had he been passed on to the Fleagles

[Continued on page 73]



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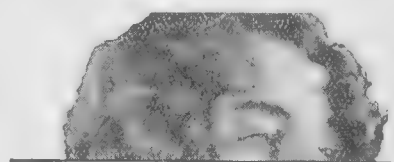
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[REMEMBER]

WHEN WRITING THE ADVERTISERS PLEASE
MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

ARAPAHOE

Continued from page 72

to dispose of? Hardly. Hugh was keeping him somewhere to give, when he thought she wouldn't recognize him, to Mertha. Wedding present maybe! Some contraction bit Gene deeper than the cold. But he'd find Arapahoe! So long as he was still alive he'd find him! They'd know again the steep, luring trails and sweet meadows of the Big Sikannis.

Condemn the Big Sikannis! He'd give all their mountain meadows and the rest of Christendom too, were it his, for Arapahoe between his knees this moment to head Tim Fleagle out of Benson's Hole. The poor wreck under him was doing his best, but his hoofs were hitting the sod heavily, uncertainly. On and yet on, but slow . . . slow! By what amazement could he hold out? By what miracle get there in time? Still, with all his skill and instinct and the very nerve of his own self, Gene never ceased striving to make the horse do the impossible.

At last the cliffs reared dimly. The horse was weaving, sobbing now. Head to the ground he slowed to a stumbling trot, to a walk, all but stopped. Then Gene's hand went forward gropingly. With knuckles that were white on the handle of his knife he drew the blade in a long swift gash down the reeking neck of the horse. They galloped heavily on. Afterward Gene tried hard to forget—and couldn't—how many more times it had to be done that endless, last mile.

The river again. Narrow, quarreling; sinister in the grey light as it slid beneath the cliffs. They plunged in. Like a dead branch man and horse were swept down. Down—but not under. Inch by inch they neared the farther shore till at the very outlet of the pass the horse's hoofs struck bottom. He lurched out on the gravel. A few staggering steps . . . Gene bent above the dripping heap.

"Good old boy," he muttered queerly, and as he had been wont to do with a better horse he put his hand on the wet, bony shoulder, then ran his fingers caressingly downward. With a supreme effort the dying head came up, curved back—teeth showing faintly. A sort of awe held Gene like a statue. Firm lips caught his hand, held it. Then there was a catch in the cramped throat, a long harsh exhalation, and the head thumped upon the stones. Even in the cold shadow of the cliffs Gene saw the deep eyes glaze. "Arapahoe!" Numbly he said it again: "Arapahoe!"

Of course it was possible! The hard winter could have changed him even so. And the memory of cutting ropes and the agony of nearly parted sinews when he had been pulled from the bog had bred that terror of a lariat. Hugh hadn't lied then, nor stolen! The fight had been for nothing. And but for the fight Arapahoe would not be dead nor Mertha in danger now! Oh why, since he couldn't tell his own horse, hadn't he given the horse a chance to know him? Fool—fool!

. . . For a fierce moment he knelt and twisted his fingers in the wet, snarled mane. Then in a flash he was up, hand to hip. Above the growl of the water he caught again the clink of shod hoof on stone.

Things weren't prime for a fight. No shelter. Poor light. An unaccountable blur before Gene's eyes and a paralyzing clutch on his heart lest Mertha should be hurt. Then he must get close and pot the Fleagles without scruple. No, too late. They'd see him run across the gravel bar. He dropped behind the body of the horse just as three riders came around a jutting corner of rock.

They saw the object by the water and stopped. They advanced and stopped again. The one behind Mertha, whom they had in front now—raised a carbine. A bullet thugged within a foot of Gene's head while the dawn stillness was split by the report and then shattered by the echoes the cliffs flung back.

More echoes. They rolled out again and again. In their thunder they mingled a Colt's heavy bark with a carbine's vicious crack. When they died the stillness drew itself together ominously. Ominous it seemed to Hugh Durness and his Walking K men. Grim-eyed they rode the last two miles to the Coyote's Runway like they had nothing left to lose.

They found Mertha with Tim Fleagle's saddle-gun laid across a rock. Beside her, as she crouched behind it, lay Gene, thin-lipped and with his head bandaged with Mertha's sleeve.

"He's alright," she told them. "It's only a scalp wound, but I'm making him lie still till the bleeding stops. His first shot killed Tim; he's—over yonder." She shuddered. "But when I rolled off my horse to get Tim's gun, Gene thought I was hit and he came for us against a stream of lead from the other rustler's rifle, shooting as he ran. Finally he dropped and I thought—well I meant to kill too but I shot too quick. He rode away—the one they called Heck—holding with both hands to his saddle-horn. You can catch him I'm sure. No, we'll be alright till you come back."

The last was mainly to Hugh, and with it he seemed to read in the brightness of her eyes a final answer—but not the answer for which he had waited so long. He mounted; heavily; the spring in his movement was gone. Mertha went on speaking softly to the man beside her, watching the fight in his grey eyes where wonder was finally winning over self-reproach.

"No Gene, it isn't just this you've done for me—it's you! You've played the game, the big square game from start to finish. Now I know Hugh hasn't, else he could never have neglected so the horse you loved. Poor Arapahoe! That was a part of his sacrifice—to teach me what I should have known already. Gene, in our hearts we'll take Arapahoe with us always. Back to the J-Bar and . . . back to your lake that's like a chip of sky."

OLD FRIENDS

By H. H. FARISS

I want no truer comrade
Than the pipe I've had for years,
I've laughed and told it of my joys
And whispered of my fears;
At night I like to sit alone
And clasp its glowing bowl,
And hold with it communion sweet
As old friend, soul with soul

Its curling smoke is sweeter far
Than costly incense rare,
For in its maze I see the face
Of one, to me, most fair,

And, though its bowl is brown and cracked,
I prize it as of yore,
For, after all, old friends are best,
Each day we love them more.

When days are grey and dark clouds spill
Their hoard of raindrops down,
I steal away to my snug den
In slippers, cap and gown,
And there I say "Soul, take thine ease,
Here's pleasure without end,
The glowing logs, a book, and then
My pipe, my old-time friend."

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A Far, Faint Voice

LISTENING alone to his radio receiver late in the night, The Philosopher heard a woman's voice singing faintly a song which brought back to him the moonlight in a garden of long ago, when he was young. The singing voice seemed to come not only from far away in space but from far away in the past. It brought him a fleeting pang of sadness so sweet that it was painful, a moment's heartache for the years that are no more, of regret for long vanished youth and romance. He felt that pathos of the past which is among the most piercing and indescribable of emotions. The song was a sentimental one, of course. But without sentiment, what a desert waste the world would be and how drab our lives! The hard-boiled individual to whom romance is a thing as perishable as the fragrance of roses would laugh at the idea of a breath of the fragrance of romance and of roses being brought across the years by a voice heard faintly singing over the ether. Romance belongs to youth. But should not a healthy heart, even in the years that have left youth far behind, still have something of the freshness of youth left in it?

The Roots Are in the Soil

THE development of this country is based primarily upon agricultural industry. Though its other resources, other than agricultural, are of incalculable value, the main primary production must continue to be agricultural. This is especially true of Western Canada. One lesson which it seems fairly safe to draw from all history, ancient and modern, is that the permanence and prosperity of a nation rests largely on the permanence and prosperity of its agriculture. A country cannot be a successful country unless its agriculture is able to maintain itself by solving its own problems and adapting itself to changing conditions. A notable fact in this connection is that in every such country many of the leading men in the national life have given proof of an active interest in farming. Anybody who will look over the pages of history will find this to be true. Greatness of the nation has its roots in the earth and will not long survive if those roots are allowed to die. Unless a nation does its planning on this basis, it does not matter a great deal what national plans and policies it decides to adopt.

The Value of Money

SOMETIMES you hear a man say: "The crooks are the ones who get rich. That old story about honesty being the best policy is all right to tell children. But look at So-an-So! He hasn't an honest bone in his body, and everything he touches turns to money." A man who talks that way can hardly blame people for thinking that he is "poor but honest" because he has not been able to make himself wealthy honestly or dishonestly. Such talk is not unjustly taken as showing a character that lacks a solid foundation of moral principle. Instead of making himself appear to be one who could be rich if he had no scruples, such a man succeeds only in exposing himself as one who

would get rich if only he could. Moreover, he fools himself by imagining that money is all important. Money is immensely important. But never yet has it satisfied the longing for friends or made up for the loss of self-respect and a clear conscience.

Finding Oneself Dull Company

SELF-CENTRED turning of one's thoughts inwards is a bad habit to get into. It is not conducive to mental or moral health. But the cultivation of the power of real thinking outward from oneself to the things about us demanding thought is one of the most necessary and important of all good habits. Nobody has ever yet succeeded in making much of his life without it. Good reading is one of the very best things in the world—but not unless we think over what we have read. It is only by thinking that we can furnish ourselves with inner mental resources. The person who finds himself dull company when he is alone is a person who has not developed the full possibility of his powers when he is with others. And whose fault is that?

Possession and Treasure

THE person who lives in fear of losing his treasure, valuing it with all-absorbing concern about what it means to himself, is destroying his own happiness by miserly hoarding of that which could make him happy. It used to be the custom in China to call children hard names, in order to deceive the malignant spirits who were believed to be constantly hovering near, ready to take away children that were cared for with too anxious devotion. A like belief was held by more than one ancient people, notably the Greeks, with whom it took the form of dread of arousing the jealousy of the gods by arrogance in prosperity. As a matter of fact, too much coddling of a child, which is caused more by excessive parental egotism than by sensible care for the child's welfare, handicaps that child, and arrogance in prosperity brings its own punishment in one form or another. All possession, even of life itself, is after all only temporary, and most certainly it does not lighten the final loss to have suffered beforehand a thousand losses in anticipation.

Faith in Canada

THE world has for two years been travelling through a valley, from which we are now emerging on the upward slope. During the journey through that valley, or depression, not a great many of the world's outstanding thinkers and men of affairs who were looked to for enlightenment and guidance were able to give very much real light or leading. Of all the utterances by highly placed persons during the past year The Philosopher is unable to recall a wiser one than that made by the Governor-General in an address to the Canadian Club of Montreal. "Money lost, little lost," said Lord Bessborough, "faith lost, all lost. In the end, all depends on faith and courage and character." The greatest of Canada's resources is the character of the Canadian people. With that preserved, the future will take care of itself. The walls of our house are secure.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG Bannatyne and Dagmar MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR \$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$1.50 A YEAR



Next term they'll be in other grades, wear other clothes, and seem years older. Are you taking enough snapshots of them now? Don't wait until the week-end. "After school" is now within the picture-making day because the new film doesn't need bright light. It gives clear, crisp snapshots, even in shade. Use **Kodak VERICHROME Film.**

The illustration is enlarged from a 3¼ x 4¼ Verichrome negative. Ask your dealer for Verichrome. Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto.



WHAT *the* WORLD is SAYING

Because A Lawyer Is Needed For That

There are no divorces in heaven.—Montreal La Presse.

Also In Other Years—And Men Likewise

Girls jump at conclusions in leap years.—New Westminster British Columbian.



"Psst!! Go ahead, Freddie—he'll never know th' difference."

Cannot Most Wives Say The Same?

The widow of the famous conjuror Houdini says that she knew all about her husband's tricks.—Montreal Gazette.

Except Getting Married

The high-salaried film stars at Hollywood have doubles to do all the dangerous things for them.—Toronto Star.

Evidently It Taught Him A Lesson

We know of a man who never gambled after he was married.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

And Also, No Doubt, Play The Deuces Wild

We would not mind contract bridge, if we could use the joker.—Medicine Hat News.

Circumstances Alter Faces

Special tints of rouge to suit different occasions are now in fashion.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

And A Girl, Because She Has Two

When a man breaks a date, it is generally because he has to.—Vancouver Province.

The Devotedness Of Many Husbands

Many husbands would do anything to make their wives unspeakably happy.—Halifax Mail.

Doing Either Alone, They'd Do The Same

Those who play bridge and talk at the same time usually make a mess of it.—Victoria Colonist.

Such A Man Knows When To Bridle His Tongue

Horse sense is one of the most valuable qualities a man in public life can have.—St. John Times-Globe.

Did He Keep Facing The Right Way?

We sometimes wonder why a man who had a fine start hasn't succeeded in getting anywhere.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

But Consider How Useful It Is To Surgeons

"The appendix," declares a medical writer, "is now a useless part of the human anatomy."—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

There May Be Something In This View Of It

One advantage of old age is that people think you wear those spats to keep your ankles warm.—Brandon Sun.

Maybe On Chickens That Came Home To Roost

We often wonder what the well-known wolf at the door that we hear so much of lives on.—Fargo Tribune.

When You Do, It's An Advertising Stunt

Come to think of it, you do not very often see a picture of a girl in an apron nowadays.—Minneapolis Journal.

And Walter Winchell His "O K"-ing

Personally, we wish Carolina would quit its calling.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

She Hasn't Time. Neither Has A Man

A woman does not tell all the gossip she hears.—Smith's Falls Recorder-News.

Civilization's Latest Little Requirement

We need now a gadget that will enable us to turn off the radio from where we answer the phone.—Ottawa Citizen.

Think Of How Rough This Is On The Lawyers

Statistics show that less than 50 per cent of all men who die on this continent leave an estate of more than \$500.—Toronto Globe.

The Trouble Is That They Don't

The pessimists would be all right, if only they enjoyed one another's company, and confined themselves to that.—Quebec Soleil.

Too Much Competition Spoiled It

Running down pedestrians is no longer the favorite outdoor sport for automobilists that it used to be.—Detroit News.

The Sun Must Be Spotted With Crooners

The dreadful sounds we hear sometimes over the radio are caused by sun spots, an astronomer believes.—Scientific American



Golfer: "Terrible links, caddy, terrible!"

Caddy: "Sorry sir, these ain't links—you got off them an hour ago."

One Of The Determined Dye-hards

A famous actress has declared that she will never have a grey hair as long as there is a chemist's shop doing business.—London Daily Express.

Society Note From Magic Lantern Headquarters

With things as they are in Hollywood, it is reported that many of the film queens are not getting new husbands this year.—Kansas City Star.

Lines That Add Beauty To A Face

The prettiest letter in the alphabet is S, and it looks even better with two vertical lines on its countenance.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

By That Time Cans Will Be Self-opening

In another generation it will be a compliment to a girl to tell her that she opens cans as well as ever her mother did.—Duluth Herald.

We've Seen A Goldfish Swim Round The Globe

It has been established by scientific observation that herrings travel from the American side of the Atlantic to the coastal water of Europe.—London Times.

Can The Five Year Plan Go Ahead On Cold Feet?

Among the articles of necessity which are scarce in Russia are boots, which according to the latest news were the equivalent of \$60 a pair.—Ottawa Journal.

He Shouldn't Let Her Become An Ex-ray

The man who used to tell his wife, before they were married, that she was a ray of sunshine has his duty of helping her to keep herself that way.—Winnipeg Free Press.

We Used To Aim At The Teacher's Pet

"What are we aiming at in our schools?" was the subject of an address by E. W. Morgan to the Wolseley-Brock Home Association on Wednesday evening.—Winnipeg Tribune.

The Progress Of Civilization

A few years ago few, if any, crooks wore boiled shirts. Now all the big shots in the underworld are perfectly at home in the most elegant evening clothes.—Kitchener Record.

Wasted Sweetness On The Desert Heir

A French girl who has just published a book of travels confesses that she failed in her attempt to start a flirtation with the eldest son of an Arab sheik.—London Daily Mail.

Very True The Other Way Round, Too

We read in a column of medical advice which appears in many newspapers that singing is extremely beneficial in certain cases of deafness.—Regina Leader Post.

Here's At Least A Tin Lining To One Cloud

With taxes on gasoline and liquor both increased, let us hope that some individuals will find it too expensive to be drunk and driving at the same time.—Niagara Falls Review.

But Not, We Hope, Bees In Manitoba Bonnets

The Bee Commissioner of the Manitoba Government, if that is his correct title, announces that this year will see some new apiary developments in that province.—Edmonton Journal.

Jungle Criticism

We read that Gary Cooper, the film star, had a narrow escape in his big game hunting tour in Africa, when he was charged by an infuriated rhinoceros.—Peterboro Examiner.

And As Likely To Have Him On The Run, Too

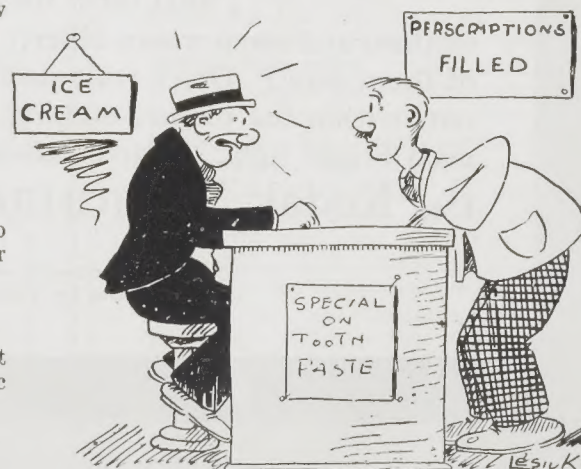
With all this talk about the younger generation, the old-fashioned girl when we were young was just as likely to have boy on the brain as the most up-to-date girl of today.—Neepawa Press.

Cheeruptism Is A Great Help, Too

Optimism of the right kind, which has a great deal of determination and energy in its make-up, is going to be a great help in the restoration of prosperity in full measure.—Toronto Telegram.

Doesn't Pretend He's Mending Broken Crockery

When you consider the doings of some enormously impressive world conferences, you cannot help feeling that there is one thing to be said in favor of the bull in the China shop. At any rate, he doesn't pretend one thing and do another.—Quebec Telegraph.



"What!—no sandwiches? What kind of a drug store is this?"

“WE WANT PIE!”



I NEVER forget that every woman cooks to please one very important man. So wherever I go, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, I always ask, “What’s *your* husband’s favorite?”

If all these answers could be joined in a chorus, there’d be one grand and glorious shout for pie!

So here are two perfectly marvelous pies—

The first pie is a glorious new wrinkle—a butterscotch pie that’s built up like a three-layer cake, with puffy peaks of golden meringue on top. Flat rounds of flaky Crisco crust do well by the smooth rich filling, for a sweet-tasting Crisco crust brings out the most delicate flavor.

The second pie will make you eat your words if you’ve ever said an apple pie is an old story. Spicy, juicy wedges of apple taste wonderful in a *cheese*-flavored Crisco crust. Your husband will love this version of good old apple pie!

Because cooking is Greek to your husband don’t think he can’t pass judgment on pie-crust. He loves the kind Crisco makes . . . rich and tender . . . flaky to the last crinkle . . . every crumb tastes good—because Crisco itself tastes as sweet and fresh as *new*-churned butter!

Don’t spoil these delicious pie-fillings with a crust tainted by a strong-tasting or tallowy fat. A cheap fat can ruin good-tasting ingredients!

I always stock up with a 3-lb. tin of Crisco because it keeps sweet—right on my pantry shelf. Grocers often run specials on the 3-lb. size. Then I’ve always enough Crisco on hand to make delicious cakes and pies!

I’ve discovered, too, that good bakers use Crisco to make their products taste like *home*!

Do send for my booklet, “Good Things to Eat from out of the Air.” Address me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XHH-52, 170 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada.

WINIFRED S. CARTER



CRISCO PASTRY (Master Recipe)

2 cups flour $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Crisco $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt 6 to 8 tablespoons water

To make a crumbly Crisco crust—Sift flour and salt. Do not chill Crisco. Cut it into the flour as finely as possible. Add cold water (not iced) using just enough to hold dry ingredients together.

To make a flaky Crisco crust—Sift flour and salt. Chill Crisco at least half an hour before using. Cut Crisco quite coarsely into flour. Add *ice*-cold water, just enough to hold dry ingredients together.

From this point on, the method is exactly the same for both kinds of pastry. Here it is: Roll pastry $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick on lightly floured board. For *baked shell* cover inverted pie-plate. Trim dough so that there will be enough to fold under to make a firm double edge. Prick bottom and sides with fork to prevent bubbles and distortion while shell is baking in hot oven (450° F.) for 15 minutes. For *two-crust* pie, bake 10 minutes in hot oven (450° F.) then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.). Bake until filling is done.



GARDEN OF EDEN PIE

5 or 6 large, tart apples $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar 1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons flour 2 tablespoons Crisco
Crisco cheese pastry

Pare, core and slice apples. Lay apples in pie-plate lined with delicious cheese-flavored Crisco pastry. Mix sugar, flour, salt and cinnamon. Sprinkle over apples. Dot with bits of fluffy Crisco. Cover with remaining pie-crust, pressing edges firmly together. Slash top crust. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) for 10 minutes until edges begin to brown. Reduce to moderate heat (350° F.). Bake about 30 minutes longer.

CRISCO CHEESE PASTRY: 2 cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup grated Canadian cheese, 6 to 8 tablespoons cold water.

Sift flour and salt. Cut Crisco in with 2 knives until size of small peas. Mix in cheese lightly with fork. Add only enough water to hold dry ingredients together. Roll out on lightly floured board. Brush bottom crust with melted Crisco to prevent soaking. Slash top crust to allow steam to escape.

All Measurements Level—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Company of Canada, Ltd.

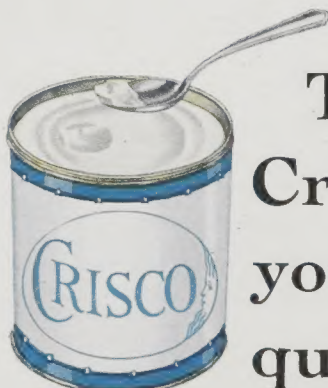


CORONATION BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

2 tablespoons Crisco 3 egg yolks $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups brown sugar 2 cups milk (hot)
Crisco pastry (master recipe above)

MERINGUE: 3 egg whites, 6 tablespoons sugar.

Mix sugar, flour and salt. Add milk and cook until mixture thickens. Just before removing from stove stir in beaten yolks and Crisco. Let stand while preparing delicious, sweet-tasting Crisco pastry. (See master recipe on this page.) Divide the dough into 3 parts and roll each out to a sheet. Cut into rounds, 8 or 9 inches in diameter. Place separately on baking sheets, pricking each well. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) until delicately brown. Put pie together like a layer cake with filling on top also. Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites thoroughly with 6 tablespoons sugar. Brown slightly in a slow oven (325° F.). Serve as soon as cool.



Try it for cakes, too!
Crisco is now so fluffy
you can cream it in 10
quick stirs . . . CRISCO IS MADE
IN CANADA

★ **SEVENTY-EIGHT
MILLION MORE
EVERY YEAR**

★ Average
increase over
the past six
years



**"CHEER UP
MATEY"**

**Smoke
Buckingham** — *and Smile*

**PEOPLE SMOKE WHAT
THEY LIKE BEST—YEAR
BY YEAR BUCKINGHAM
HAS FORGED AHEAD**